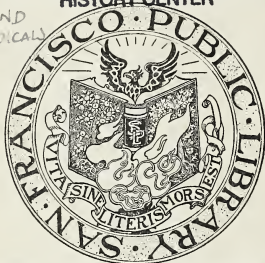


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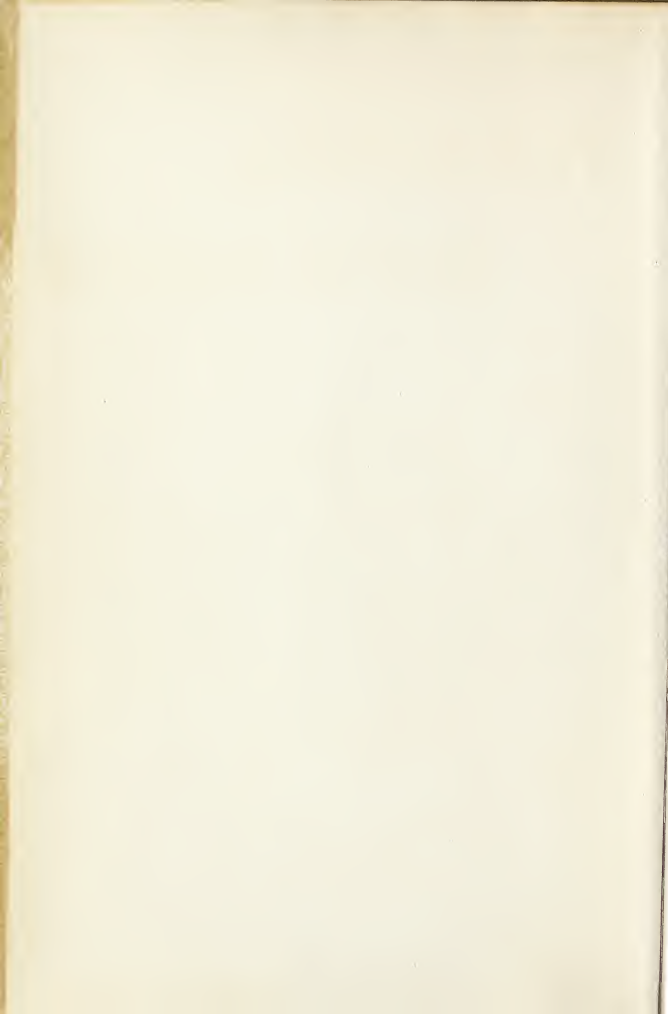
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IMPRESSIONS

D.P. ELDER & MORGAN SHEPARD
PUBLISHERS
San Francisco.

California Literature, by George Hamlin Fitch



IMPRESSIONS is a little magazine, simply done, to tell the truth about books and other matters. Published monthly, with supplements of literary and art interest, by Elder and Shepard. Annual subscription, 50 cents. Rates for advertisement may be had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Entered at the Post-office at San Francisco, as second-class matter, May 17, 1900.

Subscriptions can still be filled beginning with the May or third issue. Subscriptions for the year from number one are now one dollar; separately, the first number is twenty-five cents, the second, fifty cents. During the past six months the magazine has been quietly developing, its scope becoming broader and more clearly defined, and having in a sense gone beyond the limitations of its original *nom de guerre*, this issue begins a new period of IMPRESSIONS.



NO sooner," saith he, "come into the library but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness."—BURTON.

The September Shipment

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D. P. ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD

Bookmen: SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Phases of Californian Literature.



NOTHING is easier, nothing more dangerous, than generalization about literature and art. Taine spun many fine theories in his monumental history of English literature—still the best work on the subject that has been produced—but many of his theories fall to pieces when brought in contact with the realities as one knows them by intimate association and close study at first hand. The closet theory of the scholar always goes down before the facts of the man who has seen things with his own eyes. Much has been written on the work that California has done in literature and art, and more on what she ought to do. According to the prophets, among whom was so acute a literary observer as James Anthony Froude, these western slopes of the Sierras, that look out on the mysterious Orient and the more mysterious South Sea Islands, should be the home of a new literature and art that will recall the flowering of Greek culture. Soft air, cloudless skies, varied scenery—all are here to reproduce the Hellenic masterpieces. All that is needed is many-sided men, able to grasp and transmute the complex realities of to-day into the finished work that will stand as a type of Far Western life.

And then the question comes up, Would we know such a man if we met him, and would we recognize his work? It is on record that some of us did not know Stevenson and Kipling when they came to us with the best of the work of their splendid youth. London and New York had to tell us in each case that here was a new genius, risen full-orbed on the literary horizon. This diffidence about accepting work that has not been approved by critical authorities in the two great centers of English letters, is all due to a habit of dependence that has sprung from isolation. Fortunately, it is rapidly going the way of other signs of provincialism in California. Hamlin Garland, in his idol-smashing way, has done much good by preaching the doctrine that the West must set up its own ideals and then be true to them. Going far beyond the bounds of reason, he would throw down and trample upon many of the great masterpieces of literature because they are out of touch with the Western life of to-day. Few who have any genuine love of literature will follow him in this general clearing out of the old favorites; but no one can read his essays on this subject without being impressed with the force of his plea for independence of judgment and for hearty recognition of literary work that is original and smacks of the soil, though that soil be newly opened to the sun and rank with the crudeness of primeval nature. Even a touch of vandalism is better than the repetition of stereotyped criticism that has no breath of real life left in it.

No moral right have we to be narrow-minded or provincial or conventional, for the whole tendency of Californian life is against acceptance of the type of the literary Philistine who has to be told what he should admire and what he should condemn. Above all things, California is cosmopolitan, with people who have rubbed shoulders with the alien races of the antipodes. And such is the life here that men who live remote from centers of trade and activity still retain a keen interest in the literature and the news of the world that seems so far away. In no other land will one find managers of mines and of ranches, two or three days' travel from the railroad, subscribing for the daily newspapers and the magazines, and buying all the best books. Yet this is a common spectacle in California. Richard Harding Davis drew no unusual Californian type in his young mining engineer in *Soldiers of Fortune*, who knew his Paris and London even better than his San Francisco, and who read books with more care and more thought than if he had lived in New York or Boston. With such a public, eager to welcome any new thing which is

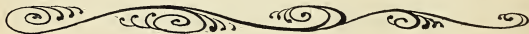
genuinely Californian, one would say that here is the ideal place for the author and artist. But, alas! the way to public recognition is still slow, for the timid Eastern publisher cannot see the virtues of the book that is out of the beaten track, and the rich man still persists in going to Paris or London to buy his pictures.

The reading public in California has a quickness of sympathy and a warmth of welcome to give to any new author who has something genuine to say, which must be a source of inspiration. It may "enthuse" too much over a work that has no elements of lasting popularity, but that is far better than the blasé, cynical attitude adopted by many Eastern coteries that can see no good thing come out of their own land. Of course, it may be that the Far West will not fulfill the expectations of its friends, but the conditions for good creative work are far better here than in any of the older-settled States, where the iron hand of conventionality and custom has smoothed out all the lines of individuality. I look to see the best work here done in the short story, for this form of literature appeals with special force to the Californian reader. Already the work of Californians in this field is assured of permanent fame. Space is lacking even to enumerate the older authors who have made the early life of this State live in their tales. But there is immense promise in the new men and women who have put into their tales the humor, the pathos, and the tragedy of this Far Western life, so rich in dramatic material and as full of picturesqueness and color as the scenery that forms its background. Some of the very best of this work has been done by women. Margaret Collier Graham, in *Stories of the Foothills*, and Mary Halleck Foote, in *The Led-Horse Claim*, which is an expanded short story, have told tales that will appeal to any one who knows the life of Californians. Mrs. Graham's stories especially are so true to certain conditions in Southern California that they will have value to any student of the history of the State. Mrs. Foote has pictured the life of the miner with so much force that it lives in the memory of any reader of her stories. Of the new men, Frank Norris and Jack London show the greatest force. Norris has a genius for selecting disagreeable subjects, but no one can question the power with which he develops any theme that he takes up. *McTeague*, in its way, is as perfect as *L'Assommoir*, and as repulsive. But the man who sketched the gradual degeneration of the dentist and the growth of the miserly traits of his little wife, has analytical genius; and his description of the desert to which the murderer is trailed is as fine and as faithful to reality as anything in recent fiction. Jack London is the latest Californian who has "arrived." He has brought to the development of the tragedy and the comedy of life in the Klondike much of the imaginative power and the dramatic force of Kipling. But he has a tenderness of sentiment and a quick appreciation of the finer traits of heroism that are seldom seen in Kipling's works. I would rather have written "The White Silence" than anything that has seen the light in fiction in ten years. Jack London's tales in *The Son of the Wolf* are the highest type of the short story, and though his recognition may be slow, because of his bitter realism and his undisguised relish of savage human nature, it is, nevertheless, as sure as was the recognition of Bret Harte.

Another writer who must not be overlooked even in this rapid glance over recent Californian fiction, is Dr. C. W. Doyle, who, in *The Taming of the jungle* and *The Shadow of Quong Lung*, has produced two little masterpieces. The first gives one a more perfect idea of East Indian life than can be gained from Kipling. The other is unique of its kind, for it is the only story that pictures the modern Chinese as he is, with the thin veneer of civilization overlaying the Oriental savage. Those who do not know the real Chinese will be loth to accept the truth of this picture, but no Californian who has studied the Mongolian at first hand has any doubts of the accuracy of the portrait.

While California may have been slow to develop the literary material that lies at her door, there is the promise and the potency of great work in these stories which have been mentioned. If nothing else had been done, they would serve to show that the day of a genuine Californian literature is already at hand.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.



The Charm of Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát."



O POETICAL work holds the interest of scholars for such a length of time as has the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam, without presenting something quite new, or adding a broad suggestiveness to what is already familiar.

These famous Persian quatrains, so terse yet full of life-blood that they glow with vigor even in the cold tongue of the North, convey no new message to mankind, but in power of suggestion they occupy a most unique place. This is the secret of their charm.

True, FitzGerald's rendering, as has been pointed out by one of the most eminent scholars of the century, is not a translation but the redelivery of a poetic inspiration, and, as such, claims rank and place of its own.

But a careful study of even the most literal rendering into English, French, or German, leaves the same impress of broad suggestion. The mind is forced to forsake its tiny kingdom of self, and to contemplate races, creeds, and problems of existence with a rapidity comparable only to the swiftness of that "Hunter of the East," who so deftly catches earth's towers in his "Noose of Light." And a world of mingled elements, Semitic, Aryan and Turanian, is thus poetically revealed through the force of an imagination battling against the narrowness of a superstitious fatalism. For no one can rightly fathom Omar who has not previously understood Mahomet.

Wonder is often expressed that certain of the Persian's lines should reveal such sadness; the greater wonder is that any of them expressed gaiety.

A man of keen intellect and fine understanding, descended from a people who had been led captive as to country, religion, and language, must have had more serious than merry moments. And the mere fact that the conquerors of Persia had themselves become the conquest of another race, but made the situation more complicated, and added a new list of foreign, if heroic names.

It truly made little difference to the Persians of Omar's time how Zal and Rustum might battle in the records of the past; and it really made less how Hatim Tai might call to supper under the rule which they knew.

The Simurgh of Persian thought might still wing its flight, but beneath it lay only the ruins of those courts where once Jamshyd conjured the year to obedience, and Kaikobád added justice to a list of kingly virtues. The seven-ringed cup of the Magi was gone, and in its place were the curved scimitar and the clay and water Kaaba. So much contention had there been that the very ground might plead with man to tread tenderly lest he wound anew what lay enshrouded there.

A close view of this pulsating change of race, this mutation of tongues which locked even the lips of a David, made to-day the chief thing in Omar's thought. Sighing over a glorious past would not cause its return; dreaming of a brilliant future could not bring it about. The rose which gave of its best at height of bloom taught a truer way. And some bit of work modestly done, even though it were only striking from the calendar "Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday," might serve man better than the howling of many Dervishes.

A quite distinctive trait of Iran's earliest inhabitants was that belief in the *Oneness* of the Universe, which remains a characteristic of certain descendants even at the present day. It was this belief which read Sufism into the Moslem creed. For no conquered people ever literally accepts the religion of its victors: additions and detractions are made in accordance with temperament and understanding.

Connected with the old belief was a ceremony which linked fire and water together, and ultimately led to the teaching of Divine Love as the wine of existence. Fire, born of the rubbing together of two sticks, lightning, rain, and the sap of plants, were the teachers from whence the early doctrine was derived.

Wine, running like quicksilver through the human veins, served as a symbol of that unseen and vivifying influence which animates and sustains.

At this stretch of time it is difficult to conceive the important part played by the fruit of the vine in man's early life. When cold and hungry, he learned that it might be to him meat and drink—a sacrifice, not bloody from the death of a panting victim, but glowing with life from sunlight and hidden springs. Within that tiny globe was confined what to him was a divine gift.

The peasant of Southern Europe, with his loaf of bread, jug of wine, and a helpmeet beside him "singing in the wilderness," has turned the wild into a garden, and demonstrated the virtue of temperance.

In Sufi writings the use of tavern symbols are frequent as representing a stage in the soul's progress toward reunion with the divine principle. Whether Omar was a Sufi or not, many of his quatrains gain deeper meaning when read in accordance with their symbols. This may be only a new proof of his thought's suggestive charm, but even as such it cannot afford to be entirely set aside. And for sake of this charm, which, like the tendrils of the vine, stretches out in so many directions, let literary workers, when they meet, remember the old Persian and "turn down an empty Glass."

REGINA E. WILSON.

"China, the Long Lived Empire."



MISS SCIDMORE, is, evidently, one of the very few among the many writers on China who has kept well in mind the old Eastern proverb that, "He who would make his travels entertaining must first make himself delightful." To produce a readable, and at the same time thoroughly reliable book on China, in this age of illustrated newspapers and magazines, is a literary feat which few writers would lightly undertake, and one which fewer still have acceptably performed. *China, the Long Lived Empire* is one of the few books among the many concerning that much overwritten but really little understood country, which is at once new, reliable and entertaining. As Miss Scidmore observes, "China is such an impossible, incomprehensible country, that one labors vainly to show it clearly to others; no one can cover the whole field, give the only key, or utter the last word." About all that it is possible to do, in a popular book on China, is to present the author's individual experience and point of view. And this Miss Scidmore has done with remarkable truthfulness and vivacity.

The book is the result of the author's personal observation and experiences during seven different visits to China, extending over a period of fifteen years. Her knowledge of the places she describes, and of the institutions, religions, manners and customs of the Chinese, has not been taken entirely on hearsay from others, but gathered from actual observation and experience; and she has communicated this knowledge to her readers, not in a heavy, formal dissertation, but in the most pleasing manner, *apropos* to the varied incidents of her extended journeys throughout the Empire.

The amount of valuable information about the Chinese people, their social and political institutions, and their general polity which Miss Scidmore has contrived to crowd into the four hundred and odd pages of her book is something surprising. The most entertaining and striking feature of the book, however, is the remarkable power which the author everywhere displays of vividly reproducing her own impressions of the places and things which she describes. Every one who has lived long or traveled much in China will recall how faint and colorless their impressions, gained from books of travel, had been, of all things Chinese. It was not so much that the objects were larger or that they differed in form or situation from the descriptions previously read by them, but yet the moment they saw the places or things themselves, they felt how vague and shadowy had been their impressions of them from reading about them, by the side of the reality. The actual sight seemed to give life to the idea.

It is this rare power of reproducing to life the things she describes, which marks Miss Scidmore's descriptions with the touch of genius. They are not only vivid and accurate in

detail, but they have that undefined something in them which gives a satisfying freshness and reality to the picture that ordinarily comes only from actual sight or contact. The whole book is marked by a complete absence of these stereotyped, antiquated misconceptions of Chinese life and character which render so many of the earlier works on China altogether commonplace and dreary. Instead of dwelling persistently, as many writers before have done, in season and out of season, on the dilapidation, dirt, and decay of Chinese cities, Miss Scidmore seems rather to delight in subordinating such things to their true relation to the bewildering richness and novelty of Oriental life, without giving needless offense by unduly flourishing in the foreground the whole catalogue of disagreeable Chinese sights, sounds, and smells; the author, with a true woman's instinct, delights most in displaying before the eyes of her readers the dazzling picture of barbaric, Oriental splendor and squalor, as *she* saw it on the spot.

The book contains twenty-eight chapters admirably arranged for the general reader, as each chapter is complete in itself and sufficiently disconnected from all the others to admit of leisurely, desultory perusal. It is profusely illustrated, many of the illustrations being entirely new, and all are selected with the greatest judgment and care. Miss Scidmore has been fortunate in presenting her book to the public just at the moment when the interest of the whole world is centered upon China, and especially so, that the places and the people she describes and the matters she discusses are just now the subject of universal and intense interest. Those portions of the book relating to the policy of the present Tartar dynasty, the Empress Dowager and her court, the Christian missions, the descriptions of Peking and Tien-Tsin and their environs, and of the great valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang, will all be read with absorbing interest by every one who wishes to be well informed regarding the great social and political upheaval which is now in progress in the Celestial Empire.

ELI T. SHEPPARD.

Conception of Immortality.



NO MATTER what success men may have in satisfying themselves concerning the immortality of the soul, the question itself remains immortal. Ever since Socrates staked his life upon his faith in his own answer to it, its discussion has been regarded as peculiarly the work of philosophers, and Kant aroused a host of inquirers by proclaiming it a third part of the mission of philosophy. Devout thinkers have always had, and will always have, the ear of humanity when they speak on such subjects. It is a fact for much self-congratulation that an endowed lectureship for the advancement of human knowledge on the subject of human immortality exists in our land. We have no national academy, but, little by little, in the establishment of a lectureship here and a scientific congress

there, the organization of the means of distributing the learning of the wise is being accomplished, so that at length the laboratory and the scholar will no longer be cut off from men. One must welcome these annual appearances of the Ingersoll lecture. They are eagerly anticipated and very vital parts of our common learning. It is the belief of philosophers that the answer to the eternal question is locked up in the mysteries of each single being, or, to vary the striking words of Sill, the statement of the equation which each of us must solve is: Given self, find the enduring soul. There are known terms and something is known of problem solving also. But how give x its proper value? That is the question, and the whole world is eager for a master who will teach it the hidden method. In Prof. Royce, such a master is found. America was proud of him when he represented her scholarship so acceptably in Europe, but that was but a small part of his tireless service in the teaching of the nation. In this book he has made us again his debtor, for he has shown conclusively "that to be an individual at all a man has to be very much nearer to the Eternal than in our present life we are accustomed to observe." The question of the nature of the individual "is at once a problem of logic and an issue of life." But logic can solve problems and be very vital and interesting while it

performs its work, too. The hunting down of thoughts is here quite as exciting as to ride with hounds. At length, almost against our wills, we find ourselves persuaded that enduring individuality is not a mystery, but a very plain fact which common experience contains, and which passes unnoted just because it is too common and because custom and habit have obscured its meaning. The witchery of the process is quite plain if any one will read it.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

Hopes Concerning Mr. James Lane Allen.



NE MAY have a very high appreciation of the art of Mr. James Lane Allen, and of the literary quality of his work, and may, at the same time, feel a serial disappointment in reading his books, as they are published. Those of us who first made his acquaintance through *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, had a feeling that he had invented a new kind of literature, and we now have a feeling of resentment because he does not fulfil his promise and give us the new kind of literature in its perfection. This feeling is natural, but altogether unjust. There are no new kinds of literature, and there will be none, under the present dispensation. In the little books which made him famous, Mr. Allen gave us only a very old kind of literature; but his dexterity of touch, his delicacy of

feeling, his literary skill, seemed to so create all things new that the old passed away. But it was only seeming, as Mr. Allen has proved.

If it were not for a prepossession, which makes us expect too much, we should enjoy *The Reign of Law* greatly, for the qualities which we expect are all there in abundant measure. The keen love of man and nature, and the gift to express it, make the book worth reading. Perhaps it is the more apparent because of the very intractable material which he has chose to work in. Any one who has lived on this planet during the last fifty years may have seen any number of thoughtful young men carried away from their theological and religious moorings by the currents of modern thought, and every one has read novels with this *motif*. But no one ever read a very good novel of this sort. Perhaps Mr. Allen's novel is as good as it could be. It is another step in the proof that the subject is not a good one for fiction. David's statement of his views, when he tries to make Gabriella understand them, would make a cat, or a philosopher, laugh. Fortunately for the happiness of both, it did not make Gabriella laugh.

The Reign of Law is not much of a novel, but it is a good deal of a book, and a very interesting one. The loyalty to Kentucky, which is characteristic of her sons, often seems somewhat ridiculous to aliens, mainly because of the forms in which it is expressed, but, as Mr. Allen expresses it, it is something very beautiful and inspiring, and, in the eyes of the alien, lifts Kentucky to the rank in which any State belongs that can produce such a writer as Mr. Allen. This loving trust in Kentucky and the ability to give his reasons for it is one of the most potent elements in the charm which makes his disappointed readers cling to him hopefully.

He knows how to write. His style often violates canons of grammar and rhetoric and chronology, but we don't care; for he knows how to say things, and to say them in such a way that they are not only intelligible, but delightful. He can not only talk, but he can feel, and his every phrase (when he does not try to explain) is colored with emotion. That is why people like him. "Great thoughts come from the heart"; and if Mr. Allen has not given us any great thoughts, such thoughts as he has given us are lifted out of the commonplace by the fact that they come from the heart.

The author's appreciation of external nature, and his ability to bring his reader into sympathy with it are abundantly illustrated in this book. The preliminary essay on the unpoetical subject of hemp, and his description of the ice storm, are as good as possible, but I find the spirit of the whole matter more strikingly shown in countless allusions and suggestions scattered through the book.

Wonderfully fine is the characterization of "the old Kentucky home," with David's father and mother. Finer yet is the contrast between the raw boy's reasoned skepticism

and the girl's unreasoning faith; both so true, and so perfectly complementary, the one to the other. Mr. Allen has all the equipment of a great novelist. The only trouble is that he has no story to tell which is suited to his gifts. Perhaps it will come to him some time. In the meantime, let us, without too much grumbling, put up with such books as *A Summer in Arcady*, *The Choir Invisible*, and *The Reign of Law*. For "we are prisoners of hope."

THOS. R. BACON.

"The Compleat Bachelor."



DON'T know which is the more delicious book of the year, George Ade's *Fables in Slang* or Oliver Onions' *Compleat Bachelor*. One is most delightfully vulgar; the other just as charmingly refined. They go with each other as cheese goes with salad. George Ade has charted the greater and grosser organs of human nature, and depicted the primary instincts of hypocrisy, pride, vanity, and selfishness with illustrations as luridly colored as anatomical wall charts. Oliver Onions has dissected the nerves and veins, only, with a keen zest for the tertiary sensations—the little subtle emotional qualities that make the Eternal Feminine both laughable and lovable.

But if you knew Oliver Onions! The first time you hear his name you will laugh, and make some cheap joke, but, I warn you, you will never forget the patronym. But if you had known him, as I knew him, in Chelsea, when he had but one suit of clothes and a brown mackintosh, when his fiddle was popped, and his violin was popped, and everything else was popped at Uncle Isaac's in the Old King's Road, when he was living on fifteen shillings a week, (I was living on eighteen) when on cold nights he lay, without pajamas, under a double elephant drawing-board of hard white deal, and if you stayed all night you must keep warm with newspapers! If you had talked with him for hours at a time, in my garret in Paradise Row, opposite the Royal Hospital, where the red-coated pensioners sit in the sun all day; if you had discussed the American Girl (a revelation to Oliver till Kitty Carmine came to London,) until the last Fulham 'bus had gone, and he had to walk home three miles in the rain, for the lack of two pence which he would *not* borrow, and if, above all, you had eaten a steak fried on the open fire at his little empty flat (he had four rooms and two chairs, and built his own table), then you would laugh to think of him writing society dialogues for the *Queen*, the most aristocratic of the ladies' weeklies in London. Where did he get his experience with clubmen, with smart young married women, and girl bachelors? Perhaps it was when he lived on a scholarship in Kensington. What, in heaven's name, does he know of afternoon teas, he who took his meals in a "pub," and knew every barmaid from the World's End Passage to the Strand? You might know him a year and never find out. Yet he did know, down to the very latest affectation of the coquette, the pose of the hour, the littlest tea-table jest, the tricks of the managing mamma, and the wiles of the confirmed flirt. His mind was a garden, where, if you dropped a hint, it grew like a seed, and blossomed splendidly. He had a way with housemaids, did Oliver; rather, he knew the way, had he ever cared to use it. But he had a way with Spenser, and with Chaucer, too! Shakespeare was at his finger ends, and the Elizabethan dramatists were his familiars. He would smile and smile, and you never suspected how much he knew until he wrote, for his subjective self was in closer communication with his pen than with his lips.

He has written down the conventional English woman, a sufficiently uninteresting thesis, except when seen through the eyes of a Compleat Bachelor, one who is indulgent and astatic both; one who can cajole and tease in the same breath, one who loves and listens to all her follies, and would not have her one whit more consistent, for all the world. Rollo Butterfield is, of course, none but Oliver grown affluent and lazy (the first edition of *The Compleat Bachelor* was sold out before publication and Oliver, perhaps, will soon have "chambers" on Jermyn Street,) but now it is his pose to stay in the corner as an observer. And yet he is *au fait* with the refinements of flirtation, he knows every opening

gambit, from the pretty, amicable quarrel to the compliment outright. He does not yet know the American Girl, except from a month with Kitty Carmine, but, if he comes to America, let the American Girl beware! From a dozen of Kitty's letters he will have constructed a theory, and he will play his bluff with verve. Oliver is young, clever and good-looking. He would have it all his own way.

Oliver's book is graceful, a characteristic of the first work of any one who is born a writer. It is not yet strong. The plot is attenuated, for the episodes are hardly more than dialogue. But his innuendo is sly, and his diction epigrammatic. He is a gentleman, and will not make a scene; what emotion you get must come from the cunning phrase, and not from a real shock. Some time, after Oliver has fallen in love . . . but he won't do that until he comes to San Francisco!

What discussions we had over *The Compleat Bachelor*. Oliver was for a long time undecided whether he should marry Millie Dixon or not, but at last he found the most extraordinary form of proposal ever made, and the only one in keeping with the habits of such a whimsical chap as Rollo Butterfield. I wanted him to marry Kitty Carmine, but she doesn't come into the book at all! But it was Kitty's tears that moistened Oliver's opera glasses at "Tannhauser" in Drury Lane. How Oliver chuckled! It was too rich to be true! He asked me if I believed they were really tears! I have seen Kitty's chin toss in just the way he makes Carrie's toss, when it means so much; but there are no American girls in Oliver's book. More's the pity! Some time he'll write her down. I hope it will be before Kitty is married!

GELETT BURGESS.

On Reading Fiction.



HE infinite variety and complexity of the human mind is certainly most faithfully reflected in the many orders and disorders of current fiction. Each no doubt has its justification in a satisfied constituency, but the individual, bent on simple and healthful relaxation, has need of much caution as he scans the ensnaring titles and selects the companion that is to make or mar his leisure hour. First to be avoided is the Purpose Novel, which plunges the unwary through a thin shell of narrative into a discussion better suited to a time fortified with deliberate and calm preparedness. Of almost equal viciousness is the Novel of Analysis, probing into morbid depths and opening up for the readers' delectation the unwholesome and depressing. The Historical Novel is more justified and healthful, valuable indeed in its time and place, but still full of honeyed deception, improving and instructing when we wish it not. As for the Romantic Novel, blood stirring as its action may be, its freshness has been lost long since in its monotonous repetition of setting and construction. From all these we turn with a feeling of danger past—and search for a style much more simple and modest, one that is unclassed but of a distinctive brotherhood, issued not for cult or pelf and dependent for its charm only on delicate fancy and fresh simplicity. Rare as these may be, they are long remembered and soon brought to mind. There is *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* of added charm from the mystery of its authorship; or Kenneth Graham's *In The Golden Age*, that magic opening into the forgotten realms of childhood's imagination; not James Lane Allen's recent books, but the earlier *Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, where there was less of problem and more of nature; Max Beerbohm's delicate fancy of *The Happy Hypocrite* is one of them, and almost any of Barrie's—*Margaret Ogilby*, preferably, or the bewildering *Sentimental Tommy* and brave true-hearted *Grizzel*; a few of Stevenson's, Eugene Field's, and any one of Bunner's—do you remember the story in *Made in France* of the corpulent old innkeeper, who in his paralytic helplessness is set to a dozen eggs, and how after the fortnight has passed and the chicks have come out the multitude gather to ask "How is Tony, now?", the story closing with that delicious "As well as could be expected." And so the list could be continued; it is not so difficult after all to find those that have taken their place in our affections and esteem. But of the new books that crowd the tables it is a different matter. We shall make the search and report in next IMPRESSIONS.

D. P. E

"The Touchstone" by Edith Wharton.



R.S. WHARTON'S story, "The Touchstone," can be read with pleasure more than once by the discriminating reader. Beyond the processes of mental and moral deflection through which Glennard passed, there is still room for the readers' imagination to dwell on many questions suggested during the severe moral conflict, ending in his regenerating anguish. It is extraordinary that a man of his limitations should have been loved by two such incomparable women as Margaret Aubyn and Alexa Trent. *Moral dependence* is the flaw in his character—in early manhood he was inspired with self-confidence by Margaret Aubyn, later he goes to Flamel for encouragement to publish the letters; in the end he gains strength only by the promise of reparation from his wife. He is too sensitive to *physical* expression of beauty, serenity and repose. He does not question their existence in the mind and soul, if the outward signs are visible. What his wife seemed to be was sufficient to him until the crucial moment. * * * * Alexa is an exquisite picture, though sufficient excuse is not shown for her relations with Flamel or her apparent indifference to her husband's struggle.

Over all though dominates the memory and personality of Margaret Aubyn. It is a remarkable achievement in literature when the spirit of the dead touches us more nearly than the emotions of the living. Margaret's undying love, her books, and more than all—the letters—are greater realities to us than Glennard's love and material success.

The mental action and the tableaux of strenuous import, at last resolve themselves into two scenes of intense dramatic power: that of the insult to Flamel, and the almost brutal exultation of Glennard's confession of ignominy to his wife. This story of psychologic analysis, enlivened by brilliant epigrams, is distinguished in construction and rich in every detail.

MARY BELL.

A Californian Writer's New Romance.



ALIFORNIA is represented among the books of the month by *A Georgian Actress*, whose author, "Pauline Bradford Mackie" is, in private life, Mrs. Herbert Müller Hopkins of Berkeley.

The Georgian Actress whose career is the pivot upon which the pretty romance turns, is Mistress Ann Johnson, daughter of that Sir William Johnson, whose name is so knit up with the early history of the Mohawk Valley. The opening chapters of the tale deal with life in the Valley; but later the scene shifts to the old country, and we get a realistic series of pictures of London life in the time of George the Third.

In these days of morbid anatomy in fiction it is rather a relief than otherwise, to come upon a novel quite free from the slightest touch of villainy. There really is no villain in *A Georgian Actress*. The characters are all drawn in a spirit of wide and mantling charity, and with a deal of fine humor, as well. Even King George, "Snuffy old drone from the German hive," is but sketched lightly, as an amiable elderly gentleman, of Methodistic turn of mind. The immortal Garrick is a prominent character in the book, and we get an amusing peep at the great lexicographer himself, breakfasting upon soup, before a vegetable stall, damning America between spoonfuls, with polysyllabic orotundity and thoroughness.

The author knows well the period of which she writes. She has shown us this in two other books, *Mlle. de Berney*, and *Ye Lyttle Salem Mayde*. She is most at home, however, in colonial America; Ann and Peggy, real and lovable, with the very essence of childhood, in all that they say and do in their home in the wilderness, grow somewhat shadowy amid the bustle of London Town. We are forthright glad when Sir John takes Peggy back to America, and we wish that Ann and we might go too.

The Georgian Actress remains in London, however, to study with Garrick and to follow her career, and we, perforce, linger with her.

Mrs. Hopkins is peculiarly happy in her drawing of feminine characters—not every woman writer is—but her women are very genuine, for the most part, and eminently lovable, even in their perversity, and her work has freshness and a dignity as agreeable to meet in books as it is, alas, unusual.

As hinted, the greatest lack in the present story, is, perhaps, shadow, which might have served to bring the delicately drawn heroine into better relief, but the impression left by the book is of something altogether wholesome and pleasant. We are glad that Ann forsook Drury Lane and a career, for her Albany Dutchman, and since we may not go back with her across seas, to greet Peggy once more, and to see the Georgian Actress in her new role of colonial dame, we take content in the memory of her leaving the park with that pretty farewell:

"Good-bye, dear park; may your arbours be kind to many lovers."

ADELINE KNAPP.



THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Grandma's Story. (*First Prize.*)



"H! GRANDMA," chirped little Prudence, running into the sitting room, "Mamma gave me these things, an old yellow paper so blurred that I can't read it, a pretty medal like soldiers wear only not so bright, and this funny old piece of money and told me to ask you to tell me about them. Will you please?"

"Well dear me! Have I never told you about them? Then I must right away. Well, 'twas during the dreadful War of the Revolution that something happened I will never forget. But first I must tell you what the war was about. It started——"

"But grandma," interrupted Prudence, "I know all about that, so please begin with the story."

"Very well, dear. My mother had sent me to take some jelly to my aunt who was sick. The path to her house led through a beautiful wood. I had not gone far when I felt a hand on my shoulder and looking up startled, beheld a soldier in buff and blue. He politely doffed his cocked hat and I made him a curtsy. "What is your name, little maid?" he asked. I told him. "Ah!" said he, "I think I know your father. I am the captain of his regiment." I made him another curtsy. "Can'st keep a secret, dear?" "That I can," said I not a little proudly. "Did I not conceal the powder and then mislead the Redcoats when they came last year?"

"Then thou art a brave little girlie," he said, pressing *this* shilling into my hand. "Canst keep another for thy country and for me?"

"I would gladly keep a hundred for my country, (you too) though it cost me my life, without a bribe," I said, curtsying low, but nevertheless I gladly took the shilling. Then, before I knew what had happened, I was on the soldier's back being born quickly along. Suddenly we struck out from the path, and about a hundred yards or more to the right we stopped by a thick clump of bushes. Then the captain laid me down and spoke to me very gravely.

"Deborah," said he, "Do'st realize how serious is the undertaking that is before thee? A man's life depends upon thee and upon that life hang many others. Deborah!" said he, speaking excitedly, "The British are after me. This is my hiding place; take

them from it; go by the roadside and pick flowers, they will surely ask thee about me; mislead them; take them anywhere but here. Remember a man's life is in thy hands."

With that, he plunged into the midst of the bushes just as a bugal call rang out on the crisp morning air. Then with my heart beating wildly, I ran to the road and began to pick daisies just as the soldiers rounded the bend.

"High ho! my pretty lassie!" cried the captain, calling his followers to a halt. "Come here; don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. Listen, hast seen a man in hiding anywhere around here lately? Answer up quickly and honestly now."

'Twas a trying moment, but I had an answer. "Yes, sir."

"Then you must take us to him if you can guide the horse," and lifting me up in front of him, put the lines into my hands and said, "Now lead us into ambush or not, as you will."

"I took him directly to the secret dwelling of 'Andrew the Hermit.' The captain was a little put out because he had not found the right man. "Hast not seen any other?" he questioned.

"Why, sir," I replied, "my mother has told me of every one that has hidden in these woods for the last ten years, and she says this is the only one here now, and as I go through here to my aunt's nearly every day, I think I ought to see any new comers."

So he turned his men and went back down the road, dropping me at the beginning of the path. After they had gone, I turned and ran to the bushes. To my surprise and disappointment, the soldier was not there, but left behind him this paper praising me for my bravery and saying that he left this medal of courage for me. It also said that he would come to see me. *This* is the letter and *this* the medal (which I recognized as the one he wore). That is the end of my story, how dost like it?"

"Oh! grandma, it's lovely, but did he ever come to see you?"

"Oh, yes, many a time, but his son, William, came oftener, and once he came to stay and we were always together until death parted us. Now, dear heart, run away and play; first give me a kiss, for old grandma is tired and needs her afternoon nap."

MARY WATKINS (age, eleven years).

Virtue Rewarded. (*Second Prize.*)



ONCE upon a time there was a poor woman. She had four children she was so poor that sometimes they would go for a day without eating. She named her children, Frank the oldest then George and John, and the little girl best of all Baby-Blue-eyes, her real name was Mary but they called her Baby-Blue-eyes because her eyes were such a beautiful blue. One day it was a cold winter night in December, they were all sitting around the table there was a knock at the door the mother went to open the door and to her surprise, an old man with a long beard came in, it was easy to see that he had been out in the snow for his coat was full of little white feathers. Excuse me ladies and gentlemen but

I am a poor man with nothing to eat and no wear to sleep, will you be kind enough to let me sleep here over night. Know lots of people poor like she, would have sent him out of the house, but Mrs. Green was very kind and tried to help other people, so she said she would. So the old man was put in an arm chair, while Baby-Blue-eyes took of his wet clothes and put on some nice dry ones, the mother cooket some dinner, the boys made a fire to warm his feet so every body helpt to comfort the old man. After the old man had his supper the old man wanted to go to bed but there was no bed, I will give my bed said Baby-Blue-eyes. The old man was put in Baby-Blue-eyes bed while she slept on the floor. In the morning Baby-Blue-eyes got up at five oclock and cooket the breakfast, then she cleaned the rooms, when she had done that she went out in the garden and picket some flowers from her own garden and put them in the old man's room were he would see them the first thing in the morning. He did see them and thanket her for it wich delighted her. After breakfast the old man said goodby to the family. God will bless

you he said for helping a poor man he said to the mother, he kissed Baby-Blue-eyes she looked up at him with eyes full of kindness, he patted her cheek and left the house. When Mrs. Green and Baby-Blue-eyes were alone Mary dear I have something to tell you, there is going to be wore and your brothers are first to go. There was silence in the house for a minute, I am sorry to hear this news but if it has to be then it has to be but we will pray and maybe God will spare them, yes we will pray with all our heart said the mother. When the family parted at the door, they were all sad but wouldn't show it. We will try to look out for ourselves said Frank. I will write to all of you said Baby-Blue-eyes with a smile, then they kissed each other once more and marched off. It was very lonely that night at dinner without the boys, but the mother would insist upon having the three chairs in the same place. When they went to bed that night they prayed very hard that God should spare the boys. Everything went on all right for a few days. One day they got a message telling that poor George was shot and died. That was a shock for the poor woman but she bore it bravely. Just then they got another note saying that John and Frank were coming home next day to stay for a few days, they were delighted at this and thanked God for being so good to them. Next morning Baby-Blue-eyes got up early to meet her brothers. When the brothers came they were right away taken into the house, then Baby-Blue-eyes gave them some soup and bread, well my little sister how are you getting along said John with a smile, I am all right said Baby-Blue-eyes climbing on his knee but you must tell me a story. Once upon a time long ago there was a king this king was always fighting with other countries. Once a girl in this country was very brave and said that she would go and fight, she fought well and at last they won. That was great said Baby-Blue-eyes. Then an idea flashed through her mind. Mama can I go to the war like the little girl in the story. Mrs. Green looked surprised then she thought for a minute. Yes darling you may. The next day they all went off leaving the poor mother alone. When they got to the place where they were to fight Baby-Blue-eyes put on pants and went to fight for her country. One day Frank got a bullet through his arm and couldn't fight. Baby-Blue-eyes stayed with him and nursed him, sometimes she would read or play but she did not give up fighting altogether in the evening when he was asleep she would go out and fight. When he got well the war was nearly over and as they had fought so well they were let off. I will stay here and pack your things and go on the next train. But when her brothers went she did not pack the trunks but went in the war and fought, when all of a sudden a bullet struck her and she fell on the ground unconscious and laid there for an hour when an old man passing by saw her and picking her up saw that it was Baby-Blue-eyes, this man was the man that came to the house. When he found out where she lived he took her there. This man was not poor but had disguised his face. Then Baby-Blue-eyes married the old man and they all lived happily ever after.

MAY SOPHY LILIENTHAL (age, eight years, when written).

Note.

The editors of *IMPRESSIONS* have found the duty of prize awarding for the best child-written story a hard but intensely interesting one. They could not be guided by the standards of mature literary work, so they have given the prizes to those children who have shown the most thought or imagination. The girls' work has been in every instance far better than the boys', the reasons for this difference in ability have been a puzzle, which now remains but partly solved. To select *two* stories from the girls' contributions as the best, has been a task indeed, for many stood side by side and in the first rank of goodness. We wish to mention here the following names of girls whose stories the editors would like to publish some day, and if the little writers have not won the *prize* they shall certainly get a book when we use their stories: Christine Fay Ferguson, Marion Polk Angellotti, Elizabeth Bard, Isabel Gilbert, Dorothy Stillman, May Higgins, and Wylda Aitken. The boys' prizes have been won by John Wallace (1st prize) and Walter Murdock (2d prize). The editors thank all the children, and are full of gratitude, their only regret is that they cannot give every girl and boy a prize.

REVIEWS.

CHINA, THE LONG LIVED EMPIRE. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Century Company. \$2.50.
 THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY. By Josiah Royce. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
 THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR. By Oliver Onions.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
 THE TOUCHSTONE. By Edith Wharton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
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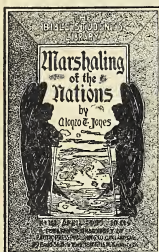
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With your *natural* knowledge you may be entirely indifferent to the kind of room you have to work upon. Do not allow a marble mantel, terra-cotta paint, or an 1849 chandelier to worry you, for you will cover them up, the mantel with accumulated dust, tomahawks, Indian baskets, broken steins, imitation Willow plates, cigarette and cigar stumps, and an East Indian scarf. The chandelier you will hide in a maze of fish-netting (be sure it is well browned, either naturally or artificially), and large enough to go five times around anything. The terra-cotta paint, when relieved by the more somber tones of your whole decorative scheme, will enhance rather than detract from the charm and artistic *abandon* of your room. So the marble mantel, the 1849 chandelier, and terra-cotta paint, which at first seemed barriers to your scheme, have developed into instruments of Art. This fact goes to prove that everything may be utilized to good effect, if treated in a natural way. It will be needless for us to be absolutely explicit in our instructions, realizing that you have become natural; so, briefly, we will merely suggest the following material to work with: An unlimited variety of all kinds of cans—tin, copper, brass, well battered and natural; pitchers, bowls, mugs, cups—if not cracked when purchased, crack them (this is easily done); hair rugs, rag rugs, rugs with a dog design, all varieties of rugs, natural also. Secure all kinds of pictures, unframed, and abundance of Moorish material, divans, chairs, guns, pistols, spears, shields, pipes, and seventeen sofa pillows. Other things may be added as a need is felt or a cold, bare spot is discovered at a later time, but you will find that the above-mentioned articles will serve for a good beginning. Arrangement is purely inspirational, so you must wait till you feel *good and natural*. The sensation is unmistakable, and when the feeling is upon you, you will be guided to put your decorative bits exactly where they belong. You cannot tell exactly *why* but you will *do* it. Time and Nature will soften any little irregularities you have not noticed.

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I liked the stinging, burning, prickling needles in my ear when it began to thaw;
And when I'd turn it on the pillow, in the mornings, after that,
And feel it sore,
I'd half smile in my drowsiness and think,
"The good cold did it—I'll forgive,"
And nestle down and go to sleep again.

They Grow in Maine.

It's so long since I have seen a good fat icicle
A foot or two feet long, as clear as crystal,
I've most forgotten how one looked.

A dim remembrance of a carrot-shape,
With jolly knobs and bumps upon it,
And silver darts and slender threads and radiant little lines all through;—
The way my woolen mittens clung to it—
(It set my teeth on edge.)
The pointed end I stabbed my cheek with—

But ah! I've not forgotten the fine crunch of them,
And the nice smooth track they made down to my stomach,
And the queer, cool northern feeling that they made there—
Like sitting in a meeting-house that's been shut up a year!

These are not verses of Walt Whitman, but selections from "My Soul and Winter's," by L. M. S. (G.)

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Mary Blue and Brown-man. A story for the little ones.
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AGENTS FOR CALIFORNIA

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What and Where Should Californians Write?

IT IS an old and shallow rebuke to the artistic discernment of Californians that they are the last to recognize the genius of their own writers, and that the writers themselves, after their discovery by the great intelligent world beyond the mountains, invariably leave us to enjoy the recognition withheld from them at home. The basis of the rebuke is the simple truth ; it is in failure to understand the truth that the error lies. The writers themselves, not their own people, are at fault. If the writers only realized not only that a large and generous recognition at home could not be reasonably expected, but also that upon that simple fact, among many others contributing to their singular daring, originality and vigor, rest the elements within them that make them great in the eyes of the outer world, they would deny themselves the blandishments that London offers. It would be difficult to name a single Californian writer that has advanced in artistic greatness since he left. Here, in his social and artistic isolation, he may seek the human and other elements of his own choice, and, wholly free from all the restraints of conventionality, work out his own destiny on the bold, free, untrammelled lines of his natural bent. That is what the great world wants.

Those writers who please their readers at home are generally unintelligible to the outside world, and those who handle as plastic matter the material furnished by their environment offend their home readers while securing the artistic appreciation of the world. If a writer would be an artist, he may not strive for recognition at home. The bane of many Californians has been a hopeless attempt to be true to a life that the outside world can not comprehend, and that, if it is not set forth truly, Californians reject as spurious. Such was Bret Harte's experience. It was by using his materials as a true artist should that he became the laughing-stock of California and the idol of Europe. But as an artist he made no advancement after leaving California. That fateful allurements, "recognition," enticed him from his duty and opportunity. Dickens has always been more extensively read in America than in England. Just as he, although neglected in London, found his American tours a continued ovation, so Bret Harte, regarded as a vagabond in San Francisco, found the most exclusive drawing-rooms of London open to receive him. In spite of the fact that London is the broadest and most generous city in the world, still, it is human, and while it has comparatively little of the narrowness and provincialism of New York, it demands a perspective. Not there, nor in New York, nor in San Francisco is it a matter of exclusive home appreciation, but of perspective. It is the thing removed from the commonplace investing us—removed not too far to be fully comprehensible, and showing forth what stirs dormant longings and ideals within us—that we want in literature and all other forms of art.

A long residence in California is required to bring one under the spell of its incomparable charm. The very strangeness of the salient conditions here—the influence of its romantic and tragic history, its unfamiliar meteorology, and its unusual social and industrial conditions—is so endeared to the Californian's heart as to blind him to the fact that with his pen he can not impress their charm upon an alien. The best that he may reasonably hope to do is to avoid "realism" in depicting them, and use them as a plastic and shadowy background for showing forth an elemental human nature that the whole world can understand. This is on the assumption that it is worth while to use this local material at all. There is great risk in the task. The writer would be on safer ground if he reflected that it is not the material extraneous to his inner life that lends him his singular power and opportunity, but the effect upon his inner life that all of these conditions have wrought. If he

take that view, he will be perfectly safe in ignoring "local color" and character entirely, and writing things geographically as remote from California as were the scenes of Gulliver's adventures from Regent Square.

The writer owes a higher duty to himself and the world at large than to any narrow environment in which he may find himself. The disclosure in one's writing of a passionate love for one's particular section of the world betrays a narrowness, a provincialism that the writer may regard as the greatest danger besetting him. Narrowness cultivated in one direction operates in all others. The writer should be his own law, his own master; if, with that, he have a due respect for humanity, he can not go wrong. He should set himself no task that his environment limits. It never has been the extraneous material used by any great writer that made his work universal and immortal; it has been merely the power within him, using this material as plastic substance to independent ends, that secured immortality. And many of the noblest things in all literature were written concerning worlds, peoples, and conditions that never existed.

The true power of the writer comes from within, never from without. Now and then extraneous forces have operated to awaken slumbering powers, give them freedom, and stir them to exercise. Such is the peculiar condition in California. Behind that are still other considerations. A large number of Californians are here because of an adventurous, independent spirit that led them out of a cramped environment elsewhere. Another considerable number are the children of such characters and inheritors of their progenitors' hardy qualities. Thus two forces, external and internal, distinguish the Californian, setting him aside from the ordinary level of the American character. This is speaking very broadly; as a matter of fact, these exceptions to the ordinary level are rare in comparison with the whole population of the State; but still they are peculiar to California, and their power and influence are manifest in every line of endeavor, lending to California a distinctive character and flavor. Their potency is further enhanced by geographical isolation. It would be extraordinary if, in the spirit thus engendered, there should not step forth daring and brilliant workers in creative art.

In all the arts except writing, there is here, as everywhere else, a tendency to suppress individuality by established methods of instruction. Conventional habits are thus formed that have a strong effect upon individuality and originality in the working years following the training. In another form, but to a far less degree, the writer is influenced by conventionality, because he has the unfortunate habit of reading what has originated in conventional centers. But the repressive influence thus exercised is not so strong as that felt in the other arts. It is for this reason, seemingly, that California has produced more brilliant and original writers than artists in other lines. Further, as there are few canons of art in literature as compared with those in the other arts, and as the popular acceptance of writing is independent of the influence of the disagreeing critics, there is still another incentive to ignore narrow conventionality and give genius rein.

After a writer has grown strong by the development of his internal forces, he may safely study his environment and select from it such material as he may choose to use, keeping it as close to the "verities," or removing it as far therefrom, as he please. Then he will find California the richest field in the world—a field so remarkably varied that it is still practically unexplored. But should he seek any "recognition" other than the acceptance of his work by the widest and best world, he will have squandered his priceless birthright.

W. C. MORROW.

"A Christmas Sermon," that gem of Robert Louis Stevenson, previously so completely hidden from sight in the volume of miscellaneous essays, *Across the Plains*, is at last to be published separately, and in a worthy typographic setting. It was in this essay that that ideal, "To be honest, to be kind" subsequently so well known through its leaflet issue, was first given to the world.

The Year's Two Dramas.



HE CONUNDRUM of the workshops presses heavily in these days of query and analysis; but the most persistent interlocutor of the critical semi-circle may cease from troubling in the presence of the two great dramas whereby our literature has this year been enriched. In *Paolo and Francesca*, and *The Sunken Bell*, we have, beyond a peradventure, two works of art, two "permanent incarnations of spiritual energy," set out by master workmen.

Of the former the final authoritative word may, undoubtedly, more readily be spoken—although I would not be understood as aspiring to speak it; Hauptmann's work on the other hand, will be oftener called upon to stand at the challenge of those strenuous souls always present who keep with us "the ancient feud between philosophy and art." Nevertheless, both he and Stephen Phillips have wrought for us, each within the laboratory of his own soul, a concrete manifestation of life, each working by that pure synthesis from elements which only the master, in whatever workshop, knows.

Dante gave us, long ago, the story of *Paolo and Francesca*. In its essentials the tragedy is a world-story: it has been with us since first man knew emotion as apart from sensation, and recognized his pain or pleasure therein. But Dante's view-point is always religious:—to wit, Christian; it has remained for the Victorian poet to give us the story in a spirit purely heathen—as unmooral as the old pagan ideals.

For Mr. Phillips' work is consummately Greek, and on lines followed by the ancient Greeks. Its conception is of man as the plaything of the gods; a feather of chance borne forward upon the winds of fate; "grains between the upper and the nether millstones of adverse forces," to produce, in the grinding, that alone which the gods foredoomed to his manner of grain. The two lovers move across the scene only that there may be fulfilled in their lives that which is written upon their foreheads. The beauty, the impressive marshaling of dramatic forces, the pathos and the charm of the work, do but go to emphasize the one teaching: they could not help it.

It were easy to quarrel with the ethics of this view-point, but, the view-point granted, the pure beauty and the power of Mr. Phillips' drama may not be questioned.

The Sunken Bell has been called by its author "a German fairy-play," and some knowledge of German myth and folk-lore is necessary to its understanding. The under-world creatures of Teutonic mysticism are all symbolic, and the use Hauptmann makes of them in developing his drama is characteristic of the Teutonic genius.

The two books have in common only the greatness of their artistic wealth. Each is a story of the soul overpowered, but Hauptmann's is the drama of a soul destroyed, self-consumed in the devouring flame of desire to be as the gods, creating and compelling.

Symbolic *The Sunken Bell* unquestionably is, but whether the inference from its symbolism shall be hope or despair is left with the reader. The artist shows us the nature of sin, that it is ugly, grotesque, relentless, and that in the end the very forces of nature make a jest and a plaything of the man who would turn evil into a tool for the fashioning of good, and who, defying truth, departs from duty the better to work God's glory.

The work must necessarily come with some modification of its beauty to those who can read it only in translation; yet for Mr. Meltzer's rendering there is much to be said. It is sympathetic and appreciative, and the translator has a fine ear for the rhythmic value of words.

There is a great charm in the natural setting of the drama. The freshness and moistness of the deep woods breathes through it, and the loveliness of vale and stream and mountain come clearly to view. Even the more elemental spirits of the under-world awaken our tolerance, and we accept them with neither approval nor scorn, as we accept the elemental processes of life and death in nature itself.

ADELINE KNAPP.



"The Unknown" by Camille Flammarion.

THERE are errors," wrote Coleridge, "which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a possibility that they may be the refraction of some great truth below the horizon." In this spirit the wise man must maintain a suspended judgment toward that increasing manifold of doubtful happenings which are commonly christened "psychic." M. Flammarion's book teems with them. His volume is a human document which is interesting, no matter how we may prize his results. The array of human idiocies which he brings together in the first two chapters must make the man-hating devils laugh, while the author's own statements with regard to the teachings of Berkeley Mill and Bain can not fail to excite mirth this side of the other world.

M. Flammarion promises in his introduction to apply the method of science to psychic phenomena. In a sense he does this—the Baconian sense of tabulating a vast range of reported happenings. But the essence of scientific method is experiment—is such control of conditions which are studied that they may be reproduced as often as is necessary. One can not make ghosts walk at will. He can only tell of those which he himself has seen, and very rarely is he able to persuade others who have themselves seen none. But if the scientist can not demonstrate he is no scientist, and unfortunately such demonstration as M. Flammarion can offer is not conclusive. Even the certainty of the law court is wanting in it, for of necessity one can not be confronted by and can not cross-question the witnesses that are summoned. Certified and sworn statements avail but little. The patent-medicine men have made us wary as to their sufficiency. Quite naturally we have come to value the proof of Thomas more than that of Paul. However these are limitations which cling to the subject which M. Flammarion treats. He could hardly have handled it more successfully, and the very massing of cases in his work goes far toward convincing. Some day perhaps the truth which mocks us here but does not satisfy will appear above the horizon.

E. C. MOORE.

"Anglo-Saxons and Others" by Aline Gorren.

FOR many there is immense satisfaction in being on the winning side. Weak men and women generally accept certain phases of politics or religion because of form or fashion. While it usually requires courage to stand by a movement which is numerically weak, sheer obstinacy will sometimes keep on that side some few who at heart have quite different sympathies. Nature does not ask us to choose to which race we shall belong. Those who find that fate has made Anglo-Saxons of them are on the whole well pleased. Some few there are who are thinking just now that it is a rather equivocal honor.

The vigorous young civilization of the Anglo-Saxon implies the leading of the world's commerce. The Saxon is in the fore-front of several wars. By sea and by land he is a power to be feared by the strongest. Any book about him is of timely interest because his place in the drama of civilization seems so masterful.

It is courageous to write a book of relatively simple style and brevity, attempting to analyze the traits of English and Americans. A Slav might write a book "The Slav and Others," and employ some of the opinions of this author; that is to say, many of the conclusions reached might, perhaps, apply to other peoples as well.

The professor, with notable inconsistency, told his class that "all generalizations are false." It seems that the putting together of any group of adjectives to describe the power of a race is too risky generalization. One is tempted to ask why any other dozen adjectives were not chosen. The race is capable of so many analyses.

To say that this book is important is perhaps overstating its worth. The subject matter covers a wide reading and is therefore uncommonly suggestive. There are numerous

clever sentences ; as good as any are these from different chapters : "An æsthetic type of society is weakest at the seventh commandment ; an economic type of society frailest at the eighth * * * All uncivilized or semi-civilized men are 'suggestionized' to think that it is better to eat off cheap Western crockery than their own often artistic earthenware, and coaxed to wish for upholstered chairs, and electric lights by night and electric conveyances by day. * * * A charitable compatriot of Dostoiévsky, who lifts a fallen and erring brother, lifts him with a tenderer touch, one suspects, than an equally charitable church member who says his prayers in English has, in general, in his fingers' ends. And, after all, the heart of humanitarianism is just there. * * * We do not love in others the things which we have hated and just escaped from ourselves. * * * We cannot say that these are chosen peoples, * * * except as they may be chosen for an hour, a day, a passing phase of the world."

From the foregoing, it may be seen that the Saxon is not everywhere praised. Often his foibles are pointed out with amusing keenness. The ideals of the Saxon the author knows to be relative, not absolute. The reader's very disagreement with some of the statements of the book, makes its reading worth while. We have French critics of the English and the Americans. This is an analysis principally of Americans—incidentally of some others—agreeable for the most part with our own point of view.

FREDERIC C. BROWN.

"All About Dogs" by C. H. Lane.

AS WE go along our way, few are the men we pass who do not love a Dog ; nearly every man we see has a Dog which loves him ; that man is loved in the best way. This being a world full of Dogs and men, should we not have honest books about the dumb creature that truly loves ? I have read works upon the Dog, and in the reading gained some knowledge of dog biscuits, mange, colic, dew claws, occipital protuberances, and the like. In trying to learn of the Dog I have been overwhelmed by the egoism and conceit of the writers. I am quite frank in my expression ; for Dog Book authors are far above the range of my feeble shafts. I could forgive their conceit, had they sympathy ; I could overlook their egoism, did I see in them generous understanding of the noble animal they write about ; I could pass by their triteness and patronizing airs, could I catch one flash of *heart* as they speak of the Dog. I do not ask for literature ; originality can hardly be expected of the Doggie man, but there should be a writer about Dogs who stands side by side with the creatures whose virtues overshadow his own, and whose intelligence lies not far below man's. I have looked for such a Dog Book—to-day I have found it. *All About Dogs* by C. H. Lane, comes close to my standards. The simple unaffected preface of the book reflects the heart of the writer. The introduction shows Mr. Lane to be familiar with his subject, and a master, too. His words in many ways are like the "others"—(I have not yet decided why a Doggie man should consider himself the only truly Doggie man), but his book rings true, for all its good opinion of Mr. Lane, heart and sympathy flash out in all his simple, honest expression. He calls the Dog "our four-footed friend," and means it. He tells of the friend's intelligence and faithfulness with wonder and admiration. He honors and loves the friend he is speaking for. When he comes to technicalities, his book is complete ; I never lost sight of the man's earnest painstaking work. I will not critically analyze this book, a statement merely in few words of its worth will suffice. *All About Dogs* is lavishly illustrated by an artist who knew how to catch the subtle character expression of each Dog. "Points" are never overlooked, but are not overpowering. Care of the Dog is fully understood and reduced to simplicity of description, you are not lost, however, in a mass of wordy warnings, so that temptation comes to sell

your Dog. You can learn all that is necessary about colic, mange, or a hundred other Dog diseases, but Mr. Lane's wonderful knowledge does not overwhelm you, so that when your Dog sneezes or scratches you conclude that he has everything in the book, but if he does get sick you will know what to do for him. The book is honest, sincere, carefully arranged, exhaustive, and sympathetic; what more could you demand of a Dog Book?

MORGAN SHEPARD.

THE OLD BOOK ROOM.

Some Pleasures of Old Books.

IN ALL books about books, from the times of that enthusiastic bibliophile, Thomas Dibden, to the present reign of Mr. Slater or Mr. Vincent or Mr. Lang there has been a uniform insistence upon the importance of essentially the collector's requirements of old books; now I wish to enter a humble plea for another point of view—for a proper acknowledgment of what may be termed their æsthetic value.

It certainly would be very unwise to overlook entirely the importance of *first editions, uncut edges, original bindings, pristine condition*, and all the other points that gladden a collector's heart and make of his shelves virtually an interest-bearing bank deposit. We must look with reverence upon a noble library having for its keystone, if you wish, a *first folio Shakespeare*, supported by a *first issue of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost* and a *first folio Ben Jonson*, rounded out with a wealth of *best editions* and studded with gems of *Cruikshanks* and *Bewicks*, rare *Aldines* and choice *Elzevirs*. Such libraries do exist here in California and were they not in private homes, would be, most justly, the Mecca for all book worshippers.

But even so there is still a wealth of choice old volumes, rejected by advanced collectors, that in themselves have beauty, charm, interest,—and it is of them that I speak. Old bindings, often on now obscure works and therefore to be had for little price,—mellowed by time, the binder's varnish and garish gold softened into the substance of the leather,—these have the beauty of antique brocade, the concentrated color of a bit of old brass. And when they happen on some work one loves and reads, on *The Spectator Papers*, a *Byron* or *Scott*, *Dr. Johnson* or *The Arabian Nights*, with the paper toned and soft, quaint typography and perhaps old copperplates,—then is the heart pleased and the mind at rest. Imagine, if you will, reading the stately *Spectator Papers* in an edition of to-day, good as it may be, when some old set is near at hand to insensibly renew the atmosphere of the author's life and times, and by its mellowed harmony round out and complete his stately periods. That little *Scott* that I have in old full calf—"Horribly faded" the skeptic will say, but no, I insist, merely toned into beauty, with its faint mitered gold lines just bright enough to accent and not dazzle—or that *Tasso* with its goffered edges, or this *Milton*—it is difficult for an enthusiast to check his examples.

And then, it is hard to say it and dispel illusions, there are many rare books, volumes that we take in our hand with a catch in our breath of reverence and awe, that did their title-page bear other names, would be cast aside unnoticed, having of themselves no charm nor interest, poorly printed and without dignity. While on the other hand I know of a volume of old German copper engravings of the Book of Genesis, without title-page or text,—“mere truck, absolutely”—that has given hours of enjoyment, the plates of beautiful workmanship, and brilliantly printed.

If you have some such old volumes and the bindings seem dingy, a small amount of olive oil, applied with a whisp of absorbent cotton and rubbed briskly, will remove the grime of the old book stalls, revitalize the leather, and bring forth the hidden glories. Any odor of the oil will soon pass off, but care should be taken not to use it too lavishly.

D. P. E.

Chinese Snuff-bottles.



HERE are many curious questions concerning the propagation of smoking and snuff-taking in the century following the voyages of Columbus. Nations like the Chinese, with whom conservatism is a law and an instinct, lost no time in adopting the fashions set by American savages and accepted at every court in Europe in spite of ecclesiastical censures and the pedantic opposition of James I. of England. Commerce has never succeeded in effecting such universal distribution of useful products as was accomplished for tobacco in the sixteenth century by contagion and superstition. Travelers can more readily disseminate their vices than their principles, and snuff came to China

along with Father Ricci and his Jesuit companions early in the seventeenth century. Their vast scheme for the conversion of the Empire left few monuments or morals to survive the loss of political patronage under the early Manchu emperors. But snuff is still inhaled by millions of Chinese nostrils as a relief from the intrusive and oppressive odors which make the sense of smell an affliction to the Oriental. For the gods there is incense, for mortals the smoke of tobacco or opium or the more effective pungency of snuff.

However, we are concerned chiefly with the influence of this exotic indulgence upon the arts of the Far East. There is a curious analogy between the snuff-boxes of Europe and the snuff-bottles of China in all that relates to decoration and style. In the East as well as in the West, the art is too delicate to escape triviality. Bold relief, broad effects of color, and all that makes for originality are excluded from these miniature pocket-pieces. And then they have always been toys of fashion, lacking the restraint of tradition and missing the dignity of works of ceremonial or classic art. Nor have they been transfigured by the imaginative craft of Japanese artists, able to mask the crudities and conventionalities of symbolism by impressionistic renderings. The Japanese rejected the snuff-taking habit along with Christianity and the customs of Europe in the seventeenth century, though the trick of smoking infinitesimal doses of mild tobacco escaped proscription and is still practiced by Japanese of both sexes.

Doubtless the first snuff-takers used tubes of bamboo or horn, and those forms are still represented in refined as well as in primitive materials. But the commonest type is now a flat, oval bottle about three inches long, closed by an ornamental stopper to which a miniature spoon is attached. The charge of snuff can thus be placed on the thumb nail for delivery to the nostrils. Nowadays, the most popular material for such gear is pottery in the infinite variety of wares still produced in China. Solid colors, the dragon's-blood crimson, the crackled apple-green, the imperial yellow, and other rich tints, are always effective. Then there are old blue and white wares, crackled or plain, but always wearing their colors under glaze. Delicate pinks and greens are painted over the glazing and made costly by elaboration. Good old specimens are often dear, but tolerable imitations abound, and one could purchase a hundred different patterns for the modest sum of five dollars in the shops of old Shanghai—along with as many variations of the characteristic Chinese odor, which has never been mistaken for a perfume.

Besides vagaries in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, in coral and ivory, there are many interesting bottles in metal. The precious metals are not in fashion, and none of the cheap devices of the jeweler, such as chasing, burnishing, or inlaying with bits of stone, are to be found. Bronzes are wrought by the chisel in high relief, with rockwork and gardens interspersed with pilgrims or picnickers. Brass bottles are covered with the formal patterns of Chinese *cloisonné*—which is quite unlike the waxed luster of the lawless wares made for export by Japanese artists of perverted skill. But the enamels made in Peking are the finest examples of Chinese metal work. Some bottles are painted on a white ground with delicate landscapes—like Watteau, with quaintness in lieu of charm. These manifest European influence not later than the eighteenth century. A higher art appears in specimens of a single color—sealing-wax red, turquoise blue, or cream white—enameled over figures of dragons and the like wrought in relief. These are wares of price, and few are to be seen in America.

Next to pottery in variety and abundance come the bottles made of glass. If transparent they are often painted on the inside with "willow pattern" landscapes in natural colors, the flexible brush working through the neck of the bottle—a trick worthy of a little admiration, since it defies Western imitation. Next come wares of mottled glass or those built up in layers of color. Cut glass of the formal, geometric style which William Morris banned from the circle of human arts, is unknown in the Far East. But the Chinese have revived the classic art of cutting cameos in glass after the fashion of the Portland vase and other famous specimens of Greek or Roman work. The inner bottle of opaque white is covered with a firm layer of gem-like glass—ruby-red for choice—and "the labor of the file," of many tools fit for graving and polishing the hard, brittle substance, goes to the development of the cameo. Foliage and figures are often *naïve* enough in design, but the execution is sometimes masterly.

There is a natural affinity between this work in glass and that in quartz-like stones, rock-crystal and amethyst, sardonyx, and agate. Where the texture and color are good these stones are hollowed into bottles and polished to exhibit their translucency. Often they are decorated with intaglios, but the masterpieces are cameos made by working stones which have strata of different colors. The design is subject to the accidents of the material, but the workman learns to take advantage of every shade and to disguise most of the flaws. The sacrifice is less in overcoming a refractory material than in following a conventional pattern, and the best cameos are worthy of comparison with their classic prototypes.

Jade has to be considered apart from other stones, and can only be appraised by the Chinese instinct which compares colors and textures by a glance and a touch. The greasy feeling characteristic of this hardest of stones is especially admired, but its surface is not adapted to exhibit fine workmanship unless it happens to have a layer of brown onyx attached so that it can be wrought in relief. Cameos of this sort are rare, but intaglios of white jade are pretty as well as costly, though the design is not readily made out. Every good curio shop in Shanghai—and there are many in the back streets of the European settlement as well as within the walls of the ancient city, though old residents ignore them all—has a few choice carved and polished stones and a cameo or two in ruby glass. These works are valued in Japan but never imitated there. The museum in Golden Gate Park has a few pretty snuff-bottles, chosen rather for material than workmanship, and a few larger pieces in jade and rock crystal—all obviously Chinese, though some of them are vaguely labeled as "Oriental."

CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS, U. S. NAVY.



Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Mary Blue and Brown-man.

A story for little ones.

Hush! hush! and listen while I tell of Brown-man and Mary Blue, of great adventures and *wonderful* things all of them perfectly true. Now you must know that Mary Blue Was always hunting around in hopes of finding a little Brown-man, as brown as the dirt on the ground. - She hunted and hunted *everywhere* 'til she came to a big pine tree. She was awfully tired and wanted to cry, for no Brown-man could she see. Now listen and hush — here's a wonderful thing that I am going to tell — A scratchety scump! and a big pine cone off of the pine tree fell, it almost knocked over Mary Blue, it fell with so *fearful* a bump, and sure as sure, as I tell you Oh! *didn't* Mary jump. She jumped way up to the big tree-top, so *awfully* scared was she, and long it was before she'd come down out of the big pine tree. But by and by she got quite brave and carefully she jumped down. When she got down, what do you think? *There was the little man, Brown.* Now I can tell you *every* one that great was her surprise. She blinked and gasped, and wiggled her nose and big were her very blue eyes. She stared and stared at the little Brown-man who politely said "How di doo we'll have some fun now that I'm here;" then he bowed to Mary Blue. Before I go on with this wonderful tale, perhaps you would like me to tell how the Brown-man looked that fell from the tree, and the clothes he wore as well. He was awfully funny from head to toes yes, funny and strange was he. He had shiny black eyes, and a monstrous nose, and his mouth was as big as could be. His legs were long and his arms were short and his feet took lots of room. He was polished all over, like a brown shoe, his hair stuck up like a broom. He was *born* in his clothes was the little Brown-man, and he brushed them every Spring. A row of red buttons grew out of his back, which seems a funny thing. When I asked him what he used them for, he promptly replied to me — "When I am sleepy or tired or cross I button myself to a tree." "Ho! Ho!" said Brown-man. "Hi Ho!" said he, "Let's go to the Terrible Hill. We'll look for big Lions and grumpy old Bears — so now be perfectly still." Away they ran along the Red Road that comes to the Wonderful Land just covered all over with yellow and green and peppered with pink and white sand. There, Mary stood still with wonder and joy at the colors all scattered around. She fell on her knees, so anxious was she to play with the bright colored ground. And little Brown-man — quite busy was he with shining his wonderful nose, he was so much absorbed with his polishing game that when a great hub-bub arose he left quite unfinished the northeastern side in his hurry to learn of the "row." Oh! horrors! Oh! horrors! what a terrible sight. Oh! dear what will come of them now? for sitting about them all in a round ring, so dignified, silent, and grave, were a Lion, and Bear, a Chipmunk and Mouse — (oh! my it was hard to be brave). Besides all the others was an old Kangaroo and a Dog with a long yellow tail, and a pink Pussy-cat and a green Cockatoo and a puffed-up and proud Mountain Quail. Oh! Oh! these grave people, said never a word, but looked on with their eyes all aglow, 'Til Brown-man got nervous and wiggled his ears, then gave his nose a most *thunderous* blow. You should have seen the circle of Lions and things fall over upon their own backs and lie there a-trembling, and blinking with fear for the Brown-man's peculiar attacks. "I am brave," said the Lion, "with men and big guns and small girls, as far as *that* goes, but I can't fight a Brown-man who makes a strange noise all out of a big shiny nose." "Our plan," said the Bear, "was to eat you both up, it's time for our dinner," said he, "but now it's as plain as the nose on Brown's face that we'll have to go hungry." The Kangaroo bellowed, and lashed his long tail then silently spilled a big tear. More haughty and puffed up became Mr. Quail, and the Dog with a tail acted queer. The Cat and the Chipmunk and also the Mouse were sulky and silent and blue, but the green Cockatoo bore his sorrow quite well and behaved as his kind *always* do. Said Brown-man with dignity worthy of him — "Look out for my powerful nose. You know I'm your master and Mary's your queen, so you will be good, I suppose. Now wait till I finish the polishing game of my nose on the northeastern side: I might let it go, but I fear I'd walk lame or get to be *sadly* cross-eyed. If I should grow cross-eyed, I'm sure you will see I'll bump on my nose as I walk, so to save all that

trouble and anxiety I'll shine up the rest while I talk." Then Brown-man rubbed briskly and soon he was done, and his nose was most *beautifully* bright, then he looked up right proudly with his nose to the sun and the People all quailed at the sight. "Come on now you People, I'm hungry and faint for I've worked on my nose a good deal. You said you were hungry a moment ago so now let us hunt for a meal." Now it was quite evident and plain to see that Brown-man had all well in hand, so he said through his nose with much dignity, "We'll march for the 'Great Dinner Land.'" The People at first were disposed to be cross at the words the little man said, but they were afraid of him sure as could be, so they *all* went marching ahead. First went the Kangaroo, taking his tail, and awfully sad did he seem: then came the Mouse on the back of the Cat who said she was "thinking of cream." The Lion, the Bear, the Chipmunk and Quail came marching sedately along. Then the green Cockatoo and the Dog with his tail were the last of the queer-looking throng. But Brown-man and Mary gave all the commands so they marched past the Terrible Hill. The wind in the pine trees began a sweet song that made them all happy and still. And little Blue Mary, so happy was she, that she asked all the People to dance, so the Kangaroo smiled, and pretty soon he and the others, all started to prance. Now when they had frolicked around hand in hand, and sung the sweet song of the trees, they all scampered off to the Great Dinner Land in parties of "twos" and of "threes." I tell you, 'twas funny to see that strange band all scampering fast as they could to see who'd get *first* to the "Great Dinner Land" and the banquet spread out in the wood. They screamed, and they shouted, they laughed and they sang 'til they came to a place *oh!* so sweet—when all of a sudden a dinner bell rang, and Mary got *quite* the best seat. The little Brown-man had a stump for a chair way down at the end of the board; he called for the meal with a very grand air just like a great King or a Lord. With much gravity and many fine airs the Cockatoo gave all a place, then he screamed with some temper, for seven more chairs, getting awfully red in the face. The waiters were squirrels and little field mice, who hurried the meal on the table; they served all with deftness and looked very nice in their aprons—and found they were able to eat something too, as they carried the food. The Lion had candy all peppered with grass; The Bear said his coffee was good. The Kangaroo drank from a big hour-glass, and *sometimes* behaved a bit rude. The Chipmunk was hungry and ordered a steak. The Dog with a tail called for cheese. The Cat was quite moody, but said she would take an apple, and ale if you please! The Mouse was quite bashful but ate *everything*. The Cockatoo said he was sick, but finally ordered the squirrels to bring a large pumpkin-pie on a stick. The Quail was so puffed up he asked for a pie and ate it all up with *one* bite; he wiped off his moustache and winked his left eye then flew up a tree out of sight. The People all ate such a very big meal that they fell fast asleep then and there. Then Brown-man and Mary did quietly steal to the river that went Everywhere. They felt somewhat sorry to leave without word when all the poor folks were asleep, but Brown-man whispered that once he had heard "That promises *were* hard to keep," so they came to the River—it ran very fast. They jumped in a boat with a sail, then sailed by big Cities, and went quickly past a Man with a *gun*, and a snail. They traveled all day, 'til they came to the Sun, who was bowing quite *low* to the Night. They laughed with enjoyment to see the Sun run, and drop in the Sea out of sight. "*Good-night*," said Brown-man, "*good-night*," said he. "Oh, *were n't* we happy to-day?" Then ere Mary knew it he jumped up a tree and soon he was hidden away.

MORGAN SHEPARD.



Notes.

The Sphinx and Other Poems by William Henry Hudson, will soon be published by Messrs. Elder and Shepard in an attractive little volume, printed from type, and limited to three hundred copies. Mr. Hudson is professor of English Literature at Stanford University, and his critical work, especially marked by a poetic insight and feeling, is widely known.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, well known in California from his long residence here and as the author of several strong novels, is to publish an illustrated volume devoted to life and sport on the Pacific Slope. It is to be comprehensive, giving somewhat racy impressions of Californian conditions, with supplementary details and statistics.

Mr. A. M. Robertson has planned for two important volumes of California poetry. The one is *Songs from Bohemia* by Daniel O'Connell, selected and edited by Ina Coolbrith, with an introduction by William Greer Harrison; the other, *Idyls of El Dorado* by Charles Keeler. Both volumes are to be issued in limited editions, illustrated and decorated, and printed with especial care.

The fast approaching fall season will soon bring forth Miss Florence Lundborg's illustrated edition of Omar, which the Doxey Press announced some time back. Also *Jacinto* by Howard V. Sutherland, formerly editor of the *News Letter*, and now engaged in literary work in New York.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company will publish, early in October, *James Martineau: A Study and a Biography* by Rev. A. W. Jackson. The work was nearly completed at the time of Dr. Martineau's death, and since then has been read and approved by his nearest relatives, who have rendered the author valuable assistance. The volume is not only a life of the great theologian, but also a study of the movement in thought of which he was the leader. The same firm announce a *Life of Parkman*, by Charles Haight Farnham, for publication in the early fall. The work has been written with the sanction of the author's relatives, who have given Mr. Farnham access to Mr. Parkman's letters, vacation journals, and all other available material.

Hap Hazard Quotations by L. E. B., is a most remarkable collection of quotations and anecdotes gathered with a rare understanding of the demands of "every-day" man and woman. Each quotation flashes out as a question answered, or a want realized. It is a book to carry as a companion upon a day of life's journey. Announced by Messrs. Elder and Shepard. They also will soon have ready *Observations of Jay (a Dog)*, and *Other Stories* by Morgan Shepard, reprinted in part from IMPRESSIONS.

The Queen versus Billy is the title of a collection of short stories by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson, that is soon to be published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons.

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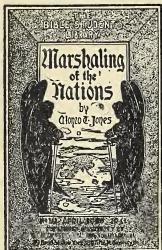
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CALIFORNIA NUMBER



IMPRESSIONS is a little magazine, simply done, to tell the truth about books and other matters. Published monthly, with supplements of literary and art interest, by Elder and Shepard. Annual subscription, 50 cents. Rates for advertisement may be had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Entered at the Post-office at San Francisco, as second-class matter, May 17, 1900.

Subscriptions can still be filled beginning with the July or fifth issue. Subscriptions for the year from number one are now one dollar; separately, the first number is twenty-five cents, the second, fifty cents, the fourth, twenty-five cents.

California Number, November, 1900

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A Word on Provincialism.

IF ONLY it could be taken for granted, once and for all, that the commonplace principles of right living are as generally adopted in practice as they are familiar in theory, the task of the moralist would be a good deal simplified. But unfortunately, as one of the tritest of commonplaces may serve to remind us, in the search for new precepts we are very apt to overlook the old; while familiarity itself blinds us to the vital meaning of constantly repeated formulas. This is as true in art as it is in life.

Here, too, we are perfectly well aware, for instance, that one of our greatest dangers lies in an almost irresistible tendency to rush to extremes. None the less, fully recognizing this in abstract statement, we not only neglect some of its practical corollaries, but are often even guilty of attempting to build upon some extreme of doctrine a complete philosophy of literature. The history of culture introduces us to many periods, during which individual genius has been hampered, if not altogether stultified, by undue dependence upon the works of other writers, ancient or modern. At such times of "classicism," or "colonialism," servile imitation of accepted models usurps the place of self-development and self-expression; the essential life of literature evaporates, and the result is a hard, cut-and-dried conventionalism. In the mood of reaction, which sooner or later almost inevitably follows upon such a period of repression, authors and critics are certain to tend to the opposite excess. They now proclaim complete abandonment of long-recognized standards as one of the first principles of practice; literature, whatever else it is or is not, must at least be independent; it must shake itself free from "classic" and "foreign" influences; the writer's one aim is to find himself, and having done so, to express what is in him, without fear or favor, in his own individual way. And then, unless wiser counsels prevail to check the sudden and rapid swing of the pendulum, we enter upon a period of widespread anarchy; every kind of authority is set at naught; laxity of opinion is substituted for servile deference to critical doctrine; the larger relations of literature are lost sight of, and a narrow provincialism, at least equally inimical to art, rises in the stead of the formalism which has been overthrown.

If, in the light of these general facts, we turn to consider the prospects of literature here on the Pacific Coast, it is easy to see in which direction our present danger lies. California has become conscious — intensely conscious — of its own rare artistic genius and opportunity; and in the exuberant strength and courage of its splendid youth, it is too apt to look with distrust at whatever influences without may seem to threaten the growth and free expression of its individuality. Left to himself, the California writer might, I think, be trusted to find his own way. But, in these critical days, it were vain to expect that he should be left to himself. We have to reckon with the theorist and doctrinaire who comes to him with all sorts of well meant, but, for the most part, foolish advice about his duty and responsibility as a leader in the "new" literary movement of the West; and the danger is, lest such advice should turn him aside from the normal path of healthy development into the quest of mistaken ideals and false principles in art. And if California genius should be so deflected — if it should thus be forced out of the great highway of permanent interests and achievements into by-paths of reckless experiment and fruitless searchings after originality, it will doom itself to the pettiness of parochialism — and parochialism in literature means in the long run, sterility.

At such a time as this, then, we need for our salvation a generous leaven of what I have elsewhere called the Conservatism of Culture. If any critical descendant of the famous Mr. Hathaway should to-day approach us, asserting in his vigorous fashion that the one great purpose of our "new" literature is to be "altogether shaggy and unshorn," we should meet him with the emphatic counter-assertion that the "shaggy and unshorn" in literature never has done and never will do. We must tell him, as Mr. Churchill told Hathaway himself, that, while nationality is a good thing, universality is better; that mere nation-

ality is often ridiculous ; that, if we are simply natural, we shall be national enough ; that the kind of originality we want is originality within the bounds of art and good sense — not the originality of spasms and convulsions.

And, as I had occasion to say some time ago (and I may here, perhaps, be allowed to follow the lines of a former discussion of this subject), it seems to me particularly necessary just now that we should insist upon the permanent elements in literature and the supreme significance of the great literary tradition, because of the efforts made in various quarters to bring these things into disrepute. One of our younger generation of writers has recently constituted himself the prophet of what he calls the "liberation" of the "great West." According to Mr. Hamlin Garland, the first thing for the "great West" to do in literature is not, as we might ignorantly have supposed, to write good, true, living books, but to get itself "emancipated." And we are left in doubt as to what Mr. Garland means by emancipation. The day of the East — of foreign influence — is over, or should be over ; the past is "not vital" ; we must abandon its "crumbling idols" — that is, we must break entirely with its culture, methods, usages. Now it is against this kind of narrow and fanatical provincialism that it is our business to protest ; and we must do so, not simply because it is foolish in itself, but because it is full of that particular kind of folly which is capable of doing incalculable harm. Let the "great West" manifest its new spirit in literature, by all means ; let it deal freshly with its magnificent fresh material ; let it build its own edifice — temple, palace, or mart — in its own chosen style of architecture. If it succeeds, it will be because its work is good, sound, valid — not because it is wrought in an anti-foreign or aggressively "modern" temper, or with any dogmatic intention of emancipating itself from anything or anybody. And if it is not good, sound, valid, no amount of doctrinaire theorizing as to what it might, should, or ought to have been will suffice to save it from the oblivion it deserves. Mr. Garland himself may be taken to point the moral. When he gives us his stories of prairie existence we are moved and stirred, not because they are examples of "emancipated" literature, but because they have in them some measure of that true life which has won permanence and universality for all literature worth the name, from the Book of Job and the Homeric Epos down to *Madame Delphine* and *The Man Who Was*. Let the California writer, whatever may be the line of his individual interest and ambition, lay one counsel well to heart — that it should be the first and last aim of the artist to endure his own work with something of the power and meaning of this true life. Let him make that principle his "cloudy pillar" and his "guardian fire." He will not need, then, to trouble himself overmuch about the relation of his production to the intellectual "liberation" of his state. "Great art," as Mr. Stedman has well said, "is always modern." And it is great art — art great alike in purpose and in workmanship — that we ask our writers to give us. As to whether or not it will prove to be also "emancipated" art — that is a question which we and they may safely leave to be settled hereafter by such historians of literature as may deem it worthy of consideration. For ourselves, provided only that it have the essential elements of life and greatness, we shall not particularly care.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

Democracy implies infinity. Men are declared to be equal because it is discovered that all men, the least as well as the greatest, have or may have access to the infinite. The obvious disparities become insignificant, in view of this great commonness. Infinity plus a million is seen to be no more than infinity plus one. If it were not for religion democracy would be inconceivable ; if a man's soul is measurable and transient, democracy is ridiculous.

Charles Ferguson.

From "The Religion of Democracy."

"Idyls of El Dorado."

IT WAS Beatrice Harradan, who, while sojourning in this State, gave it as her belief that there will never be any real poets in California, nor, indeed, any great poetry ever written here. California, she said, is too vast, too rugged, ever to afford the muse an abiding-place. Poetry needed, she thought, quiet nesting-places, cozy nooks and still retreats, "such as we have in England," and of these she found none in California.

But singers have arisen in California, even since Miss Harradan's dictum, and, although certain ones of these have hastened Eastward when success beckoned, some have remained with us, working with and for us, to help the artistic life of the community. With Charles Keeler, William Neidig and Herbert Muller Hopkins in our midst, each writing verse of real distinction and power, with Ina Coolbrith, Emma Frances Dawson and Joaquin Miller yet with us, and Daniel O'Connell's memory to be kept alive by the volume of his verse that Miss Coolbrith is editing, California would seem at present proving rather more than "a grim step-mother" to poesy.

Of recent Californian verse, by far the most notable is Charles Keeler's new book, *Idyls of El Dorado*, which Robertson has just issued. To speak of it is to accord one's self, freely, "the pleasant privilege of praise." Mr. Keeler has done good work in the past, but the present volume marks a distinct advance, in artistic work, upon anything that he has heretofore published. It is not merely that he has gained in technique, or in the graces of poetic style, though his gains along these lines are very real; but there is, as well, unquestionable gain in all else that goes to make up the poetic unities. There is greater lightness and freedom of fancy, more sustained flight, a realer imaginative quality, as well as better execution, throughout this volume than in any of his other verse.

Mr. Keeler knows and loves his El Dorado, and no poet, not even among our earlier singers, who has written of California, has breathed into his song so much of what is noblest and fairest in our beautiful State. Others, who have sung as nobly, have not given us the same characteristic musical quality; some, who have imbued their song with even more of melody, have yet failed to strike the high, distinctive note of recognition of the truest values, that characterizes this book.

In "A Vision of the West" he has given us a dream that may well be a prophecy of what may yet come to this land by the Golden Gate, if her people hold aright their living and their striving for her. So, too, has he done in the fine sonnet, "To the University of California," but perhaps the best piece in the book is "An Idyl of the Pines," a long poem full of stately beauty and delicate imagery, throughout which runs a lyric measure which accords well with the spirit of the work, with its loving knowledge of nature and fine appreciation of the subtle, elusive charm of the autumnal and winter woods in California. One is tempted to quote from this poem, but the exigencies of present space forbid such indulgence.

In less serious vein, but full of beauty and joyousness, are many of the pure lyrics in the volume; notably "In the Cañon," and "Autumn in the Sierras," while the latter half of the book is devoted to a series of poems as novel in conception as they are charming in quality. These the poet calls "Woodland Tales Hesperian," and in them he gives us poetic narratives dealing with certain fanciful conceits after the manner of nature myths, the scenes lying in California in the days when this world, or, at least, this part of it, was a-making. These legends are rich in imagery, and as full of deeper meaning as are those older tales which we call world myths. The first of them, "How Shasta Won the Fire," tells of the lava flows of prehistoric times on this Coast. "Avila and Sturnella" is a myth of the meadow lark's song at dawn, and, with the exception of "The Mist Maidens," is the loveliest of these quaint, poetic conceits, wherein Mr. Keeler has contrived to embody much that is characteristic and suggestive in the natural life about us.

The book is embellished with original designs by Louise Mapes Keeler, whose work as an illustrator is constantly improving. It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and is, on the whole, a most creditable piece of book-making.

ADELINE KNAPP.

"Hard Pan.

MISS BONNER has written a very pleasant little story, and a story which has a peculiar local interest. The Californian's interest in it will be twofold. He will pass judgment on the story, and on the "local color." The local color is exceedingly well done. Miss Bonner knows her San Francisco and loves it. She has high appreciation of the peculiarities of the queer city, and she knows how to express her appreciation in a way that must touch the heart of any one who is familiar with those peculiarities, and who has learned to love its strange climate, shape, and social structure. To other persons it might as well be Greek. She may speak to our Eastern brother,

"But he will not understand."

Not the least of the peculiarities of California, and especially of that part of it which is adjacent to the Bay of San Francisco, is that it is impossible to convey any just impression of it to those who have never seen it, or to those who have had a passing glimpse of it. It is so different from the rest of the world that the dweller in other regions can gain no notion of conditions except through experience. That is the reason why Californians are counted liars by the rest of the world. It is to be feared, too, that the average Californian, when he goes abroad, loses the veracity which is one of his most striking characteristics at home. Finding that his simplest statements of fact are looked upon as humorous falsehoods, he is apt to make the most of the advantages which undoubtedly belong to the notorious liar. Miss Bonner tells only the truth about San Francisco, but the stranger will neither understand nor believe.

Hard Pan has given me so much pleasure in the reading that I feel it an ungracious thing to pick holes in it. At the same time, I am sure that no one will welcome criticism of the book more heartily than the author. It is certainly open to criticism. The story is an interesting one, and altogether original, so far as I know. The situation is a conceivable one, and is, on the whole, well worked out. It is a pity that, in her desire to make the story more interesting, the author has violated probability on more than one occasion. For the sake of the story, she has found it necessary to make her hero stupid. I do not mean that he is uninteresting. He is dense and dull, at least on one occasion. When Gault saw Viola's jams and ferns, he ought to have inferred that she was doing her best to earn her own living, especially as she showed a pressing desire to sell them. Half an eye was all that was necessary to take in the situation. But Gault had not even such imperfect vision. He was too stupid this time to consist with himself. But on the other hand, if he had seen, there would have been no story. It is easy to see that a third term might have come in to dissolve the dilemma.

Another violation of probability, or rather possibility, is found in the Colonel's sojourn in Sacramento. He could not possibly be unrecognized in Sacramento. The traditions of the men who made money in the early days are very persistent in San Francisco; they are much more persistent in Sacramento. A man who cut such a figure as the Colonel in those days is dear to the California heart and memory. The relations between San Francisco and Sacramento were then very close, and the man who cut a broad swath in the larger city made at least as great an impression upon the smaller one. It is impossible that the Colonel, living in a Sacramento boarding-house, under his own name, should not have been recognized by his reputation. Partly because Sacramento is a smaller city, the traditions of the great days are deeper there than they are in San Francisco.

I hope that these somewhat trifling criticisms will prevent no one from reading the book, for it is a very good book — so good that I find in it assurance that the author can write a better one. The hero may be, at times, an ass; and the heroine may be consistently a colorless person, but this does not mean that Miss Bonner can not draw character. Letitia is an uncommonly interesting person. If she "blondined" her hair, it doesn't make much difference. Masculine readers will resent, not so much her marrying "Tod," as her loving him. But then fine girls do such things. Unfortunately, there is no improbability about this incident.

Miss Bonner has failed to interpret California to the rest of the world, but the fault is not Miss Bonner's; it is California's. She has told a good story, which is altogether her own merit. She is going to tell us a better one some time. THOS. R. BACON.

**"Jacinta: A Californian Idyl."
Miss Lundborg's "Omar."**

MY DEAR PRESTO:—I am sending you a copy of our friend's little book, *Jacinta: A Californian Idyl*. Of course I read it at once, and think that you will agree with me that while it must be classed among the minor poems, it also touches minor chords of very tender and musical quality. It is distinctly from the heart and not from the mind, for which I was not quite prepared, although I certainly expected to find good, healthy sentiment, the love of flowers and birds, of ocean and hills. These are the inspiration of many dainty poetic fancies, very genuine and pleasing. Through all there is an at oneness with nature, as in these lines:

How good each summer afternoon
To lie amid the sedges tall
And render thanks for God's best boon —
To be alive and feel it all;
To be a part of land, of sea,
The Past, and of Eternity.

To hear the music of the shell,
To feel the joyous wind's caress,
To see the ocean's bosom swell
And know Who makes it restless — yes,
To be a very part of Him
Who sends the mighty seraphim.

"Jacinta," the long poem of the book — "An Idyl of California" — is but a simple narrative of young love, illumined chiefly by the nature touches I have mentioned, and by an intense human sympathy for the sorrows and trouble of lowly ones. The sonnets following, with the exception of that to San Francisco, did not appeal to me — in fact, it is of California themes that his chief inspiration comes:

"Of home, of Western shore,
Which hears each morn and night the sea
With mighty crash and booming roar
Give praise to God eternally."

I have just seen the advance sheets of Miss Florence Lundborg's illustrated *Omar* and am greatly impressed with her really remarkable achievement. It was certainly a courageous undertaking to attempt the interpretation of a poem of such complex orientalism, and her success is the result of something more than merely hard work. I do not know that her drawings will appeal so strongly to the imagination as those of Elihu Vedder, her medium of line work being more severe, but they are marked by strong individuality, and are really interpretative of the poem, which latter can not be said of the Vedder edition. As for Omar, he will weather the storm of attack that is now being made, — or is it merely the Omar *fad* that is being assailed? In either case, the poem is as it always was, and the same qualities that made it loved in the past will gain for it new disciples in time to come.

Have you noticed that *St. Nicholas* announces a serial by Miss Adeline Knapp? It is "The Boy and the Baron," a tale or romance of the Middle Ages, of forest and castle along the Rhine. The really important work that occupied her time this past year was the translation of twelve of the old Norse Sagas, not heretofore done into English. It is a very free rendering from the Danish, done in collaboration with Frau Nico Beck-Meyer, and will prove to be a very valuable addition to the study of Norse mythology.

Let me know your opinion of Howard Sutherland's *Jacinta* as soon as you have the time to read it.

Sincerely,

D. P. E.



"The Son of the Wolf," Again.

[Mr. London's book was reviewed in IMPRESSIONS some months ago, but in this California issue the editors deemed that mention should be given of a work of such striking qualities. The following appreciation is written by one who has himself wintered in the Far North amid the white silence, and knows whereof he speaks.]

WHAT Rudyard Kipling has done for India, what Lafcadio Hearn has done for Japan, Jack London has done for the Arctic, and it is merely a question of a few years when he will be recognized as a writer as forceful as the former, as finished and discerning as the latter. One might almost consider it a part of the plans of Providence that such men are lured into the remote places of the world, there to act in the capacity of privileged scribes that those who remain at home may read and learn.

From such a book as *The Son of the Wolf* more is to be gathered of the tragedy of life in the northlands than from any other hitherto published. The author is saturated with his subject. Mr. Tappan Adney's *Klondyke Stampede* is devoted almost exclusively to the Klondyke mining camps and, while it is not a work of fiction, it is sufficiently interesting and accurate to be perused by any one desirous of obtaining information about that part of the country. Jack London's stories, on the other hand, cover an unlimited field; he writes of the Arctic rather than of one particular portion of it. Under his treatment one feels that there is no end to the snow-fields, and the Yukon becomes the tremendous river it really is, instead of a muddy stream on which the only point of interest is Dawson itself.

It is to be regretted that this fact is not more generally known among the reading public, for it is herein that Mr. London's genius really lies. He takes in the whole white hell at one glance; his ear is conscious of the soul-appalling silences of white-sheeted plains and gloomy forests; he has learned the secrets of Indians, half-breeds and whites. He not only knows why men go mad, but also how they go mad ("In a Far Country"); he knows the terrible temptations that come to men and women while under the stress of hardship and isolation ("The Priestly Prerogative"), and he handles his subject-matter in a manner which shows also how well aware he is of the tremendous influence exerted everywhere by *morale* when it is pitted against conscious immorality.

Each story in his book is a little masterpiece; and, although the writer calls attention to the two just mentioned, it is merely because of the many tragedies in the lands bordering on the Pole those therein dealt with are the most frequent. To have handled them as he does, proves Mr. London to be a writer of more than promise; it is only a matter of time (if he is spared to us) when he will take his place among the few writers of really international reputation.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

THE *Book-Lover*, that very sumptuous and ample depository of book lore that very courageously made its birthplace in San Francisco some months ago, has just appeared with a fifth number equal in interest and exceeding in quality its previous issues. A very excellent portrait of the chief book lover, T. Frog-nall Dibdin, graces its frontispiece, and literary gossip, discussion, and information expand its generous measure. To quote from a letter of appreciation, it is certainly "a unique, delightfully interesting, intrinsically indispensable, gossipy, scholarly, erudite, and absorbing publication."



Queen vs. Billy.

LLOYD OSBOURNE has written a book of South Sea stories, *Queen vs. Billy*, which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. A two years' cruise in the Pacific amongst all sorts of strange islands, sailing very unfamiliar waters, anchoring in many a queer port where ships but seldom come, and afterwards a residence of a number of years in Samoa, has given Mr. Osbourne a wide and unusual knowledge of places and people in the South Seas. He writes of natives, traders, missionaries and beach-combers with equal understanding and felicity. The stories are varied in situation and purpose; the tragedy of "Queen vs. Billy," the first story, which gives the name to the book, and "The Dust of Defeat" is relieved by the humor of "The Devil's White Man" and "The Beautiful Man of Pingalap." "The Happiest Day of His Life" is a simple love-story of an Englishman and an island girl. "In the Phantom City" is a beautiful description of a Samoan village, and Father Zosimus tells of the life of a missionary in an isolated station. There are other stories in the collection, but probably the best of all is the story of a French penal settlement, "The Dust of Defeat."

Although Mr. Osbourne's past experiences have associated him very closely with Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he collaborated, and Samoa, about which he writes, still California claims him as the place of his nativity and present home, and will doubtless make her impress upon his work in time to come.

D. K.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

No angler I; yet o'er my pastoral page,
Walton! in sooth full well I love to pore.

It breathes the old-world peace we know no more
In the mad rush and tumult of our age.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

From "The Sphinx, and Other Poems," in press.

THE ART ROOM.

The Impress of Nature on Art in California.

THERE can be no great art movement which is not rooted in the soil. Art is an idealization of life, and its source is not different from that whence we gain our daily bread. Conventions are the deadly foe of life, and likewise are they fatal to the fruition of the art spirit. Even the conventions of art, when given a dominating influence, are sure to paralyze the true realization of the art ideal. It is only the good Earth Mother who can be invoked without let or hindrance by the artist, for she holds in her hand the cup of life with its unflinching inspiration to the flagging soul. He who tastes of that cup will be strengthened, while he who lives only in the world of conventions, drinking from the flagon of success poured out by Dame Usage, is destined to be subdued and rendered commonplace. The great masters of all time have sought their models in nature while their petty rivals have merely echoed the inspiration which their teachers had derived at the fountain head.

It is true enough, on the other hand, that in this late age of culture we can not afford to be wholly *naïve*. Indeed, we can not be truly so. Our race is grown up and to assume the standpoint of childhood is necessarily more or less a pose. We must accept, gratefully, heartily, and manfully our heritage of letters and art, with all that it implies of skilled workmanship—of craftsmanship, if you choose—and with this historic instrument of expression we must go to nature and sit at her feet as little children.

No man is so old or so wise that he can not learn from the bee or the warbler, from the fern or the trillium. Even he who wrestles with the human heart, who seeks to create types of men and to call into reality the puppets of his imagination, can gain strength from the mountains and repose from the sea, tenderness from the birds and flowers, and freedom from the blowing winds. The spirit of nature will be incarnate in his men and women, and they will be mysteriously and insensibly glorified by its power.

There is a promise to California in all this, which we are coming to realize with growing conviction. Nowhere else on the American continent is the out-of-door world so inviting. Its charm is intangible, but compelling. In large measure it is due, no doubt, to the near approach of the mountains to the ocean, so that the people of the State come into intimate and habitual relationship with these two commanding phenomena of nature. There is something about our scenery which expands the soul. Even from our hills the view is seldom pretty, but rather exalting and exhilarating. From our mountains one may behold vistas that foreshadow the infinite. Climatically, California is a world apart from the Eastern States. Its arid summers with withered meadows and parched hill slopes are sometimes disappointing to the newcomer, but they are full of charm to those who know them. The landscape in quiet browns, yellows, and purples, with patches of green in the hollows, has a beauty all its own. Even when masses of fog shut it in with a somber frame, it has a grave dignity, a melancholy glory, with which we would not part. And then when the rains come, when the pulse of new life stirs in the slow autumnal veins of nature, when patches of verdure may be detected amid the dead grass, and the winter birds assemble for their holiday, when the air is washed to a pellucid crystal in which the blue of mountains and sea stand out in startling brilliancy, what joy there is in the out-of-door world, what promise, what opportunity!

It is not only our landscape painters who are to profit by the individuality, the splendor, the largeness of our environment; the architects, the sculptors, the musicians, the poets, in fact all who seek to express the beautiful will feel the impress of its influence. All that is necessary is that we should go to nature as a little child does, that we should look at her long and lovingly, that we should know her in all her moods—know the shells of the ocean shore, the flowers of the mountains, the trees, the birds, the rocks—know the winds and the clouds, the wonders of a stormy night in the forest, the terrors of the desert, the joys of the groves. If we know these things we shall sing them and paint them and build them into our lives and our art, and the world will turn to us for inspiration; but if we do not take the pains to know these things, then will our art be but one last echo of the wave of conventionality, rolling from Paris and London to New York, to be finally lost on the misty reaches of the Pacific.

CHARLES KEELER.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Here, where the gentle hand of God, outspread
 In benediction, has bestowed such blue
 And purple mist upon the bay, such view
 Of ocean far through golden portals led,
 Or, in the gloaming, such a royal red,
 Sweeping the tide and spreading high its hue
 Like banners of Cathay flung wide, there grew
 A consecrated pile to learning wed.
 O may the stones here reared make mute appeal
 With their dumb eloquence for beauty's dower,
 And may they be the center, whence shall steal
 A presence through the land, a might, a power
 Shaping the West to ends more fair and strong,
 Finding expression meet in toil and song.

CHARLES KEELER.

From "Idyls of El Dorado."

"Goops."

AN OLD-TIME story tells, that long, long ago a strange flat island floated upon an unknown green ocean. On this island lived a race of little, boneless people called "Goops," who played the whole day long, and made a very good living by just playing. These queer fellows were ever making up new games, which they played for weeks, and then got very tired of them. They kept this up until they could think of no more new games, so they were sorry and sad, and all of them went to the western side of the island; sitting there in a row, they dabbled their toes in the green ocean and wept. Of course so many "Goops" on one side of a floating island, pressed downwards that part of it. This gave them an idea. Every "Goop" got the idea at exactly the same moment. They all rushed in a line, fast as they could, for the *eastern* side of the island and back to the *western*, and again and again eastern and western until the island was teetering merrily. One day they teetered so long and hard that their island turned right over. The whole Nation of "Goops" got wet, but the other side of the land was pleasant, so they were happy, and when they had need of some real excitement, why they just toppled over the island. Once when the "Goops" were busy rocking, they all spied a beautiful ship sailing straight towards them. It was the good ship "Imagination," whose captain and helmsman and crew was a man by the name of Gelett Burgess. The people were glad to see him, and after he had visited them a long time he became King of the "Goops." He ruled them well, and every one was happy, but as he had duties also in London, New York, and San Francisco, he bade his subjects farewell, and sailed away in his ship again. For a while they wept all in a row into the green ocean and were sad and depressed, but they got happy again over their teetering game.

This story may be true or it may not be, but, nevertheless, Mr. Burgess has written a book about his subjects, and it is called *Goops, and How To Be Them*. Indeed, I can assure the children that it is a wonderful book, full of pictures showing the choicest "Goops." It tells in rhyme many true and happy things which will bring laughter and joy, and the most wonderful part of it is that the more I looked the more I learned, for I saw laughter behind sedate and sober sayings, sermons coated all over with fun, stories of mischief to make one laugh, but never to tempt. I counted 427 different "Goops," and surely from Goop No. 1 to Goop No. 427, I could not see *one* that was not worth taking home to play with. I read this book to a Child I love and we both laughed and wondered and looked, every minute making new discoveries on the pages. We felt that if we had *Alice in Wonderland*, Lear's *Nonsense Book*, and *The Goops*, we should be happy the whole day long and sometimes dream of the little boneless people when we slept at night.

MORGAN SHEPARD.

"Observations of Jay (a Dog)."

IF YOU care to know what dogs think and feel, what they observe, and what faculties of color, smell and taste they possess, read *Observations of Jay (a dog), and Other Stories* by Morgan Shepard.

A wise dog, a jolly dog, a very "waggish" dog is immortalized in these *Observations*.

But "Jay" does not chronicle only the doings and reflections of a "healthy, wet-nosed, honest dog," withal a thoughtful, fastidious, gentlemanly one, for two little maids, Barbara and Betsy, illuminate its pages with childlike pranks and quaint and playful fancies. Many of the happenings are in the land of Make-Believe, the natural country for childhood and its dreams, and for the tiny comedies filled with smiles and tears that appeal to all children.

The stories written from the view-point of the dog are odd and vivid bits of animal psychology, sketched so effectively as to give this particular dog an interesting personality. After reading this clever analysis of "Jay," we know his characteristics and the traits that make him different from other dogs.

What "Jay" thinks of the cat, the French poodle, the goat, "whose face always has the same smile upon it," and, finally, the rooster, are touches that display a telepathic understanding of dog nature, and a whimsical fun attractive to children of all ages.

Close observation of the humors and moods of doghood have produced what purports to be an autobiography in which the thoughts and feelings of a bright, interesting dog are ingeniously told in a manner at once fresh, original, and deeply sympathetic.

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TIP was a small dog, at his biggest moments no higher than a very little girl's knee. His color was a muddy yellow, his hair wiry except about his belly, under his throat and along the lower part of his long thick tail. There was nothing in the world softer or silkier than his ears, which had never been cut, and no color so beautiful as his eyes, it was a living warm brown, with a smooth fire coming through, that went straight to your heart, leaving a little sadness there. Tip was really beautiful to any one who stopped to think about him, though he was not considered so by most People and Dogs, neither was he very bright. This was because he had never been given half a chance to gather his little wits together and use them; everybody kept sending him along, People with sticks or stones, and there was not a Dog, no matter how small or unimportant, that lost an opportunity to roll him over in the dirt and straddle him when down on his back. Some very mean Dogs would let him up to get away a little distance, and then chase him hard down the street, and when he was going his very fastest, roll him over again and do some more straddling and snarling. Often and often would Tip try to make friends with People, but the poor little fellow never went about in the right way. He might almost catch friendship and then do some little thing that was sure to irritate the person he was trying to make up to. His methods were all wrong in this matter. Seeing a possible friend coming his way, he would run up in an uncertain, suspicious fashion, with his tail rather low down (which was a mistake to begin with) and instead of going right up and wagging with confidence, he stopped just beyond reach, ready to run, and when the person came just within reach and made a motion to pet him, off he would go to turn round and bark in a mixed-up silly way. He knew perfectly well he was foolish, but somehow he couldn't help it. Then he would try again, but his little mind never learned and he kept repeating his mistakes, so he seldom made a friend. When he did however, he was so uncontrolled that he tired people with his twistings, waggings, slobberings, jumpings. He never knew when to stop and he was hard to drive away. It was the same with Dogs he tried to make up to, he would be too boisterous and familiar and end by getting a tumbling. So the days of his life were filled with a yearning for love and the companionship of friends, neither of which he ever got. He went about thinking over his troubles and in his sleep he dreamed of bigness and power. Oh! how he thought, through his long days of running, tumbling and escaping, of the wonderful joy of being *big*, and rolling over dogs himself. He thought so much of all this that one day he came to the conclusion that he had all along been using the wrong methods, and the thing to do was to put on the appearance of great bravery and just fool the whole world. If he kept it up long enough, bravery might become natural, or a habit that would answer as well as the real thing. So after much thought and many dreams he started out one morning to be very brave. He got up from his worn-out door mat, scratched his neck on both sides, stretched flat-bellied over his mat, shook himself hard a dozen times, all the while keeping bravery in mind. He drew his long tail up very stiff and straight, making a great effort to keep it

good and rigid, though it had a way of dropping down to the fear position, at any new sounds or unknown sights, but on the whole, he succeeded fairly well, though the expression of his tail was sometimes not in keeping with his eyes and ears. Following up these ways of bravery he did much quick running, smelling, dirt scratching and barking at nothing—he seemed to think that if he practiced barking at nothing, he could do it all the better at *something*. So he made a good beginning, but soon the depth of his bravery was to be tested, for along came two greyhounds, a fox terrier and a setter. “Now or never” he said, making for the setter with stiff legs and tail, but doubting himself inside. When close up to the party, he rushed with fierce barks, scratchy growls, right into the midst of them. The Dogs were inclined to respect his bravery, so growled and told him to “go about his business, he was brave but small, but they had *important* matters to look to.” They all started to go, so Tip pounced on the setter, who promptly gave him a mauling. This should have convinced him that it would be wise to retire, but having make-believe bravery in him, he went for a greyhound, who in his turn tumbled him about, scratching him with teeth and paws. Something in Tip’s manner gave all the Dogs an idea that he was not brave at all, so they all took a turn at him, the fox terrier proved the least considerate, which was the harder to bear as he was even smaller than Tip, who said to himself, as he lay on his back, between the terrier’s legs, “Oh dear! where is all my bravery?” The tears ran down his cheeks, he was so discouraged. The spiteful terrier finally let Tip up and chased him far up the street and the last the Dogs saw of him was the end of his thick tail, as it went around a corner. Never again did he try to be brave, but with a frightened look in his brown eyes he ran through the streets, going from door to door, smelling the mats which men and children had stood upon. By and by his poor little mind had nothing in it but fear and he spent all his days escaping things. At night he sought the door mat of a Home and there he curled up, with his nose between his hind legs, sleeping and shivering when all the children were in bed, but when the day came again he sneaked away, for he feared the feet that trod the door mat. One day he was so hungry that he was hardly strong enough to walk and he could not even think of fear, for nothing was left of him but hunger. All the day went by and the night came again. With his last remaining strength he crawled to the old worn mat at the door of a Home. He curled up close and went to sleep. The next morning he was still there—for he did not wake up when the day came. MORGAN SHEPARD.

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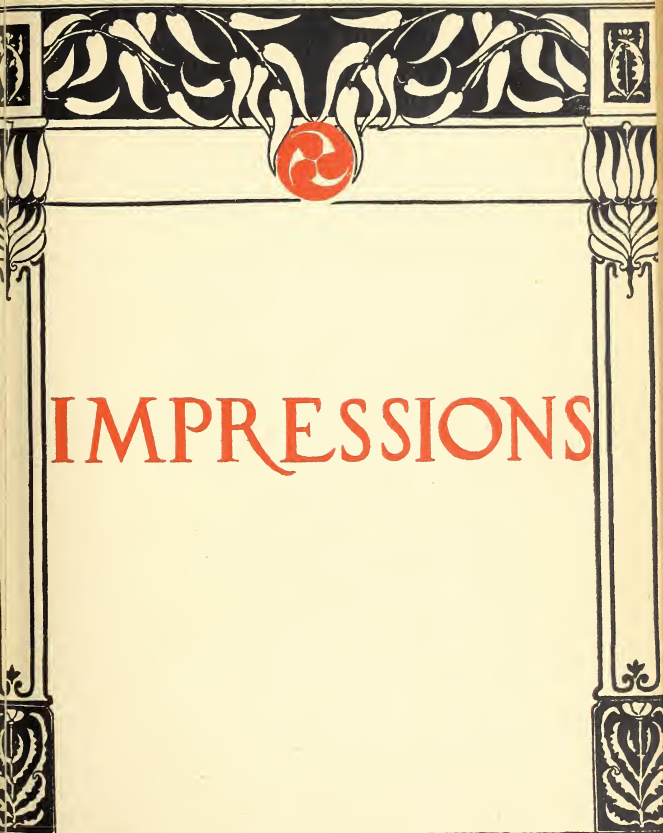
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Elder and Shepard, *San Francisco*

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Elder and Shepard, San Francisco

In the Art Room

This department of Messrs. Elder and Shepard's enterprise demands intelligent notice — for intelligence and a measure of taste and originality have been displayed in the selection of their wares. In all the *great variety* of their stock, each separate thing is pleasing as a unit. Though there will be found hundreds of things, all have their distinct individuality — so the *ensemble* is one of harmony. It is impossible here to enumerate all objects of interest, but doubtless from the articles described, the present-giver and the home-beautifier may gather some idea of the wide range for selection.

Candlesticks

Of these, here will be found variety enough. Old Russian, Polish, Italian and English, ranging from \$1 to \$8. As *old brass* is expensive, a number of remarkable modern reproductions have been made, exact in every detail of the old in color, form, weight and imperfections; prices from \$1 to \$5. (If desired by purchasers, reliable instructions will be given how to quickly add years to youthful brasses.) One design in the candlesticks is justly popular, for it is graceful, solid and good in color; price, \$2.50, bright or dull finish. In writing, inquire for the *Burgess Medal, \$2.50 Candlesticks*.

Dedham China

This rarely interesting porcelain is gaining daily a greater appreciation. Its poverty of *gold paint*, its lavishness of rich, beautiful colors, its character, strength, and originality, stand for a high development in Ceramic Art. There are plates, platters, trays, and vases of many unique designs, in a perfect blue, and a large variety of vases of exquisite iridescent shades. This pottery will doubtless, in the near future, become rare and highly valued. There has recently been received from Mr. Robertson a charming addition of Dedham China, with many designs not seen here before.

Old Chinese Embroideries

There are no poor modern embroideries to be found in The Art Room — but many remarkable bits of Chinese knot embroideries in small mats, long strips (for the mantel that blushes for its ugliness), wonderfully wrought skirts and coats bewildering in their variety of coloring and untrammelled by conventionalities in combination of colors — such is the marvel of Chinese work of the needle.

Embroideries

Bronzes

Brass

Coppers

Old Silver

Old Blue China

"Dedham"

Ivories

Wood Carvings

Old Clocks

Japanese Prints

Carved Leather

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Jewelry

(Specially designed)

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Book-Plates

These will be designed with understanding and originality, but it must be known that Book-Plates should express the humor of the book lover. So, with the assistance of a few suggestions, a design may be made to suit a *personal* demand. There are, however, here on exhibition some remarkably interesting examples of original work, done by a number of English designers, men and women.

These Book-Plates need only a name added to complete them.

A Chippendale Clock

There is here a fine old Mahogany Clock, an excellent example of the work of about 1802. Its face is full of character, its condition, with a few trifling repairs, is perfect. It stands somewhat over seven feet high. It strikes with vigor and determination, and might easily have belonged to almost any one's grandfather. Price, in perfect order, \$175. Finely inlaid with the shell pattern.

Vases of Brown

This firm has done some vigorous inveighing against Rookwood as *it is* and it will probably continue to do so — but it gives Rookwood coloring and glaze a tribute of respect. So Elder and Shepard have had made for them, vases, steins, and jars, entirely without the addition of commercial La France roses, pathetic pinks and childish chrysanthemums. These pieces are brilliant and brown and may be called artistic, for they are in *good taste* and few exist. The prices are moderate and the pleasure in them lavish.

Dedham China — Some Figures

Tea plates (6 designs), \$1.00. Breakfast plates (4 designs), \$1.25. Dinner plates (4 designs), \$1.50. Platters (Rabbit design), \$6.75. Trays (Rabbit design), \$15.00. Blue vases (no duplicates in form or decoration), from \$8.00 to \$35.00. In the *new shipment* will be found, as full decoration, Ducks, Fish, Crabs, Poppies, Ivy, and many other pleasing subjects. The colored vases of this pottery are rare, beautiful, and not inexpensive.

In the Art Room—Continued

The following matter briefly tells of some original schemes and enterprises. Words are a poor medium to convey even a fair idea of what is really the purpose in this department. Personal interest is looked for, and doubtless appreciation will come from those who look for some conscientiousness and feeling in Handicraft and Art.

Rings and Brooches

These pieces of jewelry can not fail to attract, for all the stones used are selected for their individual beauty, and each different one, he it an Opal, Jade, Chrysolite, Amethyst, or Topaz, has its setting specially designed to preserve the individuality of the gem. In all the great variety to select from no two designs are duplicated. The designs are drawn with some originality and taste, and when executed in pure soft gold are destroyed. A theory is here held that of all things *Finger Rings* should be most individual.

Brasses

In addition to a great variety of Old Brasses, namely, Hibachis, Koros, Vases, Crests, Jardinières, there have been designed and executed from here *Vases, Bowls and Pitchers* of the most unique shapes (all bearing the stamp-die of Elder and Shepard). The metal is beautiful, showing the hammer marks—*naturally* hammered and devoid of stilted alligator-skin regularity. In addition to the fact that these models are good in form and color, is the fact that they are practical and will hold things in the way they should go. Prices, \$7.50 to \$20.00.

More Art Photography

"Retrospect" is the name of a study by Miss Laura Adams. This picture is full of pathos, thought, tenderness and womanliness. Some have exclaimed "a photograph of a painting"—it is the photograph of a woman. "Merry Times" is the study of a child sparkling with fun. "Two Dogs" is the most bewitching picture of two blundering, hip-footed pups, hairy-eyed, hopeful and silly. The above studies are not ones to meet a passing fancy, but to own and keep for growing fondness.

Rings**Brooches**

(From special designs,
no duplicates)

Opals**Topaz****Pearl****Plaster Casts**

(Before unseen)

Vases**Jars****Pitchers**

(Original designs hand
wrought)

A New Bas-Relief

of Robert Louis Stevenson

A Bas-Relief has just been completed by Mr. W. S. Wright, whose sympathy and skill have enabled him to execute a remarkably interesting study. This portrait in plaster is delicately handled, and represents Stevenson the gentle, human, suffering man, and Stevenson the great artist. The Relief is about six inches in diameter. Price, in ivory white, \$1.50; colored, \$2.00. Sent by post, 15c. added.

Photographs which stand for Art

Enough can not be said of the beauty, strength, thought and skill displayed in the making of these pictures. The painter's inspired touch produces a completed work, and the looker-on cries "Genius." These photographs are made through mechanical means, (What is a brush?) but back of all that lies feeling, judgment, sensitiveness and skill. The result is a *picture*, beautiful to look upon. California gives a harvest of beauty. Fragments of the harvest will here be found among the (J. I. S.) pictures.

Guest Books, Etc.

Bound in rare old brocades and choice embroidery with ample pages and generous space. These books need no stamp or title, they are intended to be *personal*. There are no duplicates in making and each is rarely beautiful. Carved leather purses, photograph frames and book-holders all colored. Photograph albums original and interesting—the like are to be found in no other place.

These things and many others are to be found
IN THE ART ROOM
of

D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard

No. 238 Post Street, San Francisco



The Christmas Story.

IT IS generally, which means editorially, supposed that the public clamors for the Christmas story at Christmas, but in this, as in all other matters literary, the reader himself is rarely heard. True, his needs and desires are frequently set forth in print, but always by the writer, and possibly in point of numbers the writer is the public. Assuredly the reader of to-day is not a clamorous person; his exertion in keeping up with the supply has rendered him too breathless for demand. He wants the Christmas story no doubt very much as he wants the Christmas tree, not because it is his idea of a tree, but because it is a time-honored institution, and he has learned to expect it. Personally he has never experienced any change of heart on Christmas eve, nor has he witnessed great changes in others, but through annual reading of holiday tales he has come to believe that at midnight of December 24th vast numbers of prodigals return home and are forgiven; wealthy and long-lost relatives arrive from California prepared to pay off mortgages, and erring daughters are found in large numbers fainting upon paternal doorsteps. The contemplation of these incidents may afford a needed relief from the immoral problems and improbable history of modern fiction, and there is little doubt that all of us will take our December instalment of angels and restored lovers, of relenting guardians and repentant reprobates, with something of the pleasure a child feels in the recovery of an ancient rag doll lost for a twelvemonth.

With this shamefaced love for the old-fashioned Christmas story, is it not a matter of regret that here in California, where each day is a composite of the other three hundred and sixty-four, we may not hope to produce it? Severe climatic conditions have so long been associated with and formed such an appropriate preliminary to the moral and emotional thaw which invariably sets in and brings the Christmas story to its climax on Christmas eve, that their absence is likely to prove fatal. Sleet and howling winds and freezing gloom without seem indispensable to those miraculous changes within by which the hardened sinner is made into the permanent saint. Was a prodigal ever known to return home on a fair night or peer in upon the family circle through a window embowered in roses? Can forgiveness possibly await any daughter upon a doorstep unsifted by snow? True, we have our part to perform in furnishing long-lost relatives of great wealth and small culture prepared to redeem homesteads, support aged parents, and marry patient sweethearts, but beyond this it is not likely that California will contribute to permanent — or should we say indestructible — holiday literature.

And yet, if the Christmas story were to die out of our tongue, the Christmas spirit would survive. That it has survived all the unreality, the glare and tinsel and tawdriness that we have heaped upon it is one of the chief reasons for the season's joy. While we may not hope that real birds will ever sing among the leaves of the Christmas tree, or real fruit hang from its boughs, that which it symbolizes is rooted in good soil and will bear fruit in its own good season. Fortunately for the world, the heart of a people is often better and sounder than the art which appeals to it.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.



"Lucretius on Life and Death," by W. H. Mallock.

EPICURUS, the founder of the school which bears his name, was one of those rare persons of history whom they who chance to meet remain to love. For himself he chose a peculiar mission—that of banishing fear from men's souls. "Fear is the poison" in the mind, and to expel it was the sole motive of his words and deeds. Life is embittered by the constant dread of the avenging deities. But, the blessed gods, he taught, have occupation of their own and give no thought to men. Wholly absorbed in their serenity,

"they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."

And Nature's fashionings are not appalling things. Of themselves they come, and no god seeks to vex us through them. One does not dread the near, why should he dread the far? The sun and moon and all the myriad stars are just the unterrifying size that they seem, for they are as bright as they can be, and if they were in reality larger than they seem they must be brighter also, which is impossible. Fear not the gods nor fear the unmenacing things of nature—and that last greatest fear of all give up also—for while you are, death is not, and when death comes, you are not.

And yet the restraintless life which the Samian sage and his immediate followers lived was no intemperate revel. Seneca, the Stoic, writes of them: "When the stranger comes to the garden on which the words are inscribed, 'Friend, here it will be well for thee to abide, for here pleasure is the highest good.' He will find the keeper of that garden a kindly hospitable man, who will set before him a dish of barley porridge and water in plenty, and say 'Hast thou not been well entertained? These gardens do not whet hunger but quench it; they do not cause a greater thirst by the very drinks that they afford, but soothe it by a remedy which is natural and costs nothing. In pleasure like this I have grown old.'"

Lucretius, the disciple of Epicurus, and the only Roman of them all who attained to philosophic stature, expounded his master's doctrine in a poem *On Nature* for whose immortality he made a three-fold claim: "First, by reason of the greatness of my argument, and my purpose to set free the mind from the close-drawn bonds of superstitions; next, because on so dark a theme I write such lucid verse, casting over all the charm of poesy." The parts of this great poem which bear directly upon human life and death, Mr. W. H. Mallock has done into English verse modeled upon FitzGerald's rendering of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam. That Mr. Mallock has performed his task acceptably and has succeeded in "casting over all the charm of poesy," the following will prove:

I.

No single thing abides; but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings—the things thus grow
Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.

II.

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms; and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

III.

Thou too, oh Earth—thine empires, lands, and seas—
Least with thy stars, of all the galaxies,
Globed from the drift like these, like these, thou too
Shall go. Thou art going, hour by hour, like these.

IV.

Nothing abides. Thy seas in delicate haze
Go off; those moonéd sands forsake their place;
And where they are shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

Surely the matchless music of FitzGerald's verse is here, without the mystic beckonings of endless questionings, and without the note of license which makes the Persian poem but a half delightful thing. To put exactness into poetry is a difficult—some will say an impossible—task. There is no place for faith, no master who knows what is beyond, in this teaching, nothing but

The healing gospel of the eternal death,

and yet Mr. Mallock has set this completely definite and utterly negative theme to music which almost charms away its bitterness and lifts the soul even by the prophecy of its own annihilation.

Those who read the author's preface will learn that they are not invited to a trial of poetic skill between the Persian and the Roman bard, much less between their respective English interpreters, and they will also learn the motive for this labor and be invited to judge of the sufficiency of a faith which has needed no hymns to make numberless converts ever since its first statement even to the present day.

Lovers of the English Omar will welcome this kindred expression of the pure doctrine of hopelessness, and will place this book beside their classic. In presswork and binding it is wholly a tasteful thing, while the Latin and the literal English versions which are included enable one to read Lucretius by the side of his interpreter.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

"Tommy and Grizel."

THERE are writers who are interesting even when they fail, but one is not eager to add Mr. Barrie's name to the list. In his latest book we have a melancholy illustration of that which too often befalls the artist who lends an ear to the demand, forgetting that it is the province of art to create, not to fill orders.

Sequels are always dangerous, and the public, or that part of it which came under the spell of Sentimental Tommy's picturesque mendacity, and pressed the inquiry as to his future, is certainly well punished for this inartistic curiosity in the story of *Tommy and Grizel*.

Lying from sheer exuberance of fancy is very charming in Tommy, the small boy, but in Tommy, the man, one looks to see precocity of imagination overtaken by some little sturdiness of sense. Making due allowance for genius, Tommy is unexplainable and morally grotesque. His development is that of disease rather than of character, and long before the story ends, the absolute certainty of his uncertainty becomes distinctly tiresome. This is not saying that the book wearies. There are many pages full of the old charm; indeed, there are few pages without it. Grizel is there, a trifle blurred by prosperity, but Grizel still. There is the touch of melodrama, not always light, which we have all learned to excuse and almost to love, since without it Barrie would not be Barrie, but with all this there is the over-driven invention; the haste, one is almost constrained to say the scramble, the lack of inevitableness, which are lamentable anywhere, and doubly so in the author of *A Window in Thrums* and *Margaret Ogilvy*.

It is a sorry scheme of things in literature that sets a fair-minded public to wondering what a plain-spoken writer like Mr. Barrie has in mind: for it is only when an artist fails to delight that the critic calls him to account for what he would teach. And because Mr. Barrie never entirely fails to delight, because the ability and insight and sympathy are so unmistakably there, one resents all the more their disuse. The fatal "Why?" which we can not repress when we contemplate Tommy dying, as he lived "on the fence," is eloquent of much that oppresses us in fiction to-day. No doubt it is all a joke, but jokes from such a source, and above all jokes which have to be explained, are serious things.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

James Martineau: A Biography and Study by A. W. Jackson.

THIS is not a life, but a doctrine—a doctrine which was labored and lived by one of the wisest of our time. My friend, who has just returned from Oxford, tells me that at Manchester College where so much of his life was spent, the name of James Martineau is almost more revered than that of the founder of Christianity. Nor am I shocked that pattern godliness of our own day should tend to seem more real than even that exalted figure which shines so distant through the years, for we must see Him come again in many hearts ere we can quite be sure He brought the saving message of the Christ. To James Martineau was given the distinction of filling four score and ten years full of the world's work. On his eighty-third birthday he enjoyed an honor unique among men. The wise men of the world presented to him an address which declared, "We admire the simple record of a long life passed in the strenuous fulfilment of duty, in preaching, in teaching the young of both sexes, in writing books of permanent value, a life which has never been distracted by controversy, and in which personal interests and ambitions have never been allowed a place." The undramatic character of the record of such a life is evident, but the commanding nature of its unobtrusive labors is witnessed by the fact that over six hundred of those whose "praise was fame" joined in this simple reminder of love and appreciation. Simply he lived and died, and simply, as is fitting, is his story told.

I confess to some disappointment at his biographer's treatment of the man. Here, thought I, is an opportunity for another Jules Simon to make his master live in brilliant phrase of keen analysis and cutting strokes of sympathetic jocularity—for one would sometimes laugh with those he loves and know them for his intimates. One may not do so here. A somber picture this, more somber than that quick-changing, mobile face would seem to warrant. Mr. Jackson's portrayal of James Martineau, the preacher and religious thinker, is quite as satisfactory as one could ask, and I imagine that that form of faith which Dr. Martineau held has rarely been so concisely and clearly stated as it is here. So rich is the book in quotations—eternal blessings on the head of him who quotes freely and wherever he can—that one finds himself warming to the instruction of the great teacher himself; and such quotations as they are, too! "There, in old Palestine, we think, the august voice broke for a moment the eternal silence"—a faith which is instanced as perilously near atheism. "We wait in the house He built; but we work in it alone, for He has gone up among the hills and will come to fetch us by and by"; and thus our life is not "bathed in the flowing tides of Deity, but keeps dry upon the strand from which he has ebbed away"; or again, "In every earnest life there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight,—no sun, no moon—and not a tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours and the Hand we are too numb and dark to feel." "God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours." No wonder that such as Dickens worshiped at the little Portland Street Chapel, and that note-books were ever ready to treasure up the gems of perfect expression which fell from the preacher's lips.

But Dr. Martineau was more than the foremost preacher of his time. In a statement of his personal creed he wrote, "But one thing I have deemed it imperative to assume and hold exempt from doubt, viz,—that truth is to be found, and that the instinctive prayer of the human soul for vision is not itself the only gleam in an Eternal darkness. Intellect itself would be an illusion, unless the faculty to seek were the pledge and measure of the faculty to learn * * * ." No agnostic he, who exalted faith in order to abase knowledge, but altogether convinced that an Eternal Reason pervades the universe which constantly seeks to enter into communication with its children; and it was this non-churchly faith which made him most distinguished as a philosopher of religion. I need not detail here the doctrines which the forty years of his teaching wrought, to prove that they are worth considering. He who has even a passing interest in the great words which echo in the soul can not afford to miss such instruction, and for him Mr. Jackson has spread a rich feast, not highly seasoned with the technical to please the epicure of such ideas, but pleasant for the tongue of him who hath not eaten yet but fain would eat.

Too much can not be said in praise of good biography. Its writing is most rare. For, for it are required a quarto subject and a folio clerk; but missing that, a faithful scribe may reproduce the words and gestures of him whom he loves. Out of her loss by death the world may gain a better knowledge of the great one gone. This is her consolation, that he speaketh yet to ears more willing than they were before; and as I look upon the kindly face of one so open to the truth and read his tempered words, I am quite sure that those who knew him best make no mistake in placing him quite near the leader in whose cause he served.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

The Opportunity of the College President.

THE newest, potentially greatest, and most American of all professions finds its first handbook in Dr. Thwing's new volume, *College Administration*. There have been college presidents in America for two centuries and more, and there have been in other countries functionaries whose duties seem to correspond with theirs. But till now no one has ever laid down the laws which govern their operations. In the present volume the various problems connected with college administration in America are taken up one after another and treated in Dr. Thwing's luminous fashion. Out of the seven chapters of this work we may select as of exceptional interest and importance that on the college president. For the first time the causes of success and failure in this position have been adequately set forth. For the first time have the compensations which go with its trials received adequate literary recognition. It is the natural end of the college president, one of the greatest of them has said, "to be nibbled to death by ducks." But as an antidote to this painful process Dr. Thwing recognizes the seven great sources of satisfaction which must come to every wise college president. First among these is "the opportunity of living with youth. Youth is vital, it is hopeful, it is picturesque." "Whether admirable or ridiculous, it is always interesting." Second, the "opportunity of living with scholars and gentlemen." Third, the "opportunity of meeting the best people on the best side." It is the best people, rich and poor, who send their sons and daughters to college, and they "never show their best side better than when talking with a college president about the education of their children." Fourth, the opportunity of "work that unites the executive and the scholastic, the practical and the theoretical elements. Executive work tends to impoverish scholarship. Scholastic work tends to remove one from humanity. The union of the two types tends to keep one in touch with the great human work of a very human world, and also tends to give intellectual enrichment." Fifth, the opportunity "of transmitting wealth into character. Wealth does not constitute a college, but no college can be constituted without wealth. Wealth is the embodiment of the power necessary for making a college." Through the instrumentalities of the college wealth may be transmuted into "truth, into righteousness, into beauty, into joy, into human character." Sixth, the opportunity of "associating one's self with a lasting institution. Individuals die and are forgotten. Institutions live. Colleges are seldom named for their presidents, but presidents always live in their colleges." Seventh, the opportunity "to do somewhat for the nation and for the world through giving inspiration, training, and equipment to American youth." The "value of the American college to the American youth lies in some six elements: the discipline of the regular studies, the inspiration of friendships, the enrichment of general reading, the culture derived from association with scholars, private reading and literary societies." We might add some other elements to these, but we must agree with Dr. Thwing that "the most important of these elements is the inspiration which is derived from association with men of culture. The college president," he continues, "ought to be the chief of all these personal influences. He lives in the lives of his students so long as they live, and he lives also in the lives of other men so long as the lives of his students touch the lives of other men."

No passage in Dr. Thwing's book is more suggestive than his simple dedication, "To Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., the Great President."

We who are in the profession to-day must, with him, do honest, heartfelt homage to Dr. Eliot. He it is who has made the American college presidency a profession. It was he who first marked out clearly by his own successful practice the lines along which this work is to be made effective. Before Eliot's time the college president was a chaplain, a scholar, a father, an inspirer, sometimes a beggar, or a dilute mixture of all these. With Eliot he became all of these at once, and greater than all. Especially he became a leader in the march of progress, one of those in whose hands must lie the problems of the ways and means for the formation and preservation of personal and national character.

In the thirty years since Eliot began his wise and brave struggle for effective culture through the building up of individual character, the whole face of American education has changed and changed everywhere for the better. Every American university has felt this change, and no college has been so remote and no school so humble as to escape from his vivifying influence. It is not too much to say that the force of Eliot exerted through Harvard College has been the greatest single factor in our modern educational reform. He has set the pace for the college president, and the colleges thus influenced have, in turn, formed ideals and sent out men to influence the lower schools in their degree. The college president is now the characteristic feature of the American educational system. He has power without tyranny. The greater his effectiveness along educational lines, the greater the freedom and forcefulness of the professors. They are not his subjects but his allies in the warfare against ignorance and bigotry. The relation is a thoroughly democratic one, for it ought to be part of the wisdom of democracy to put the strongest men at the head. But to be at the lead of democracy is not to stand as a despot looking backward and downward at those who cower at his nod. A better illustration is found in the center rush of a football team. The president is the "Center rush of Higher Education." "America," Emerson tells us, "America means opportunity." America means progress, and in every line of progress there must be some one at the front to bear the brunt,—to break the way. It is Eliot's example which has assigned this duty to the American college president. When the final reckoning is made it will appear that of all those men of our generation who have held the future of our country in their hands, none has wielded so great an influence for good as he. Therefore, Dr. Thwing's dedication becomes an inevitable one. Our studies of college administration must lead us, and very soon, to the work of "Charles W. Eliot, the Great President." He found Harvard "the oldest, the richest, the freest of all the colleges in America." He holds her still "the oldest, the richest, the freest" of all, and at once the newest, the broadest, the most aristocratic, the most democratic of all similar institutions on the globe. But the Harvard which he found in 1870 would fill but a little corner of the campus of the Harvard of to-day. And he has made it certain that to the Harvard of the future the Harvard of Eliot will stand in like hopeful relation of uncompleted growth.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

A GREAT piece of literature, and a work of the sincerest art, not even the misfortune of an almost impossibly stupid translation can more than faintly obscure the beauty of Edmond Rostand's new drama, *L'Aiglon*. One regrets that the translator should not have felt the fitness of making his English version in prose, to the escaping of many pitfalls. Such restraint on his part had possibly given us an articulate, not to say a vertebrate, rendering of the great Frenchman's work. Disadvantaged as it is, however, by its English form of bad poetry, the play takes and holds the intellectual and the moral sympathies. Aristotle's dictum on tragedy is as true to-day as it was in that earlier age. More than almost anything else in Art it uplifts the soul and purifies the emotions. The tragedy which Rostand has woven about the pathetic figure of the Duke of Reichstadt, that ill-starred son of Napoleon I. and Maria Louisa of Austria, is of a noble order, and its action moves forward with the strong certainty of genius, instinct with artistic purpose, and high imaginative quality. It is intense, passionate, and sustained, deeply dramatic, and full of constructive beauty.

But besides a drama of the first interest Rostand has given us, in *L'Aiglon*, a great poem, an expression of human experience that quickens and enlarges the comprehension. It is a greater drama than *Cyrano de Bergerac*, because it attempts and carries out a higher artistic effort, and as a rich contribution to the poetry of this age it has a high and distinct value. The motif is in itself interesting. The sensitive, eager, luxury-loving son of the great Corsican is one of the most pathetic figures of European history. His dreams of greatness, rendered so idle by his own lack of force, of self-direction; his noble impulses, checked on the very threshold of endeavor by his torturing self-doubts, are all plainly shown. He is a touching, tragic, futile figure, not without ambition, but without orientation, and therefore helpless before his own desires, failing of any achievement through fear of self.

Almost equally with the central figure of the drama does the Metternich of the play claim and hold the interest. He is the evil genius of the whole sad business; a terrible figure, equally, in his suave, silken security, conscious of his power, willing, ever, to give the fluttering victim of his subtle statecraft freedom to weave his own destruction, and, in sterner mood, when, with pitiless clearness and vitriolic humor, he shows the unhappy boy how much more than do prisons or governmental restraints, his own aimless nature holds him bound and helpless to aid France or to realize his dreams. From first to last the play carries one along on the swell of its deep tragical power. There is no question of this power, nor of the perfection of Rostand's art. *L'Aiglon* is the best work, thus far, of one of the greatest literary artists of the nineteenth century.

ADELINE KNAPP.

Hamilton W. Mabie's "Shakespeare."

A NOTABLE book, in the very best sense of that much-employed phrase, is Hamilton Wright Mabie's *Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man*. It is at once a distinct and scholarly contribution to the literature of the subject, and a piece of writing that will stimulate and direct popular interest in the "immortal Will." It is probably true that very few people, nowadays, read *Shakespeare*. Among English-speaking folk he has fallen into a neglect that has actually made not only possible, but exceedingly forcible, that clever skit of Zangwill's, "The English Shakespeare." Nevertheless, there are very few people who will turn from reading even a portion of this admirable consideration of the man, Shakespeare, without an active determination to make or renew acquaintance at first hand with Shakespeare, the poet and dramatist.

For aside from anything that may be said of his genius, his art, his unique place in English literature, our interest in Shakespeare is one with an interest in the most brilliant periods in English letters, the period of development of the drama in England. To quote Mr. Mabie, the history of the growth of the drama is one of the most fascinating chapters in the record of the spiritual life of the race. Mr. Mabie is a singularly painstaking and luminous writer. Whatever he does is marked by a certain maturity of thought and a mastery of even the minor technicalities of expression which more than the prentice hand at writing can even suspect, go to make up simplicity of style. He writes from a full and a well-trained mind, and the result is the sort of writing that leads the reader on, through pleasant ways, to a point where he at least thinks that he begins to see things for himself. Perhaps he does; in that case it is all the better for him.

But when to the qualities and qualifications named are added a long period of scholarly research, patient, painstaking gathering of special data, and the wisdom to exclude as well as to include, the result can but be one of those pieces of work for which the world is always waiting, consciously or unconsciously, and promptly accepts and fits to place. Such a piece of work, then, is Mr. Mabie's *Shakespeare*. If IMPRESSIONS were other than IMPRESSIONS it would be a profitable pleasure to go into some detail as to the plan and scope of the work, but that were to depart from lines laid down. The book is, however, a real and valuable contribution to our Shakespearean literature, and with its rich store of illustrations that illustrate in fact, as well as in name, is, as was said in beginning this notice, one of the notable books of the year.

ADELINE KNAPP.

A Strenuous Life.

I KNOW of few biographies so interesting and inspiring as *A Life of Francis Parkman* by Charles Haight Farnham. Two things are necessary to a good biography, an interesting subject and a writer competent to appreciate and express the subject. The combination is found in this book. Treated by an ordinary hand, the reader would have found the subject uninteresting. The beaten paths of biography would not have led to any understanding of Parkman's strange personality, or the greatness of his achievement. Mr. Farnham's almost entire abandonment of the chronological order is a bold experiment, fully justified by the result. The events of Parkman's life were not of such thrilling kind as to lend themselves to vivid narration. The various aspects of that life do lend themselves to the analytical study which the author has made with so great success.

Parkman early determined upon a literary career, and chose his field; just as he was entering upon it, his eyes became affected, and thenceforth he had little use of them. He could sometimes use them as much as two hours a day; oftenest not at all. He was fond of athletic exercise and rough travel, and he was a cripple most of his life. He had an affection of the brain which sometimes threatened insanity, and which always precluded him from prolonged mental effort. For ten years he was absolutely shut out from his chosen pursuit. Characteristically, with his unflagging energy, he set himself to another sort of work, the cultivation of flowers. He became a first authority upon roses and lilies. This is the more illustrative because he does not seem to have cared much for flowers. But here was something that he could do, notwithstanding his infirmities; so he did it, and did it successfully.

The fact that he did not care much for flowers is important, for it reminds us that his spiritual disqualifications for his great work were as real as his physical ones. His spiritual limitations were remarkable in a man of such large and varied endowments. "He showed little interest in religious, philanthropic, affectional, and æsthetic matters." But he could compel himself to interests which he did not naturally feel. Moreover, he had all sorts of queer, and, apparently, innate prejudices, but seems by sheer force of will to have prevented their interference with his historical judgments.

Such disqualifications for writing history would have been sufficient to prevent success in most cases. But this was no ordinary case, and reminds us that the conditions of success are generally ethical. Infinite patience, lofty courage, and unconquerable tenacity, enabled Parkman to build the magnificent monument which will keep his name in remembrance. A sure instinct made him choose his subject at a time when others believed that the public would take no interest in the struggle which determined the history of North America. The little immediate success of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* showed that these persons were right in their judgment; but he was more right than they. Fifty years have seen the growth of a great interest in American history, to which his work largely contributed. This early lack of appreciation did not discourage him at all; nothing discouraged him; and he lived to complete the splendid project which he had conceived half a century before.

The value of Parkman's historical work is conceded, and does not call for new discussion here. His renown is secure. It is the revelation of the man that interests us just now. Mr. Farnham has applied to him his own words concerning Montcalm, "A courage so nobly sustained lifts him above pity." His story can not fail to be a consolation to the afflicted and an inspiration to all in the hard conditions of this life. It justifies the conclusion of his biographer, "He was ready to face the universe if nature would play him fair. She had played him foul, yet she could not prevent his victory. In his patient fortitude under suffering, in his persistent industry despite the greatest obstacles, and in his fidelity to his ideals, Parkman was certainly one of the most heroic figures in the history of letters."

THOMAS R. BACON.



"Eleanor."

MRS. WARD'S audiences are sure to be large ; she is so humorless, so immedicably serious, so moral—and such a fine story-teller. Her problems are as certain to interest and entertain the radical as to stir the comfort of the conservative.

So wholly sweetly, and warmly is the last story told that one could only become judicial and resentful after an hour or two of the chill of separation from its light and heat.

It is the story of three temperaments, set round about with the white lights, cool darknesses, and mystic sense of both new and old Italy, glowing with one of those vivid backgrounds, half historical and quite poetical, which are Mrs. Ward's own specialty.

It has always been the intellectual egotist that has had his choice of the best in woman-kind, and it is to be expected that Edward Manisty—half god, half child—should be the point of passion where centers the life of two such different women as Eleanor and Lucy—the complex product of the oldest civilization and a girl fresh from the simplest and purest of American country homes.

Mrs. Ward has easily made her two women beautiful, appealing, lovable—perfectly representative of their charms and sorrows. Her real task has been with the man. One sees Manisty, the modern egoist, with all his vanities and meannesses thick upon him ; but for the intellectual bigness and statecraft which make his power one has but the assurance—in exquisite prose—of his author.

As temperament must respond to temperament, the liking of the various readers will cling here or there ; but it is doubtful if anywhere one will find a more precious picture of the kind of courage one is accustomed to call manly than that of little Lucy—so young, so strange, so lonely—tossed so selfishly between friend and lover, and remaining as loyal as life to the sweetest as well as the highest right. Naturally, however, in the story as in reality, her reward is to get this child-man to love—and forgive—forever.

To finalize *Eleanor* as a tale of vigor and fascination alone, is to do injustice to that "otherness" which makes Mrs. Ward a person to be counted with ; that reading and culture and sound belief which makes one of her books a body of appreciable knowledge. Here the whole status of Italy is touched in firmly, and with that affection which this land inspires in all who approach her.

Tolstoy's test—that a book must do more than please even the best ; that it must so show forth the motives and actions of its puppets that we, beholding in the flesh, are moved to prompt and practical and righteous results—this test must be personal in its very nature.

But it is well within the confines of safety to say that, of the thousands who will read *Eleanor*, few may escape its poignant lesson—that the only remedy for love is to love the more.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

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A Retrospect.

CONTAINING A DISSERTATION ON CHARLES LAMB: BUT NOT A ROAST.

THE recently published letters, edited by W. C. Hazlitt: the sympathetic introduction by Bliss Perry for the Little Masterpieces series; the brief but penetrative and scholarly essay by Alfred Ainger in the Warner Library; all emphasize the perennial charm possessed for us and for all posterity by the personality of Charles Lamb. A personality so lovable and so humane in all its essential qualities; so sincere and instinctive with the breath of a larger life; so notably redolent of the finer feelings and sensitive intuitions of the poet, that his very name has become synonymous with all that is most affectionately associated with the tender sympathy and appreciation of our natures.

The carplings of some of his contemporaries that

"His thoughts were false, and his fancies quaint,
His style infirm, and its figures faint,"

have given place to the supreme vindication of Swinburne, who also calls him the best beloved of all writers. The name of Charles Lamb is set like a luminous pearl in the crown of English literature, and no future reversal of taste or distortion of judgment can ever tarnish its luster. Classified as preeminently a humorist, he possessed the keener perceptions of the critic, and withal, a temperament so pathetic, so innate, and yet so fused with his more exuberant qualities, that it has only assisted in making those qualities more endearing.

It is this profound pathos of his nature which I am fain to lay greater stress upon in this article, not so much as it existed in himself, but as it affected one, and as it must affect all readers acquainted more or less with the incidents of his life. I may be pardoned, therefore, for the narration of the following simple episode, whose only merit is its unconscious tribute to the memory of Charles Lamb:

In the spring of '92 an old bookstore was opened in a certain block on Market Street, commonly designated by the residents of that vicinity as Poverty Row. It was an unpretentious little affair, occupying but half of the store proper, and half of that again curtained off by heavy purple portieres, forming a fitting portal to the empty shrine of prosperity within, and which the god never deigned to enter. The stock in trade consisted of about one thousand volumes, of miscellaneous character, besides a large accumulation of magazines, and sundry pamphlets of questionable value. A few works of art, some rare plates and etchings, and a pile of sheet music, completed the inventory.

Ah, but what a history they had! They were the fruits of one man's passionate devotion to his art; the mute witnesses to the light that burned within him with unquenchable ardor. The love of books is not always a well-spring of joy; it is often a fountain of sorrow; and in the sunless crypt of one aching heart are preserved the records of the years spent in the gradual acquisition of each precious volume.

How many sacrifices, how much abnegation; how many years of bitter toil, how much perseverance of spirit, were represented by these books, which had once formed the private library of the owner of the store, and were now offered for sale as an appeasement to the goddess of necessity. Scarcely any works sought for and cherished by the bibliophile were in evidence. Two or three early Bohns; an early Keats by Moxon, bound in old calf; sets of Shelley and Keats by Buxton Forman, in the large editions; a Moliere in six volumes, with perfect plates; the English Dramatists, bound in tree calf, and hand-tooled; some first volumes of California writers: Joaquin Miller, Ina D. Coolbrith, O'Connell, Stoddard; a set of the Aldine Poets in faded green covers, constituted more or less the most precious possessions in the place. The most precious possessions, did I say? *O vanitas vanitatem!* There was a ragged octavo hidden away in a certain corner on the shelf, supported on one side by the worldly philosophy of Bacon in his Essays, cheered on the other side by the skeptical urbanity of Montaigne, and bearing the modest title on its cover, Charles Lamb's Works, Routledge: more precious in many ways than all of its compeers in this goodliest fellowship of all the world put together.

I can not say that this pitiable venture ever prospered. In the latter days of its existence the store became patronized by a few book lovers now more widely known among us. Edwin Markham carried away its richer treasures to his home in the hills. David Lesser Lezinsky added a few volumes to his slender possessions; Rabbi Nieto departed with its Riverside Emerson; John Vance Cheney, W. H. Anderson, the genial Dr. Steele, Robert Tolmey and others unknown by name gleaned a few ears of corn in its field of fame until but little was left, and of a necessity the enterprise was eventually abandoned.

Those who climb to the supremest heights of sorrow find its table-lands bathed in the sunshine of hope and immortality. It is often the first visitation of grief that makes life seem inconsolable to us; ere the heart is hardened to endurance.

One early day, as the proprietor was sitting at his desk, a visitor entered, who politely requested the privilege of inspecting the books in the store before purchasing. The request being granted, it was not long before he returned with a volume in his hand, asking casually, "How much do you want for this book?" A glance at the cover, with its inscription, Charles Lamb's Works, an almost mechanical survey of its contents, an imperceptible hesitancy in answering, followed by the reply, "One dollar, sir," certainly conveyed no intimation to the purchaser of the thoughts surging through the mind of the quondam owner of the book. Even after the purchaser had departed, it was a few moments before the enormity of his loss became apparent. During these few moments his mind with wonderful rapidity reviewed again every incident connected with his own purchase of the book: his constant search for it, his delight when rewarded for his perseverance, the many happy hours he had spent in the perusal of its pages, the many tears he had shed over its many pathetic passages, the many smiles at its quips and quiddities; and at such fond recollections the veil was torn away by the hand of memory, and, as the barriers broke, as the flood-gates of his heart were opened, the overwhelming consciousness of it all came upon him. There was a sudden retreat made to the rear of the store, behind the portieres, and as he clutched them convulsively, between the passionate sobs that shook him like a leaf, and in a voice choked by the bitter tears of his emotions, could be heard the words, "O my God! O my poor Lamb! O my Charles Lamb is gone! Is this what I've got to do for a living? O my poor Lamb! I sold it! I sold it! and for a miserable dollar! My God, my own Lamb! poor Lamb!"

Let this brief recital remain as a fitting summary of the life of Charles Lamb. For it is the pathos of such a life which approaches us so intimately, however remote any allusions to the same may be found in his simpler or sadder communications. And this constitutes so stable and so permanent a part of our deepest affection for him, exclusive of the merit of his writings.

We seem to be listening, as in a dream, to the sorrows of one of our own household, until the grief becomes almost too poignant for restraint, in such revelations of the spirit as "Dream Children" and the "Child Angel."

The life of Hood was tragic, and underlying the loftier benignity of Thackeray's nature we now know was a mood attempered to the deep solemnities of life. In the case of Lamb we can but echo the words of Othello: "Oh, the pity of it!"

"Since all the wanderings and all the weakness
Will be a saddest comment on the song."

A song whose intensity, however attenuated to prose, was correspondent with the author's most tremulous sensibilities; so exquisitely modulated in its severer qualities, so lyrical in its lighter passages and its humorous effervescences, that it has become the despair of all subsequent essayists to imitate. And so,

Since we have among great men
Rare old Ben,
Let us say (for epigram)
Dear Charles Lamb!

LORENZO SOSSO.



To a Young Collector: San Francisco.

MY DEAR SIR,—Without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I yet venture to address you on the subject of the formation of your library. And in using the word library, I exclude everything that may compendiously be termed current literature. For my ideal collector should not build his library on the shifting sands of contemporary judgment; he should not follow the commercial vicissitudes of first editions of living authors, but rather plant a firm foot on the rock of literature that has been braced by the criticism of generations. Do not misunderstand me. That a man should deliberately place himself apart from current thought—not only from what is best, but even from what is merely trivial and of passing interest—were absurd. The light froth that bubbles from the printing presses of two continents plays very pleasantly round the solid mainland of a fine collection.

Further, I would draw a distinction between all the books in your possession and such of them as form part of your library. To say of these last that they should never be lent were to spoil fair paper with the printing of a truism. And the former you may regard—I speak now of new books—as probationers. They are bought—perhaps you are of a frugal habit—they may be borrowed, read, cast aside. A book may make a stir, may achieve notoriety, “appreciations” of it may whiten the land. Let me even suppose that, independently of the minds of others, it has in itself the quality of retaining your interest, of compelling you to return to it. You measure it by the standard of comparison you have in your mind. How does the weakling look alongside the literary giants of your acquaintance? Not so short after all, it may be. To your mind, you resume, and that is to you the final test, worthy a place beside them. Here, then, is a recruit for the band of veterans that is gradually filling your shelves; and so your library grows.

Yet, for a man who has not a limitless purse, the entry to the circle is of necessity small. The book that charms at one time of life is a dull companion at another; whence it follows that the narrower your means—you understand that I use the pronoun impersonally—the more rigid your standard. Yet, when once the book is admitted to your library, let it be represented by as worthy a specimen of production as your means may compass. Perhaps there is a flaw in my chain of reasoning. I have presupposed the existence of a standard of comparison. Well, it is perhaps permissible to assume that you, bearing still the title that heads this letter, are somewhat mistrustful of your own palate, and allow bygone generations to taste for you. You have, that is, already furnished forth your bookcases with editions of the great writers, of men whose position is beyond assault, whom the boldest iconoclast reverences. And, too, before you arrived at man’s estate your mind has been carefully cultivated by your pastors and masters. Thus you have, at any rate, the faculty of taking observations in the difficult sea of letters, and that you will go far astray I can not believe.

Tolerance is a virtue that sits gracefully on a collector beyond all men. “Scott, Dickens, Thackeray,” you may say; “these are well enough; every one bows the knee to them. But to me there is no one like George Eliot.” Or it may be Hawthorne or the older romancers—Fielding, Smollett, Richardson. Or again, the minds of the great continental masters may be nearest akin to your own. The point is immaterial. The true collector recognizes that it is beyond the power of any mind to draw the very uttermost from these mighty intellects. It is, indeed, a question of temperament. It may be that I who write am happiest when I read Thackeray. Yet my mood changes, and I dare swear that Dickens is the master of them all. Or, my wife being gone to bed, I take up *Tom Jones* to companion me over my last pipe, and Fielding’s vigor and freshness affect me as if I had been facing an east wind over a Yorkshire moor. My friend calls in on me, and I find him enthusiastic over Cervantes and Rabelais. To me, it may be, these are dull, overrated scribes; yet I have the grace to pretend that Philistia is an unknown land to me, and I resolve mentally to blow the dust from my examples of these masters, and try to discover the secret of my friend’s madness.

Yet, as I said before, my own mind is, to me, the final test, and I would be chary of following the guidance of even my dearest friend. A man’s bent shows itself nowhere so

clearly as in his books. And, for my own part, I am resolved to give shelf room to nothing I can not read and enjoy. To put the point somewhat differently, while all libraries have certain features in common, each should have the reflection of its owner's individuality. Is the bend of your mind toward science in any of its innumerable branches—toward history, poetry, fiction? Whatever it be, the main stream of your library is clearly marked out. Perhaps I should not have included science; a man rarely buys scientific books unless it be to use them as tools in his profession or trade. And it follows, too, that my advice to restrict carefully the entry of new books does not apply to technical works; of these the specialist in any line of activity is a competent judge. Yet, even with science, it is interesting for the specialist to read what passed with his forbears for gospel. To the physician, what more interesting than the medical books of a bygone age? To gaze, from his lofty pinnacle on the shoulders of dead generations, at the gropings of Ambroise Paré and Thomas Sydenham? To the engineer, to read of the rude conceptions of a century ago? To the chemist, to study the vain search for the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone? To the priest, to wonder over the various methods in which man has striven to create the Almighty in his own image?

Let me assume that my platitudinous suggestions have found favor with you, and that our ideas are the same—a solid substratum of books that the world has agreed to call great, and, logically springing from it, branches of literature that harmonize with your, the owner's, mind. Here comes the delicate point: what outside seeming should your collection assume? Costly should your books be; as costly, that is, as your purse can buy. Except in the case of great collectors of historic repute—and they are so busy buying books they have no time to read them—the substratum will not cover much space; a few hundred volumes, it may be. The world has read these books for generations; in some instances, for centuries. The choice of editions is therefore illimitable. Let us speak worthily of worthy things; have you a Shakespeare? I dare not suppose that you are a financial king or commercial baron of sorts; and so, alas, a first folio is beyond you. But, if I may advise, not a very old, with a carelessly printed text; but, if I may use the word, an elderly edition. Are you acquainted with Pickering's? Another might serve your turn as well; I say Pickering, as an example of beautiful typography and an edition free from the careless printing of our ancestors, and innocent of the bothersome erudition of modern Teutonic commentators. As the years go by fortune may smile upon you; on a good collector, she certainly ought. Then take your courage in both hands and buy a first folio. To stray from my province and speak of commerce, it is an excellent investment. In the language of the city, you can not go wrong on it. It is safe for a rise. The facts of one of the sales through which the very fine example now in the possession of the Baroness Burdett Coutts has passed, are possibly worthy of repetition. The famous collector, George Daniel, was a man of relatively moderate means. To him came one day an invitation to dinner from Mr. Pickering, the bookseller. Halfway through the meal was placed upon the table a large covered dish. Removing the cover, Daniel found under it three first folio Shakespeares. He had his choice and took the best, paying therefor £150. When he reached home, Mrs. Daniel was waiting for him in the hall. "What's that brown paper parcel under your arm? Another book, of course. We shall all starve." "Yes, my dear, another book." "I suppose you gave fifty pounds for that wretched thing?" "Well, yes, my love, I fancy I did." The rest of the scene is too painfully reminiscent of Mrs. Caudle to bear transcription. Yet mark the sequel. At the sale of the Daniel library—still a bibliophile's landmark—it was sold to the Baroness Burdett Coutts for £650, and its value now is estimated to be about £2000. And—forgive me if I stray again into the city—we have not yet reached the top of the market. Millionaires flourish and multiply, but the supply of first folio Shakespeares is strictly limited. With an ever-growing demand and a short supply, the conclusion is obvious. Neither you nor I are lucky enough to have lived when George Daniel lived, and booksellers who dish up first folios for the dinner-table are an extinct race. But it seems to me that the courage displayed in the purchase I have just described is only comparable to that of the first navigator.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said somewhere that he could only read Addison in the quarto Baskerville edition. Here at least is a book that is within the reach of the poor man. A fine example, in rich, full, sound Russia or morocco—how difficult to find, even now!—with dignified marbled end-papers. Such a book lends dignity to any collection; and another delightful book—Lamb in the pretty 12mo edition of Moxon. Easy to hold—I take it, you read Elia in an armchair—and of a type that rests the eyes. A set of this, in contemporary full binding, creates an atmosphere proper to the author. Not an old book—Lamb's serenity and humanity are beyond decay; but, it may be, just middle-aged, corresponding with his gentleness and temperate outlook—and, above all, free from illustrations and irrelevant apologies for Lamb's social lapses. And Boswell's Johnson; could mortal man desire a better edition than that of Murray, issued first in 1885, with steel frontispieces and vignettes? The 17-volume Byron; Moxon's Shelley; the 12mo Moxon and Pickering Coleridge; the Cunningham Burns and Wordsworth with the steel plates—the list is endless. These are but a few favorite books of my own—you see, an esoteric pose has no charms for me—that come uppermost in my mind as I write. Were this a bibliographical treatise, I could take each author separately and panegyricize a particular edition. That is not my present purpose. I but quote concrete instances to give point to my argument that the older editions remain the best. It may well be that, even now, a publisher is issuing an edition of Lamb that is superior in every respect to that of Moxon. But, I maintain, the possessor of the older book has an edition with qualities which a newer issue can not hope to achieve. There is its rarity. I do not mean by that that it is absolutely unique, but that it is sufficiently scarce to have acquired an individuality of its own. You show it to your friend and rival collector; this is a pure unsullied joy which the collection of books brings in its train. Try as he may, he can not reproduce it exactly. Another example of the edition he may get; but his is, and must be, different in some respects. Its very faults may endear your own to you. A collector of books is very like a woman with a nursery, except that the larger it grows the fonder he becomes of each member.

Buy, then, as opportunity offers, fine library editions of the great classic writers. From a purely commercial point of view you will do well, for the demand for such books has long since overtaken the supply. Curiosities, luxuries, examples of the work of famous binders, these may come later. The foundations of the collection must be firmly laid. In entering a strange house, there is, to my mind, nothing pleasanter than the sight of a number of handsome interesting books. You may know nothing of your host but his name; yet the outward and visible signs of an inward spiritual community greet you from the walls. If the owner be a wise man, they will greet you from every wall; for, again to quote Holmes, "there is no furniture like books." Even if he do not read his books—if, that is, he merely regards his books as the appendages of his state—it is impossible for him to live in an atmosphere of Russia leather and morocco bindings and remain uninfluenced by the treasures they contain. As you glance round the shelves, you can form some notion of the personality of your host. A set of Dickens catches your eye; at the foot of each volume is the date 1874. Clearly, not an extravagant man, who will have nothing but the very first issue; but a reasonable man, who has paid a good price for a set of the first complete library edition, with clear impressions of the work of the original illustrators. A little further along is a knot of books which you feel at once are illustrated by George Cruikshank. Interest overcomes you; a closer examination proves that they are veritable first issues, with the plates in all their pristine freshness. His Fielding, his Smollett, his Rabelais—all old editions in contemporary bindings, with quaint cuts. As you reach his sanctum, you find his treasures near his hand. Perchance a Mosher Omar Khayyam for his ordinary reading; if he be lucky, there may even be a first edition of FitzGerald's masterpiece, carefully bestowed where inaccessibility may defeat temptation, and resting quietly after its Odyssey, which began in Mr. Quaritch's six-penny box. And so your conversation is cheered and brightened by the consciousness of the great interests you have in common.

In the path you have chosen, you must meet with difficulty and disappointment. If I can do anything to help you to grapple with the one and remedy the other, you have only to command me. Meantime, with all good wishes for your success.

C. F. CAZENOVE.

The Influence of the Orient Upon California.

"I chant the world on my Western sea."

SO sang the inspired American poet and seer, the master-spirit of the age—Walt Whitman. In the "flashing and golden pageant of California," he beheld, not only a vision of material prosperity—

"Wool and wheat and the grape, and diggings of yellow gold;
These but the means, the implements, the standing ground,"

but with the inner eye of prophecy he saw—

"The Genius of the Modern, child of the real and ideal."

Taking courage from Whitman's prophetic utterances, California should exult in her "newness"—the term so often opprobriously cast in her teeth.

Did not Ruskin nearly half a century ago, declare to England—"We don't want either the life or the decorations of the thirteenth century back again. The gorgeousness of the Middle Ages had for foundation and end nothing but the pride of life, the pride of the so-called superior classes." Elsewhere, he said—"The names of great painters are like passing bells; in the name of Velasquez, you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome."

To avert a like fate, California must learn to eschew what is false, and to assimilate what is true in old-world methods and traditions; in art, as in religion.

At the present moment, whether from increasing intercourse with the East, or owing to causes more occult, a wave of Oriental thought is sweeping over the Western world, and California is caught in its crest.

The promontory of Point Loma, where a school has been founded for the revival of ancient mysteries, is to become the Mecca of the Theosophical pilgrim. As a rule Californians are peculiarly susceptible to psychic impressions; no longer trammelled by man-made creeds and philosophies and "the stupid oppression of Philistia," they are ready to perceive the vital truths which are embodied in the ancient religious writings; and the Orient in return—grateful to these children of light—reveals to them her genius and the wonders of her art.

What matter of pride it would be, if the *Wild and Woolly West* should stem the modern flood of florid rococo decoration—if California should lend Japan her aid to bring about a renaissance in Oriental art.

In England—when a few years ago an effort was made to form a society for the furtherance and study of Japanese art—not fifty members could be enrolled. In Berlin there is an Oriental college, where not only the Japanese language is taught, but every Saturday night, public lectures are given on subjects of general interest, as Japanese art and poetry. Yet surely the German has not the Californian's instinctive appreciation of Oriental fine art. A circumstance tending to confirm this belief, recurs to me. A lady living in Yokohama, sent to a friend in Germany, a gold lacquer-box—one of those priceless heirlooms the fortunate foreigner could so readily acquire in the early days after the Revolution. It was filled with tea as an afterthought. On visiting her friend in Germany, she inquired after the gift. "Oh! the box of tea you sent?—it was delicious." "The tea!—but where is the box?" my friend asked breathlessly, recalling the painful mental struggle before offering it on the altar of friendship. "Oh, the box! Let me see; I think it was put in the lumber room!"

I venture to assert that no native educated Californian would be so artistically blind. His innate æsthetic sense would enable him to appreciate instinctively, the beauty of the lacquer, although only to the initiated is known the secret of its intricate workmanship. The manipulation of the layers of wood, no thicker than sheets of paper, and seasoned with such skill and care that boxes made two hundred years ago have never shrunk, whilst so perfectly do they fit that the interior trays may often be seen resting on compressed air, which can not escape. The laying on, polishing and drying of the different layers of lac, and the infinite variety of metallic dusts and powders, used for the final decoration, only the connoisseur could fully recognize.

Alas! unless a concerted effort is made by the lovers of art, the secrets of the master *Makiye-shi* (worker in lacquer) may be lost to the world. With the revolution of 1868, ended the still, absorbed life of the master craftsman, perfecting his marvelous creations, under the fostering care of the feudal lord. From that time the gorgeous brocades, *inros*, swords, *netsukis* and services of lacquer, were scattered and have never been replaced.

Oh! the glory of the finely tempered *katana* (sword)—the "soul of the *Samurai*"—the mystic weapon, said to be at times occultly imbued with such a thirst for blood that the owner was forbidden to wear it. The handle of this remorseless blade was covered with minute ornaments, so marvelously wrought that London and Paris jewelers admit they could not copy the workmanship at any price. Must our cry be "*Ichabod?*" Must the art that produced such gems of beauty sink into oblivion?

The instinctive appreciation of the average Californian for what is best in Oriental art is undeniable, and not to be attributed to familiarity with the masterpieces, always to be seen here. There is no doubt, however, that a mere languid liking may be fanned by the enthusiasm of an intelligent collector into a veritable passion.

The genius of Hokusai—taking an example—is seldom obvious to the casual observer, yet his foreign admirers have placed him on a pedestal, with, as companions, Rembrandt and Botticelli! Theodore Child remarks of Whistler: "In 'The Balcony' the Japanese influence is conscious and avowed. This is a vision of form and color in luminous air—a Japanese fancy realized on the banks of the gray Thames." "There is one nocturne in particular by Hiroshighe, representing an episode in the history of the Ronins—a night *fete* on a river, with, in the distance, fireworks, and on the bamboo bridge, people leaning over—which is treated in the same spirit and with the same sensitiveness to the fascination of evanescent effects of light and gloom, that Mr. Whistler has shown in his nocturne of Battersea Bridge." Almost any student of art in California, possesses one or more of these prints, which to the uninitiated seem so fantastic and bizarre.

Space will not permit me to allude to the art of the other great countries of the Orient, each of which exerts a special influence, that of India and China perhaps predominating. In his preface to the *Mang-wa*, published for the benefit of industrial workmen, Hokusai prophetically alluded to this influence which his country should exercise; revealing the spirit of Ruskin, with whom he was contemporaneous.

"Let us hand down" he said, "to future ages, and bring within the knowledge of our fellow men, beyond a thousand leagues, the spirit and form of all the joy and happiness we see filling the universe."

"The Golden Age is not yesterday or to-morrow, but to-day," said George William Curtis. California should then rejoice in her *modernity*, and that in this fair realm, the representatives of the modern spirit from every sphere, may clasp hands with her, hastening the fulfilment of Whitman's prophecy:

"The new society at last; proportionate to nature,
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand—
To build a grander future."

DORA AMSDEN.



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The Value of a Friend

So long as we love we
serve; so long as we
are loved by others I would
almost say that we are
indispensable; and no man
is useless while he has a
friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Bernard Shaw.

TO PEOPLE who like his kind, Mr. Shaw is just the kind they will like! He is almost, if not quite, *sui generis*, and can only be truly described as just — Shaw.

In regard to his attitude as cynic-socialist—the normal in a world of aberrants—who may pronounce, except to say that it is too good to be true. One wonders if, after all, to be Shaw is not a delicate *pose* in itself, with its author laughing in his own sleeve at himself and us.

Among Hans Christian Anderson's tales there is one of a stupid emperor who gave up his royal robes at the offer of richer, and, upon being assured by all his servile following that he was wholly dressed, went shivering in naked pretence until a little child, seeing, cries out, "The king has nothing on!" So with our favorite robes of fancy, so dear and indispensable to novelist, dramatist, and preacher. Love, faith, heroism, piety, friendship, self-sacrifice—all our pretty deeds and all our pretty reasons for them. While we are admiring and congratulating and hugging ourselves, here is Mr. Shaw suddenly crying out with such a terribly cynical innocence, "But, dear people, there really are no such things!" And secretly we are scared and afraid he is right.

The writer well remembers the indignant amaze with which the upper middle-class intelligence of New York received *Arms and the Man*, played as it was, by the only person who was at all "up to it"—Mr. Richard Mansfield. The heroine—plainly so designated—told little lies with all the fluency of long habit, the hero was only a chocolate cream soldier after all, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* blustered, whined, and played the fool generally—and yet—confusion, how like life it was! The play began when it was ready and ended when it got through, absolutely and brutally disregarding the dramatic conveniences. It was, nevertheless, much too smart to be ignored, and so people talked and scolded over it and came to no conclusion more than the play. Since then—in '98—Mr. Shaw has published two volumes of *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*, accompanied with a delightfully ugly portrait and a preface which must ever be the despair and the test of the Philistine.

Not very many people seem to have read these plays. No one cares much for the cheek of the Young Person any more, so it certainly isn't that. By their inwardness and outwardness both they could only be acted by a company of simply fiendish ability, if at all. Mr. Shaw intends them for reading, though he hardly expects it. One can only say that, not to have read them all, is to have missed one of the not necessarily most pleasurable, but most subtle, experiences of the times. They are a sort of reversed Ibsen.

As for Mr. Shaw's novel, *Love Among the Artists*, he tells the readers in a purely intimate preface that as it is one of his first—a relic of his immaturity of twenty-four—that it is likely to be the last. The novel does not classify more easily than its author. Naturalistic in method and neutral in tone, it depends for its charm upon its *naïve* presentation of a small group of people, and for the wit and acuteness of its comment upon literary and artistic shop. Relieved of heroics as sternly as Mr. Howells could do it, it has a perfectly different tone. There is something sturdier, something duller—one is tempted to say, something more English.

The ending is to be commended. "As much is told as is germane," says the author, and then stops. No deaths nor divorces are in sight, and no catastrophies other than those created by common character in a common world. And this does not mean that the book is dull. In fact, it is so clever for a young fellow that it simply creates a great yearning to have Mr. Shaw "do his d—nest" at his maturity.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

"My New Curate," by Rev. Father Sheehan.

AFTER the Jesuitical problems given to us the last few years, when books, such as *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, Merriman's *Christian Vellacott* and Emile Zola's *Rome*, all so strong, have wrought strenuously upon us, it is a quietly restful charm to take up such a really, broadly Catholic book as *My New Curate*, by Rev. Father Sheehan. Catholics, I believe, say it is *too* broad, because it has humor and no dogma. It is like the stories of François Coppée in its delicate wording and blending of philosophy and quaintness, wisdom and unworldliness.

Probably most minds and weary brains in this "nation in a hurry" of ours have their rather creased and puckered-up conditions, when the routine of every day begins to show wear and tear upon the nerves, and the query comes, "What is worth while! *Cui bono?*" Then is a good moment to dispose one's self to the charm of this book, — its humor and drolleries of an Irish country parish, its wistful seriousness, and strong portrayal of two men. The story of the Irish people is always a kernel of absolutely original flavor, this one most particularly so, if you have the spirit and buoyancy or the "bloss" of the Irish on your tongue.

Our heart and sympathies are with the gentle old priest in his parish of Irish hovels, among his classics. Immortal friends from all the centuries, who have taught him their philosophy and their sweetness, but the tolerant, kindly benevolence is the priest's own heart, and a religion that is other than creeds,—for a religion is not a method, it is a life. His time of action is over, while that of reminiscence has come; realization, too, perhaps, that one is pregnant of greater pleasures and sympathies than the other; that action, indeed, is only a means to an end of reflection and appreciation. And it is his reminiscences and reflections that one finds so singularly delightful.

It occurs to us, moreover, as we read this book, that perhaps we know as little of the real Ireland and Irish people as the vivacious Mme. Roland knew of us when she wrote with French lightness: "I am continually in doubt, and I sleep there as peacefully as the Americans in their hammocks!" It may be that, as a nation, we do not sleep in hammocks; and it may be that, to occasionally study the characteristics and local color of an alien race, is a good thing, and gives a pleasant tonic of enlightenment to our industry in reading. At all events, the Celtic imagination, its fervor, its feelings—or should we pronounce it failings—are drawn with clear, clever insight by this sympathetic, gentlest of priests.

The slower pulsation of age and the untroubled twilight of life have come to Father Dan, or "Daddy Dan," as the children affectionately call him, and the years have slowly drifted past, while he has been "passed by" in life—forgotten—till the efforts of his new young coadjutor waken and fairly startle him again in the bitter-sweet, old-young dreams of the promise of his own youth, "it has been a singular intellectual revival to feel all my old principles and thoughts shadowing themselves clearer and clearer on the negatives of memory where the sunflames of youth imprinted them."

"It was all my own fault; I was too free with my tongue," he begins regretfully. "I said in a moment of bitterness, 'What can a bishop do with a parish priest? He's independent of him.' It was not grammatical, and it was not respectful. But the bad grammar and the impertinence were carried to his lordship, and he answered, 'What can I do? I can send him a curate who will break his heart in six weeks!'"

It would seem a misfit that sends this clean, alert, young sociologist,—one who, though a priest, does not forget manhood and citizenship,—with his self-reliant poise, and clear, strong mouth that, in repose, seemed too quiet even for breathing, and "wid his portmantly all brass knobs, and his rug that soft and fine it would do to wrap up the queen," and his refinement, to this rugged corner of Irish Coast to wake the inertia of a parish of hovels and mountain cabins, the only access to which is through a bog, or the bed of a stream, or the filthy, unpaved mud of the village street. But youth's glorifying enthusiasm, hope and strength, make infinitely picturesque and beautiful to him the childlike faith and fervor of the poor, and his interest is so human and so vital. Great movements in the affairs of

men are like tides of the seas which reach and affect the remotest and quietest nooks and inlets, imparting a thrill and swell of the general motion ; but one wonders what tide has sent young Father Letheby to spend his splendid energies in this forlorn inlet ; but the easier highroads of life, —these for the weaker brethren ; but for him who is conscious of the Gift the way is plain.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush a-fire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Tenderness, enthusiasm, idealism, form a trebly strong Gift, to one "on the mission" in Irish phrase.

The people of the Great House bring a note of fiction into the book, and Bittra, the fair, sweet Papist, is like some sweet and fragrant flower. There is rue for our most lovable old priest, Father Dan, in seeing come before his eyes in the younger man his own ambitions that he had thrown aside, to try and wipe the dust of thirty years from their remaining pieces, and himself to keep step and lay an encouraging, or a cheering, or a restraining hand upon this second self's enthusiasm. With unbitter clearness he has seen that himself, the dreamer, the idealist, with his love for little children and his Homer and the Greeks, has fallen out of time with the quickstep of the world, its dignities, its successes, its achievements. The practical hand of modern time presses hard. Is it "*cui bono* ?"

Aside from its charm, the book is well worth reading for the suggestiveness it calls up, is warm with delightful aphorisms, and the humor is keen, but delicate. Very quaintly and gently does it suggest charity, and a good recipe for charity is, "Meditation : — Apart from the spiritual advantages it affords, that closing of our eyes daily and looking steadily at ourselves is a wonderfully soothing process. It is solitude, and solitude is the mother country of the strong. It is astonishing what an amount of irritation is poured from external objects through the windows of the soul, on the retina, where they appear to be focussed, and then turned like a burning glass on the naked nerves of the soul. To shut one's eyes and turn the thoughts inward is like sleep, and, like sleep, gives strength and peace." Rugged old George Herbert voices the same doctrine in a more fighting spirit:

"By all means use some times to be alone,
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

A. L. E. H.

"Rodari, Sculptor."

THE charm of this little story is both in plot and style. The former is fresh ; the latter graceful and wholly original. The writer shows ability to arouse genuine emotions of wonder, suspense, pathos and indignation. When Rodari finds Corrona dancing with the goat and curses her, the effect is realistic — for the time being this reader completely forgot himself. The sweetness and simplicity of the style show in many passages. None is, perhaps, more distinctive than that which describes the Golden Lady "turning the musty brownish leaves" of the *Dante* "from which she had read hesitatingly, from time to time, a line or phrase, dipping into the noble rhythm of the words as a bird would skim a mighty river, touching with wing tip the upper current of the strong tide." It is to be hoped that the writer may be encouraged to attempt a series of such stories. If she holds by her unaffected manner of narrative, they will be well worth reading. Let us also hope that the publishers will remove from the second edition of this story the typographical errors which have somehow crept into it. So artistic a little book should not be marred by the carelessness of typesetters.

CHARLES MILLS GAVLEY.

"The Sphinx, and Other Poems," by William Henry Hudson.

IT IS probable that all thought suggested by the Sphinx would be full of questioning, would concern itself with deep things, and then admit its inability to answer; for this great watcher of the desert is supposed to have expressed to the Egyptians the sun in its resting place. Another accompaniment of thought so created would be shadow, and the danger of shadow is, that the mind into which it falls will forget that it can be only the attendant on light, can be really nothing of, and by itself. Forgetfulness of this brings forth pessimism as naturally as the darkened crevice begets the pale leaf. Love, light, and warmth form the magical key which unlocks the secret door of existence.

In the little volume before us it can not be said that Mr. Hudson—or Professor Hudson, as he is more generally known—entirely overlooks this truth, but it must be conceded that he is greatly enamored of shadow and doubt. The result is unfortunate: it does away with the belief that there must be sunny depths to so richly freighted and scholarly a mind. Every thought put forth is rent between a dream-world, of which he shows us no more than the outside, and that very different place,—the sphere of striving men and women. A union of the two must necessarily have added spiritual force to his work. All poetry, no matter how simple, should be possessed of a certain divine force potent to uplift the thought, and to enlarge the view of man. The faintest trill of the tiniest bird has at least one note that carries us heavenward. Our American public is, perhaps, somewhat favorable to didactic verse, a trifle indifferent toward that which pictures only the beautiful, and very much inclined to make all poets tread thorny paths. The reason of this is, that exact statement and definite conclusion appeal with more force than can be brought to bear by idle guess and aimless question.

The man who asks, in a right manner, is wise; the man who answers even one vital question by the presentation of a beautiful thought satisfies many hungry souls. When the poet allows a troubled ego to speak, he but adds to the burden of care already in the world. Professor Hudson's ego is a troubled one: its poetic flight is lessened by backward glance and constant appeal to memories of other days. The poem entitled "In the Plaza, Santa Barbara" is absolutely done to nothingness from this cause. Full of expectation from the pictured beauty of the scene, we stand with hands outstretched awaiting a pomegranate from the divine garden, but are given an apple of Sodom instead.

If Professor Hudson were ill at ease because of difficulty in handling his thought, excuse would be easier to find. But the reverse is true; in working out whatever form he chooses, he is perfectly at ease: his lines are, on the whole, well balanced and musical. Occasionally there occurs a certain whimsical repetition of the same word, but, since this has been the custom of greater poets, he may be forgiven an adoption of it.

In the fitting of subject and form together he is not so happy; one does not seem to naturally suggest the other. This is very noticeable in the initial poem. The Sphinx, regarded simply as a stone monument, is a mighty thing; and mighty things require large treatment. But the form chosen here is one suited rather to dainty images; there is nothing massive and simple about it; nothing that suggests what is strong and abiding. The whole composition would be improved by beginning with the lines,

"I know not how or why,
But I walked in the desert alone,"

And concluding with,

"And behold—no sphinx—no world—
Nothing—not even I!"

"By the Shore" is a fair test of what Professor Hudson might do in poetry, could he manage the force of his ego as Phœbus guided the coursers of the sun. In this poem, form, fact, and sound suit one another so well that we find ourselves listening for the faint voice of ocean waves on a distant shore; and, by a word, our thoughts are turned from the sands of life to the echoing shore of a land unknown. Apt and clear, too, is the note that sounds through the "Methuselah," where an old Talmudic legend is made to do duty as a

parable inciting men to immediate action. It would be pleasant to say that the virtue of immediate action is Professor Hudson's chief thought; but, while some poems clearly favor such a view, others as manifestly contradict it. This is perceptible even in the quatrains which close the volume, where there was every opportunity for clear expression of a leading thought. The chief idea gained from these, however, is that strength and intensity are of less value than the sensuous enjoyment which accompanies soft breezes, and the music of the summer morn. Yet, there are the exceptional three or four that set this view aside, noticeably the "Carpe Diem," which speaks last:

"Live while you live. Life calls for all your powers;
This instant day your utmost strength demands.
He wastes himself who stops to watch the sands,
And, miser-like, hoard up the golden hours."

It is well to accept this as Professor Hudson's summing up of his own views, and as an earnest promise of future endeavor.

REGINA E. WILSON.

"Fact and Fable in Psychology," by Joseph Jastrow.

THIS book is a protest against a too ready belief in the reality of those miracles of mind which are everywhere so commonly accepted today. The collection contains essays upon The Modern Occult, The Problems of Psychical Research, The Logic of Mental Telegraphy, The Psychology of Deception, The Psychology of Spiritualism, Hypnotism and Its Antecedents, The Mind's Eye, the Dreams of the Blind, etc. By using the category of alternative interpretation, Professor Jastrow endeavors to show that the mysteries of the "New Metaphysics" are commonplace happenings erected into miracles by the zeal of too credulous believers. Such an effort is to be commended. These bogs and fens and stagnant pools of false faith must be drained, but he who performs this new labor of Hercules effectively must have a more catholic interest in men, and a readier pen than the author of this book has here exhibited. In the first place, to undertake so important a task in the name of so uninspiring a cause as that of the special science of psychology is rather disappointing to him who reads. Not that men are not interested in psychology, but that they who are most interested in it know well its natural-history character and want of well-established principles by which to sort the true from the false, among reported happenings. Psychology has no patent upon the Greek word for soul, which forms half its name. Indeed, so far as adherence to its original meaning gives title to its use, Psychical Research has undoubtedly a far more rightful claim to it than has present day psychology. In matters of spiritualism, there seem to be white crows as well as black ones; and the introduction to M. Flammarion's last book will give one pause as to the capacity of any form of a priori logic to satisfactorily explain that mass of happenings, which the suspended judgment forces one to classify under the X of telepathy. The scientist, whose mission it is to be more careful than other men, proverbially runs to seed in over careful adherence to his own forms of explanation. Professor Jastrow seems to have overlooked the uses of these "ugly ducklings" of science.

One can not but regret that when the need for such a book is so great this one should be so juiceless that it will not readily command the attention of laymen. But, in spite of these defects, because the book endeavors to combat certain forms of error which are both common and vicious, it should be generally read. The number of borderland problems which are treated is of itself sufficient to call attention to the work.

E. C. MOORE,



"Herod" a Tragedy.

WHEN *Paolo* and *Francesca* appeared sundry of the critics were moved to much curious speculation concerning the particular kind and quality of Mr. Stephen Phillips' imaginative faculty. To such as were disinclined to accede to him any great dramatic power he has, it would seem, afforded substantial evidence in his new drama, *Herod*, that this power is signally his. It remains, therefore, to be seen to what new fineness of classification the modern passion for withholding will lead the critical genius.

One may have moments of regret for the absence of a lighter note that would relieve the stern tragedy of *Herod*, but concerning the tragedy itself there can be but one opinion: nothing loftier or of purer dramatic quality has been done in English since Browning wrote for us. As a drama it is deeply impressive. Its sure upward sweep carries one along on a strong tide of feeling for its beauty, its passion, its sorrow, until the highest chords of human pity vibrate in sympathy with this consummate human tragedy. The action is swift and real, full of dramatic certainty and imaginative versimilitude the play meets all the requirements of an acting play, while at the same time it has great poetic charm.

The characterization is of a high order; Herod himself is magnificent. In his love as in his tyranny, in his black crime, in his successful statesmanship, and in the dishevelment of tragic woe, when reason is tottering and his foes rage openly against him, he is still regal, the great, splendid, convincing King. Convincing, too, is the queen, Mariamne. The dramatist has drawn her with the same delicacy and firmness, the certain insight and sense of proportion that made his characterization of Lucrezia, in *Paolo and Francesca*, so perfect a bit of art.

But Stephen Phillips' work has won for itself title to be measured as literature. It may be judged only in comparison with the best, and the contemporary best of its kind is Mr. Phillips' own. In "Marpessa" he gave us a poem which halted expectant the English reading world. *Paolo and Francesca* confirmed and strengthened the promise of the earlier work; nevertheless, while along the broad, visualizing lines of dramatic structure *Herod* surpasses both these, it does not, as they did, bear the closet test, the quiet reading, away from the spell of its splendid action, its fine dramatic technique.

There are lines in the poem that are pure gold, as where the great king repeats the predictions regarding that wondrous child who, rumor whispers, shall one day reign in his stead:

"And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;"

There are passages of high, translucent beauty, that charm the ear and thrill the imagination, but there are, as well, lines that sink to a level so commonplace that the reader halts in amaze, as when Mariamne ends that exquisite outburst, beginning:

"Oh, then—
You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you—"

With an anti-climax so futile, so utterly *banal* as:

"Do nothing, Herod, that can hurt my soul."

Or when Herod winds up a right kingly summary of kingly deeds by promising:

"A harbour for all nations
Whereon shall ride the navies of the world."

Surely Mr. Phillips' poetic imagination could have given us something less hackneyed, something less suggestive of the usual Board-of-Trade attitude!

This "note in passing" were but captiousness, but for the fact that Mr. Phillips has already set his own mark of achievement. This we look for him to maintain—to maintain the sincere literary art which we loved in *Paolo and Francesca*. That in *Herod* he has not entirely done this will not materially lessen our expectation that he will yet do great things for the dramatic art of this era.

ADELINE KNAPP.

Provincialism in Literature.

IT IS recorded in one of those anecdotes that illuminate the pages of literature, like the shining figure of a saint on the margin of some ancient missal, that Coleridge once asked of Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach. "I n-e-v-e-r knew you to do anything else," answered the irrepressible humorist. This anecdote vividly illustrates the fatal propensity in the natures of some men who are continually discovering the mote in the eyes of others, while disregarding the beam in their own.

Such paternal preachment is but too easily discernible in the attitude of certain Eastern critics toward California literature, continually inclined as they are to annunciate their belief in its provincialism.

Now, a literature which has been ennobled by such men as Richard Realf, Joaquin Miller, Edward Rowland Sill, John Vance Cheney, Edwin Markham, not to mention many others, is certainly not deserving of any such derogatory denunciations. And the accusation that California literature is, or the audacious advice that it should be, provincial in its nature; that it should be native and to the manner born; that it should smack of the soil; that it should be dedicated to the *genus loci*, is one of those ludicrous assumptions most fittingly answered as Coleridge was answered by Lamb.

In a recent issue of one of our evening journals, it was most convincingly proven, by a notable array of illustrious names in every province of Art, Literature, and Science, that California, especially in its literature, had been largely and splendidly contributory to the mighty stream of modern civilization.

I earnestly desire to emphasize my belief that our claim to such distinction is founded entirely on the broad humanity underlying every phase of such productivity in our literature. And I further claim that such a poem as "The Man with the Hoe" could not have been written anywhere but in California and by a California writer.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the hospitality of Californians in general, for that has become proverbial; but attention should certainly be called to the fact that, by opening our hearts and bringing into the fold the aliens of every clime, we have deepened our sympathies, broadened our humanity, correspondingly intensified every noble impulse of our natures, and laid the foundation sure for the great commonwealth of the future, the Commonwealth of the Brotherhood of Man!

Is this provincialism or cosmopolitanism? There can be but one answer. And may the cosmopolitanism of our population forever prevail against any cohesion of character, such as has assisted in the development of the New England and the Southern type of individualities.

For if the law of evolution, both in the polity of nations and in the everlasting processes of nature, be from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, so must the law of literary evolution be from the simple to the complex, from the particular to the universal, from the immaterial and transitory to the permanent and the sublime.

With the dawning of the new century a new era is to commence in the history of California; the recently acquired colonies of alien lands have been almost entrusted to her keeping; within her great harbor ride the ships of every nation, laden with the commerce of all the world.

Shall not her literature partake of the greatness of her future? Shall it not correspondingly develop with her resources, and, coheritor with the splendors of her vast enterprises, go ringing down the groove of the centuries as the most glorious exponent of the wonderful beauty of humanity and brotherhood?

Such is truly the path to greatness. Let us not be cabined and confined in our art. Under the southern equinox of the stars, upon the summit of the loftiest mountain of Apia, lie buried the mortal remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. If only the heather waving on the hills of Scotland were to be found in those immortal pages which he has left to all posterity, the world of letters would not consecrate his memory so reverently in its shrine of fame.

Provincialism never leads to greatness in literature. And dwelling as we are within sight and sound of the surge of the sea, whose waters lave the shores of the Paradise Islands of the Pacific, and then sweep onward to the myriad-million peopled continents of the mystic East, let us remember the words of the great master, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!"

LORENZO SOSSO.

THE ART ROOM.

The Contented Man.

HE SAT in the light of his open wood fire. A small, throbbing flame shed spots of shifting glow upon the brass guardsmen of his hearth. He had settled deep into a seat of Contentment and Self-Approval. His room was perfect; not one irritating or disturbing object was there; all was in good taste, bordering upon the "precious." His one-sided development had made him sensitive, like the wind-harp, to the least breath of the commonplace. He lived and grew in a conservatory of taste. He breathed and budded anew in a rare world. A deep calm and superior pity went into his mind and out again for the *other* world, leaving but a shadowy trail behind. He drew himself together, with a sensation of all-over peace, upon his seat of Content. The glow of the wood fire sank deep into his eyes, and he closed them to take the happiness of summoning pictures against the purple blackness of closed eyelids. He waited, expectant, but nothing was shaped for him save whirling chaos and colored elegance which swept across the purple.

Content had steeped him through and through; the weight and strength of it held him bound, at the mercy of richness. The whirling chaos made him feel as though he was falling into a bottomless pit of Nile green. He opened his eyes with a wrench. Everlasting gas-logs were burning blue and cheerfully upon his hearth; he wondered how the right-hand knot could look so healthy amid so many four-inch flames. The horrible unreality of it all he quickly realized. The gas-logs were warm enough, but somehow he was chilled to the very center of his sensitive, refined marrow. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. A withering dread took hold of him and held him as in a grip of a French bronze. Speechless, powerless, he cast his eyes desperately about him, with the dread thought in his mind that there was more to come. The seat of Content and Self-Approval! *The rack of tortured refinement.* The pictures of beauty against the purple-black! *The sudden, confused conglomeration of many weird things.* On his table blazed a lamp, tower-high, lacquered brass, with a white of egg and fleur-de-lis shade; his own tottered on the brink in trembling fear, burning low and fitfully. The table was geometrically arranged with four or five table books—*Doré* most prominent, a padded copy of *Lucile*, two Venetian gilt paper-knives, a Royal Worcester card-tray with generous handles, well decorated, a china and gold jewel-casket, having eight panels painted with ladies in swings, ladies in sedan chairs, ladies with fans, ladies with running dogs, in fact, ladies *in everything and with everything.* The poor, contented Captive looked at the box and thought, "*That would furnish a room completely.*"

The table held many other things which his bewildered vision could not grasp. The mantle-shelf, a center around which his artistic soul revolved, the abiding-place of his most loved treasures, was captured by the enemy. His dear old Koro held a Turkish scarf in place at one corner; directly beneath it on the hearth contentedly reposed a flesh pink cuspidor painted with marguerites and other tender flowers. The cuspidor edged slyly towards the gas-logs, being somewhat delicate and not yet acclimated.

The mantel was further invaded by a mighty host, who drove into trembling retreat the Captive's treasures. One prisoner was taken, a poor, retiring jade bowl, which lay on its side beneath the foot of a bronze Mercury, who spent all his spare time buckling on his

foot-wings. "Quite a nuisance to have to keep buckling all day," whispered the Captive through dry lips. "Not half so bad as that boy's splinter," replied Mercury. The boy referred to sat on a stump near by arranging his toe. "It doesn't pay to take a gloomy view of things," said a French gilt clock, another occupant of the mantel. The clock was a second cousin of Mercury, having just thirteen ounces of mercury in his pendulum. "Oh," said the man, "these objects bewilder me; life is not long enough to fathom them; but there *must* be a *mind* back of it all. Do they all find homes, poor things, or do they always *invade*?" His current of thought was broken by the wraith-like approach of three bronze ladies holding bunches of electric lights in their hands or about their persons; each lady carried a Haviland plate under her arm (the best was none too good for the Electric Ladies). "Beastly cold," said Lady Four Lights. "My head's warm, but my feet are cold," said Lady Big Globe. "Don't worry; it will soon warm up," cheerily said the French clock. "It *is* warm," said the man. "Bosh!" cried the ladies in chorus; then they all jumped to the hearth, turning more gas into the logs. "This is something like," "Don't mind me," said the pink cuspidor. They didn't, nor did they excuse their backs to the man who sighed and thought. He could not move nor scream, so he *had* to think.

The new atmosphere of warmth and elegance somewhat thawed out the man, so he could turn his head all the way around without turning back to look the other way; such is the mellowing effect of elegance and luxury.

The man turned his head slowly; a panorama of richness smote his now receptive soul. A dear, dark landscape was framed in gilt of many writhings. Girls washing clothes, selling vegetables, flirting with longshoremen, hid his precious Simonetta from view. Roosters, hens and shiny ducks framed in gilt and *labeled*, peacefully reposed over his red embroidery — that dear, exacting bit of brilliance, that stirrer of his placid imaginings. "'Tis strange, but like attracts like; I might have expected it," he articulated, dryly. On his mahogany "low-boy," exactly in the middle, placidly stood an inlaid bevel-glassed, gilt-knobbed cabinet, which had devoured a thousand pretty things; the man could watch the progress of digestion.

"How scientific, and my things, too," he groaned. The window-seat overlooking the fair, green hills and real, true water, was luxuriously padded with foot-deep cushions petticoated, and the window-ledge bore glass vases with La France roses mixed together. Glass bowls, glass candlesticks, and glass — Bohemian! — of every kind of glass generously plentiful; to lend dignity and repose and balance to the array, was a bronze man expending every physical effort to hold up a glass lamp. The Captive trembled with sympathy for the overtaxed man, but nothing broke. "I might get used to it in time, and how independent of nature I would be — I will try," murmured the Captive, vaguely hoping. He continued to turn his head. Royal Worcester, Rookwood, Haviland, Sevres, were all piled ceiling high upon his groaning piano. The bookcases cracked beneath the weight of three pensive bronze ladies dressed in string wrapped once around them. "At least they are comfortable, and are not bothered with splinters. I congratulate you, ladies," he said. They smiled up at him, then cast down their lashless lids. The man was touched by their *naïveté*.

The Captive's head had gone all the way around to the gas-logs; he was conscious of no great discomfort, for his vertebrae had adapted itself to his environment.

From all corners and on the floor he heard low mutterings of suppressed revolt.

"The place is cold, cold." "Why are we here?" "The man is bound; let's make things warm and *artistic*." There was a concentrated purpose and deadly earnestness in those murmurings, and the Captive set his teeth to endure the worst — wishing, only, that he might have the relief of beads of cold perspiration upon his brow. "It would be quite proper to perspire; *they* would not mind," he thought. A chill ran spirally from his head to his boots, which was a slight comfort and he hoped for more.

"Forward, double-quick, *march*!" shouted Mercury, busy buckling, earnestly.

The Electric Ladies led the procession, and all the men followed behind; the muscular lamp man waved his light, spilling oil on Persian rugs, but he had the decency to run back and put an orange green long-haired thing over the spot. "Double-quick," shrieked one of the ladies. Then began a wild, warming whirl; the atmosphere was thick with sofa pillows,

drapes, puffy cushions, spindle-legged gilt chairs, onyx tables, vases, cut glass, upholstered chairs, hair rugs, and mirrors. The inlaid cabinet disgorged and joined the throng—whirling, eddying, billowing elegance and richness—pulsing, heaving, throbbing artisticness. *The room was warmed.*

"Halt," shouted the flesh pink cuspidor. The Captive's head flew back to its place with a whiz—the shock—the shock of a quickly turning head. A sun-red ember gleamed amid gray ashes. The brass guardsmen smiled broadly.

"How bare and cold—how unfurnished; I will reform," said the Contented man, straightening his necktie.

MORGAN SHEPARD.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

The Story of a Valentine.

ALITTLE elf sat on the stamens of a wild rose, painting himself a perfectly beautiful valentine. He had stolen the gold from the wing of a butterfly, helped himself to the blue petals of the forget-me-not, filched the crimson from the tulip's cup, and chipped a wee bit from the wonderful rainbow bridge when the sun god was n't looking. He had arranged all his colors neatly on a palette made of a tiny nasturtium shield, and, with a scarlet feather from the breast of a robin, he was drawing a wonderful design on a large heart-shaped leaf. The wind loitered over the hedge, swayed the rose lightly, and called, "Come, fly away with me!" The sun shone down warmly on the garden, and the violets and pansies lifted their little faces, whispering, "Come, listen to us! Come, play with us!" But the elf just hunched his shoulders up and painted away harder than ever, putting in the blue and red in just the right places. He would never have looked up in the world, if the bumblebee had n't blundered against his palette, when he raised his head and shoved the bee with his sharp little elbow. And after he had shoved the bee, bumblebees, you know, have no stings, and *when* he looked up, whom should he see but Saint Valentine himself leaning over the hedge. He wore a great, green cloak that blew out in the wind, and over his shoulders was slung a bag like a postman's, bursting full of valentines. "Halloo, little one," he said, "what are you doing?" "Making a valentine," answered the elf, tying his forehead into forty knots, first, because he hated interruptions, and again, he disliked being called "little." "Well, tell me where it's going, and I'll take it right along," said the Saint, who was a good-natured fellow, reaching his hand over the hedge toward the rose. "It's not going anywhere," said the elf, putting a large splash of green in the lower left-hand corner. "It's going to stay right here." "What do you mean?" asked the Saint, with a puzzled expression. "Just what I said," answered the elf. "But people make valentines to send away," said the Saint. "I'm making one to stay at home," answered the elf. "But people make valentines to give to some one that is very dear to them," urged the Saint, anxiously. "That's just what I'm doing," answered the elf. "I'm going to give it to the most charming person I know, the one I like best; that is, I am going to give it to myself." "To what!" said the Saint. "Myself," said the elf, and went on putting a gilt border around the heart-shaped leaf. Saint Valentine was so shocked that he could n't speak for several minutes. "But that would n't be a valentine at all," he declared. "Would n't be a valentine! Why, of course it's a valentine!" retorted the elf indignantly, holding it up for the Saint's inspection. "And what's more, it's the handsomest one in the garden," he added, with pride. "You don't understand," said the Saint, rather sadly, shaking his head. "A valentine is something you make to *give away*, with your heart's dearest love to the one you love best of all. Why won't you let me take that to the Primrose Fairy? Then it would be a valentine indeed." "Rubbish!" returned the elf. "I can't bear her! A faded little weed like that! Besides,

this 'giving away' is all nonsense. This is for me, I tell you, and it don't budge out of my hands." "Then it's not a valentine," said the Saint. "It is, too," retorted the elf. "You don't know your own wares when you see 'em!" "Mine!" echoed Saint Valentine, with a laugh. "That isn't mine. It's a very handsome picture card, but I have nothing to do with it. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole." "What do you mean?" snapped the elf, angrily. "Just what I said before," answered the Saint, pleasantly; "and if you think you can write my name across that thing, you will be disappointed." "That's what I'm going to do this very minute!" screamed the elf. "Well, I'd like to see you do it," said the Saint, with a chuckle, and away he swung down the hill, his green cloak flowing out in the wind, and his yellow hair flying about his shoulders. "Impudence!" muttered the elf, reseating himself on the stamens of the rose. "Like to know how he is going to stop *me*? Not a valentine? I'll show him; so here goes!" He dipped his brush deep in the butterfly's gold, and wrote with a great flourish, "Valentine"—at least that was what he meant to write, but when he looked at it it was n't "Valentine" at all, but P-I-G, in great, staring letters all across the top of the picture. "My pen is bewitched," cried the elf, "or the Thyme Fairy, the witch, has cast a spell on me. We must try again." So he started to rub it out, but the more he rubbed the brighter grew the gold, until its sparkle dazzled his eyes. What was to be done! Here was his intended valentine with its red roses, its blue forget-me-nots, its white doves, its bleeding hearts, and gorgeous gilt border with P-I-G staring across the top. He painted over it, but the gold shone through the paint. He was sure that there was n't a flower in the garden that could n't read it, even as far off as the hot-house. As for hanging it up in his room among the columbine leaves, that was out of the question. He sat down and howled with mortification and anger. But howling would n't rub out the hateful word, and meanwhile the sun had set and the evening breeze was blowing. Night was coming on, and the following day was Saint Valentine's own. He felt that something must be done quickly. The dreadful thing must be hidden. But where? Not in the grass where that pest, the grasshopper, would certainly find it; nor could he bury it, for the mole, the blundering idiot, would surely unearth it; nor under the eaves of the house where the swallow would see it; nor in the hedge, for the sparrows, the worst gossips in the garden, would ferret it out. And if it were found with that word across it, he felt sure, sooner or later, the garden would find out the secret. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He slapped his knees, and laughed until the wild-rose trembled. Why, in the garden, had n't he thought of that before! He tucked the valentine, that was n't a valentine, under his arm, and flew softly down to Primrose Lane where the fairy of the primrose lived. Now the Primrose Fairy was as sweet and good as the elf was malicious and naughty, but the strange part of it all was that she thought the elf the best and most beautiful elf in all the garden. And so he was beautiful outwardly, but inside he was a great deal uglier than the wasp, as the wise old Thyme Fairy could have told you. Now the elf knew just exactly how much the Primrose Fairy thought of him, so he chuckled wickedly as he stood on tiptoe, tying the horrid valentine to her doorknob with a piece of spiderweb, and as he flew off to his bed in the columbine, he chuckled all the way under cover of his wings. So pleased he was with his wonderful cleverness that he chuckled all night long through his dreams. But the next morning, very early, while the grass was yet white with dew, and the cobwebs on the lawn looked like nets of jewels, he woke to see the Primrose Fairy standing in the door of his house; that is to say, in the mouth of a blossom of the columbine, with her face as radiant as the morning. "You dear, dear Spinnikin!" she cried. "How kind you were to send me such a beautiful valentine." The elf felt himself growing pale. How had she found out? and was it possible that she could n't read? "Valentine?" he said, trying to speak carelessly, "why, I did n't send any valentine." "How like you to deny it; you are always so modest," laughed the fairy; "but the bat told me he saw you fastening something to my door last night. He said he recognized you by your fly. So I came up the first thing this morning to thank you for the prettiest valentine in the garden," and she held the heart-shaped leaf up for him to see. It took all his courage to look; but behold, the word that had made so much trouble had vanished! Instead of P-I-G, there was Valentine in big, sparkling letters. It quite took his breath away.

"Did—did you rub it out?" he stammered. "Rub what out?" inquired Primrose. "The word at the top of the page?" "I don't understand," she answered. "This is the only word I saw. What else should there be?" "Nothing, nothing," said the elf, hastily. "Yes, I made it; glad you like it; good afternoon—morning, I mean," and away he flew, right past poor little Primrose, away across the garden to his favorite seat on the wild-rose. "Now, how, in the garden, did that word get changed?" he muttered. A laugh answered him, and there was Saint Valentine leaning over the hedge, just as he had leaned the day before. But now his mail-bag was lean and flabby, and, as there was no wind, his long, green cloak fell down and covered him, and his long, yellow hair hung about his face. The elf shook his fist at him. "Come, come," said the Saint, good-naturedly, "You must n't take it like that." "What do you know about it?" growled the elf. "Oh, the skylark told me, who had heard it from the crow, who got it from the bat, who saw you tying your valentine to the little lady's door. You surely don't expect to keep things quiet in this garden, do you?" "You said it was n't a valentine," snapped the elf. "It was n't while you had it; but the Primrose Fairy is so sweet and good that your ugly picture with your name on it (here he chuckled) became a valentine in her hands. Her goodness outweighed your badness, you see. But I must be going," he added, "for here come some people who seem to be in a hurry to see you," and away he went down the green hill, singing, and swinging his bag by one strap. The elf looked about, and saw two bees with stings like swords had alighted on the petals of the rose, one on either side. They were marshals for her serene highness Mab, and they informed him that he was wanted to be tried before the high tribunal for embezzlement, the butterfly being plaintiff. In vain he begged and cried. The bees looked significantly at their stings, and were silent. With them he had to go, and tried he was, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the largest crack of the ivy stump. And when the owl, who is warden of the prison, releases him two years from today, there won't be a better elf in all the garden. If you don't believe *me*, why ask Saint Valentine.

LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.

An Apology.

The December number of *IMPRESSIONS* contained some charming verses entitled "Traveling" attributed to one *A. Robinson*. Now, doubtless, there may be *A. Robinson* in the world who writes verses, but *A. Robinson* should not have the credit of "Traveling," which was written by *A. Bancroft*. The editor made an unexplainable blunder. He apologizes to *A. Bancroft* for his stupidity and to *A. Robinson* for a liberty.



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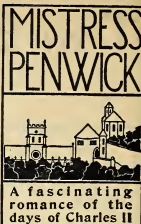
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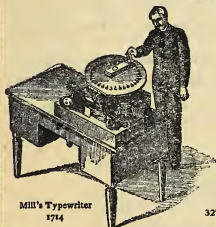
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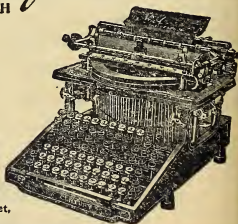
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*Vatican Manuscripts p. 264
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For those who did not observe, we repeat:

Owing to the unusual pressure of the holiday business, the publishers found it impossible to give the necessary time to their editorial duties during the month of December. The January issue of *IMPRESSIONS*, therefore, was omitted: to equalize this all subscriptions will be carried forward one number.

March Number, 1901

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BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By John Morley. Illustrated. The Century Co. \$3.50.
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The present issue completes the first year of IMPRESSIONS. The publishers feel the occasion appropriate for them to call attention, with some degree of pride, to the high standard and literary excellence thus far maintained and to the essential independence of the articles in criticism that have been published, and to extend their thanks and cordial appreciation to their contributors, who have in a large measure made this possible. The little magazine, moreover, has received such generous subscription support, not only at home, but more largely in the Eastern States and the Hawaiian Islands, as to assure its successful continuance.

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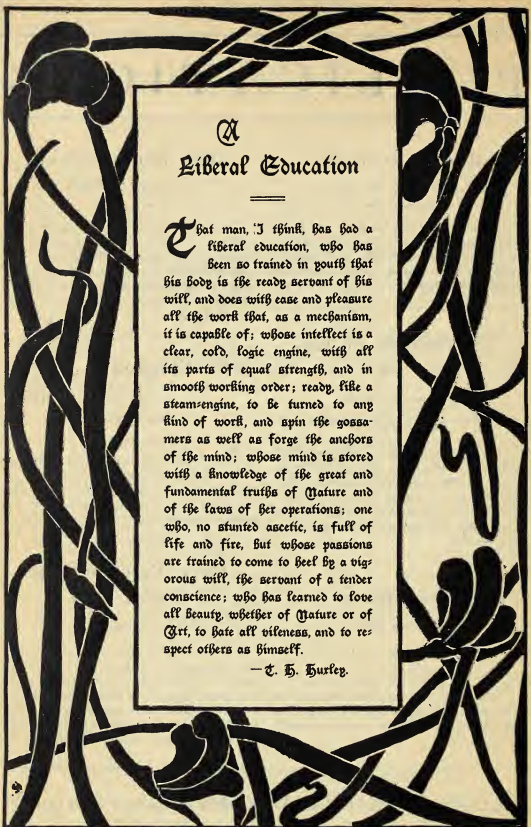
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A Liberal Education

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

— T. H. Hurley.

Two More Oliver's.

THE publication by Carlyle in 1845 of *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* has resulted in a complete reversal of the popular verdict concerning the Protector. The careful historical work of others, notably of Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, has helped to confirm this later judgment. It was nothing that Carlyle said about Cromwell that had this effect—it was what he permitted Cromwell to say for himself. No one longer regards him as a fool and a hypocrite.

On the contrary, he is seen to be a man of profound sincerity, extraordinary ability, and lofty aims. Yet men differ in their opinions, and will continue to differ. With the same facts before them, the aspect of the facts will be determined by the point of view. The interest of two new lives of Oliver lies not in new facts concerning him which have been discovered; it lies in the impression which his portentous personality makes upon Mr. Morley and Mr. Roosevelt.

There are points of resemblance between Mr. John Morley and Colonel Theodore, which serve to emphasize the points of difference. Morley may be described as a man of letters who has tumbled into politics; Roosevelt as a politician who sometimes drops into literature. Both of them are in deadly earnest, and both of them are persons of appalling energy. Both believe in "the strenuous life," but their notions of desirable strenuousity vary greatly. For Mr. Morley is a man of peace, while our Colonel is known to be a man of war. Mr. Morley's philosophy does not leave much room for bubbling emotion, and has no great respect for tradition. The emotion of patriotism seems to him a rather dangerous and unreasonable thing. It is otherwise with Mr. Roosevelt. Furthermore, neither friend nor foe would ever think of referring to the earnest, agnostic radical as "Johnny."

Both books are attractive in appearance. Mr. Morley's has the more valuable illustrations, but it is surprising that a book from the De Vinne press should contain so many and such flagrant typographical errors.

Both the authors have a great admiration for Oliver Cromwell. This is necessarily the case with Mr. Roosevelt. Oliver was a man after his own heart. He bustled about, and did things. But that Oliver should compel the admiration, however reluctant, of Mr. Morley may excite some wonder with those who know the writer only by his statements of personal belief. Cromwell did everything that Mr. Morley considers undesirable. He was warlike, he was very religious, he expressed himself in a jargon which is offensive to the modern ear, he believed in national glory, and by his policy put England in the front rank of warring nations. He was a "jingo." But those who have been careful readers of Mr. Morley's works are prepared for this admiration. Long ago Mr. Morley betrayed a strong admiration and affection for John Calvin, that "stern and austere stepson of the Christian God," as he calls him. Any one can admire John Calvin, but it takes a very strenuous soul indeed to love him. But any one who looks into the matter can see that agnosticism and Augustinianism have a certain kinship.

The days when Morley revealed his affection for Calvin were the days when he used to spell God with a small "g." His present use of the upper-case letter is indicative of more than a change of style. He has enlarged his horizon. The set of neat formulas with which he started out in life, and into which he jauntily proposed to pack the universe, have proved too narrow for the purpose. His intention to ignore the mysteries could not be carried out. He has found the unknown a powerful factor in the determinations of life, a factor which must be taken into account, even though its precise value can not be determined. The universe is not so simple as he thought it, and he can now have patience, not only with the logical Calvin, but with the wholly illogical Cromwell.

As a popular setting forth of the present condition of our knowledge of Cromwell, Mr. Morley's is far the better of the two books. This was to be expected. Before his absorption in a somewhat unfortunate political career, he was one of the first of historical biographers. We are all glad to see him emerge once more into literature, and to show the same power as of old. He still has that critical faculty unimpaired which makes his historical judgments generally sound, and always worth attention. Beside his finished work that of Mr. Roosevelt seems like the effort of an amateur. At times he seems like "a segment of the judgment day," but human infirmity creeps in and biases his verdicts. He can not get away from his point of view.

Naturally, the difference of view between these authors is best illustrated by what they think of Cromwell's foreign policy. It is part of Mr. Morley's mental make-up that he does not believe in a foreign policy at all. It is in evidence that Mr. Roosevelt does believe in a foreign policy of a very spirited character. Cromwell could not carry out his ideal in this regard, so he did the best he could. Mr. Harrison has said of it: "In result, it placed England by one bound at the head of the powers of Europe; it laid the foundations of the naval supremacy of England, and also of her transmarine empire." Such results seem good to Mr. Roosevelt; they seem bad to Mr. Morley. In this case the popular verdict will agree with Mr. Roosevelt's judgment.

Morley regards the career of Cromwell as the end of the old political order; Roosevelt regards it as the beginning of the new. Both are undoubtedly right to some degree; but Mr. Roosevelt is "righter." The revolution of 1688 was made easy by the hard revolution of 1640, and the Cromwellian despotism which followed it. That despotism left upon the minds of the English people a dread of military rule, which has shaped events ever since, and determined the course which the final revolution took. This is not to say that military despotism belongs characteristically either to the old or the new order. It is a medicinal plant, which springs perennially. It has its uses as a corrective for the body politic.

Of course, both authors condemn Cromwell's Irish policy in unmeasured terms. Mr. Morley's principles compel him to do so; perhaps Mr. Roosevelt's reasons are quite as obvious. Neither of them even apologizes for it. Neither could do so. The only thing that could be said in favor of it was what Cromwell himself said, in writing of the massacre at Drogheda: "And truly I believe that this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God." That he was mistaken in his belief succeeding centuries of Irish history have proved; that it was sincere, it is hardly possible to doubt. Certainly he was the only English advocate of a coercive policy for Ireland who has had the courage of his convictions.

It seems to me that neither of our authors does justice to Cromwell's earnest attempts to get rid of his own despotism and to divide the responsibility of government. He did not succeed and finally gave it up. He continued to live and rule in loneliness, with a knowledge that with his death the whole structure would fall to pieces. There was nothing for him but to hold on as long as he could. There is a tremendous pathos about the last years of Cromwell's life, which neither of these writers has quite appreciated.

As I have said, the value of these books lies altogether in the effect which the tremendous personality of Oliver has made upon the authors. Otherwise, neither of them is so good as the little book on the same subject, written a dozen years ago by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

THOMAS R. BACON.



"Songs and Song-Writers."

NOTHING more luminous and suggestive has been given to musicians and amateurs in search of authoritative aid towards a knowledge of song literature than Henry Finck's able little book, *Songs and Song-Writers*. Indeed, no other writer has occupied just this field, which is not so much a history or compendium of song as a far-seeing selection of what is destined to survive. It is conceived in a spirit admirably balanced between the critical and the generous, and instinct with enthusiasm. Personal preference, when backed by culture and broad knowledge, has an authority of its own, and Finck's fearless partisanship sets the warm blood flowing through the cold channels of criticism. Whether one agrees with his estimates or not, one is grateful, if only for the fillip to one's own hobby. The pleasures of championship lustily combated and upheld are still as ardent in our breasts as in the tourney days.

No part of the book is more sympathetically written than the section devoted to Schubert, the great creator of the "Lied." All through these charming pages we are in touch with a warm, living, human spirit; we throb with his turbulence of invention; we are swept along in the elemental abundance of his inspiration. No one will read this book and not eagerly seek the chosen Schubert songs heretofore unknown to him, nor sing without new feeling those already loved. In spite of the pathetic incompleteness of Schubert's life, so short, so wanting in honor that was his due, one's feeling in regard to it is more akin to envy than to pity, for perhaps the greatest joy in existence was his in fullest measure, the joy of flooding and spontaneous creativeness. "He composed as a well gushes from the mountain-side, simply because he could not help it. Spaun relates that Schubert often kept his spectacles on his nose all night, and as soon as he woke up, without waiting to dress, sat down and wrote the loveliest songs. * * * Six of the fine Winterreise songs were written in one morning, and he is known to have set to music as many as eight poems in one day." And Finck, with his passionate regret for Schubert's unfinished life, says: "Has the reader ever asked himself whom he would choose to be, if a fairy permitted him to change his own brain for that of any person of the past? I have often asked myself that question, and have invariably answered: Franz Schubert."

I think it unquestionable that Finck by no means does justice to that Titan of song-writers, Robert Schumann. What music-lover will agree with him that "only twenty of Schumann's two hundred and forty-five songs are of the highest order of merit"? Incredible, too, is his saying that in a certain volume "there is but one song, 'Er ist,' that rises above mediocrity," when this volume contains "Belshazzar," certainly among the two or three supreme "ballades" of the world. Indeed, I shall take the field against Finck and boldly say that the deeper notes of love are more fully sounded by Schumann and Franz than by Schubert, perhaps because the two former both had deep love experience in their lives, while Schubert did not. A large number of Schubert's most famous songs — as the "Erl King," the "Wanderer," "Death and the Maiden," many of the Winterreise cycle — are not love songs. The inspiration of Schumann and Franz is more tinged by their own personality than was Schubert's, who seems a pure medium of direct revelation, and who, indeed, by that right, has an element of unique delight in his songs.

If Finck writes of Schubert with a sort of spring love enthusiasm, nothing could be more vividly convincing than his admirable exposition of Franz's songs. Can any one sing them without for the moment believing Franz to be the supreme song-writer, so richly satisfying are they to all the emotional and intellectual capacities? "A psychic colorist," Liszt calls him; and Finck says he "paints moods," which is, perhaps, why his almost every song answers some want of our soul.

Those who are not of the Brahms cult will enjoy Finck's frank heathenism, although even to them it may seem that insufficient justice is done to the composer of many beautiful songs. But he hesitates not ("Genius might be defined as the faculty for originating ideas. Form is only the dress for ideas. Brahms was a great dressmaker — a musical Worth. But his faculty for originating ideas was weak.")

In other mood he talks of Grieg, one of his four favorite song-writers, and all who love the wild and poignant flavor of Grieg's truly inspired songs will echo Mr. Finck's unlimited enthusiasm. Another one of his four is MacDowell. Well, "every taste is a taste," as the Italians courteously and impersonally express our brusquer proverb. I question whether the general public will discover the charm that Mr. Finck does in the somewhat inflexible and ultra-serious music of MacDowell's songs; it will more probably turn with unhesitating enjoyment to his masterly instrumental compositions.

A few omissions in Mr. Finck's list one wonders at. Lassen's name is not once mentioned, an incomprehensible hiatus. And has not Francis Korbay's wonderful musical development of the Hungarian folk-songs converted them into real "art songs"? Hans Sommer, too, I wish Mr. Finck had introduced to a public in need of enlightenment; he has written many beautiful and two or three heavenly "Lieder," and certainly has Mr. Finck's required imprint of superiority in being little known.

But let us not look a gift-horse in the mouth! One is too grateful for the real treasure conveyed to all music-lovers in Mr. Finck's delightful volume.

ELIZABETH W. PUTNAM.

"Samuel Sawbones, M. D. On the Klondyke."

OF books on the Klondyke there appears to be no end. Like the poor, they will always be with us, and we have yet to discover the man who muled himself in and out of Dawson without afterwards writing about it. In the majority of cases one is apt to wish that, rather than live to employ them in penning experiences about which we are too well informed, the writer had left his bones and fingers among the modest and retiring icebergs of the Far North.

The work in question, however, is so different from the majority of books on this subject, that a perusal of it by those interested is not only to be recommended, but even advocated. In the first place, the author did not go "in" over the ice (as ninety-nine per cent of the prospective miners did), but bucked up against the mighty Yukon from St. Michaels to Dawson, running the gauntlet, so to speak, of a dozen hungry camps, and finally paying toll to the hungriest of them all.

This experience is interesting enough of itself, but the journey contained others equal to it in every way. It is, moreover, most noteworthy that Mr. Leisher does not pad his book with thrilling descriptions of rapids and hairbreadth escapes from starvation and frost-bite. If he had them he very wisely keeps them to himself, and contents himself with telling things which the average writer would consider too unimportant for narration.

In the Klondyke, more than in any other camp, there were bubbles. The country itself was a bubble; the gold discovery was a bubble; the *morale* of the camp was a bubble; the trading companies were bubbles; the honesty of the officials was a bubble; the N. W. M. P. was a bubble. Mr. Leisher has pricked them all. He has good powers of observation, and used them to good advantage. By turns he is serious, humorous, pathetic and satirical; but every paragraph in his book is written with a purpose, and when he laid down his pen he must have felt fully satisfied that he had "shown up" the Klondyke pretty well. For this alone he is to be thanked.

It is to be regretted that the publishers (F. Tennyson Neely & Co., New York) did not expend more taste and care on the making of the book entrusted to them. There are so many dainty and attractive volumes on the market nowadays, that an author whose book is issued in such cheap and unprofessional style is apt to be the loser thereby.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

An English Woman's Love-Letters.

AFTER all, our English cousins possess a wonderful faculty for what is vulgarly, but not unaptly known, as "going off" over things. In the light of these later days, it is doubtful whether we shall permit ourselves longer to be called the more volatile of the two nations, though we shall still cling to the drop more of nervous fluid allowed us by Mr. Henry James.

The present "going off" seems to occur about a modest little book of so called love-letters, wherein a clever, youngish woman writes frequently to her very Beloved. "Theta" comes into print in the *Academy* to defend the lover's desertion, while "Kappa" follows with passages from the book which, he declares, a decent housemaid would not write to her young man.

The interest of all this agitation rests seemingly more upon authenticity than upon content. The preface is cunningly contrived to compel pity and possibility. But to any one wise in affectional matters—and who but believes himself so—soon come evidences of make-believe. The casket letters repeat themselves monotonously, the shadow of the recipient is but a shade, and as soon as the loveress begins to travel, the *precieuse*, before but dimly promised, stands forth quite full blown. Bits of wise and differential criticism about Italian art may happen in love-letters, it is true, but these are a trifle too Berensonian.

The plain beauty and pure pathos of the letters of the estrangement—alienation the publisher calls it—are obscured for the reader by a sort of mad amaze. One is fairly taken up in wondering what crazy circumstance of even the worst of worlds could keep a sane and living man from the side of the dying girl he once loved and meant to wed. While all the time she has never plead to be taken back, or loved, or anything manly or decent, but just to be told the why of it.

Sweet and feminine as are many of the letters, one has a kind of common feeling as of having been caught in something shabby. To tell the crude truth, if love-letters "come true" they ought to die a natural death on the heart of their recipient. If they are a sham, they ought to be labeled like the false butters in the market.

If, as seems admitted, these were written by no woman, but by three men, they still have caught something of *die ewige weibliche*. As for instance here:

"The matter with you is that you have goodness prevailing in you; a different thing from there being a whereabouts for goodness in you."

"Wish, wish; only wish for something for me to do!"

Of course it is possible that these letters are real. Nothing we can imagine is stranger than the real. We have all known or been things which we can't tell for fear of being committed to Bedlam. In this case it will be the cock-sure critics who will make the food for laughter. This will be of as small moment as heretofore. What will matter is that so soft a heart should die so hard a death.

"The show is specious and we laugh and weep
At what is only meant spectacular."

DOROTHEA MOORE.



"The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland."

THE "human document" is ever of transcendent interest, and this is, probably, why the world never tires of memoirs, reminiscences, retrospections, the memorabilia, in short, of those whose years are at their backs, if indeed years have not for them altogether ceased to be matter of note in passing. Humanity loves life; so I suppose that even any obscure person of our day, with the gift of verbal expression, who should devote it to a simple, truthful setting forth of his daily life and personal interests, would have any number of interested readers a century hence. There was Samuel Pepys, a homely enough vulgar gossip of his day, yet because he set down an unvarnished record of his life and its time, even to the offending of good taste, and the stultifying of good sense, he has become a sort of classic and attained to all the dignity that inheres in full-sheep or half-calf, by sheer dint of the human interest he shut into the pages of his preposterous diary.

But in *The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland* we have a human document of quickest sympathetic import, as well as of high historic and literary value. The book has long been a French classic, but not for many years has any edition of it been accessible to English readers. For a century and more Madame Roland has been a classic figure in the intellectual life of France, and even those outside that country whose knowledge of her and of the part she played in the Girondin movement is of the vaguest, feel, though they may not understand, her impressiveness as a personage. To read her *Memoirs*, then, is to come to a realization of the charm that has made her name a touchstone of French sympathy since that day when she was so senselessly slain by the foes of France in the name of France's good.

To begin with, there is that which quickens the pulse to a grateful sense of the fineness of human possibility in the thought that the *Memoirs*, with their ingenious playfulness, their tender concern for others, their wise and lofty reflections upon the trend of the times, were written during those five terrible months when Madame Roland, a political prisoner on a charge wholly frivolous, was waiting until her accusers, who were as well her judges, should be ready to cut her head off.

There is something sustaining in the knowledge that a human being constituted even as we are, could, with the certainty before her of that terrible end, write calmly, and without bitterness, from day to day, her recollections of a happy childhood, of a studious girlhood, and the reflections of maturer years. She was young—barely thirty-nine years old—when the knife fell that severed one of the wisest heads in France from her slender woman shoulders. Life was sweet to her; she tells us so, and her *Memoirs* show how her own nature and whole habit of thought and conduct could not but make it sweet; but from first to last is not one touch of fear, nor a breath of anxiety for herself, but constant, noble pity and anxiety for those who, she knew, were grieving for her.

She tells us of a poor nun, Sister Agathe, who, in Madame Roland's childish days of convent-pupil-life, was kind to her, loved her and did much to make her happy. In Sister Agathe's old age, when she needed its comfort and shelter, she was forced to leave the convent, and, at the time of Madame Roland's imprisonment, was living in some distressful fashion in Paris. But she sent a message of love and pity to her whom she tenderly called "daughter," a message which moved that noble woman to exclaim, in her *Memoirs*:

"Ye compassionate souls who feel for my situation, cease, sometimes to feel for me, in contemplating the blessings which Heaven has preserved to me. In the midst of their power my tormentors have not the felicity to be loved by a Sister Agathe!"

The *Memoirs* afford many an interesting glimpse of the life, social and political, of the French capital; for Madame Roland, though frankly "of the people," and humbly born, yet won for herself by the charm of her character, as well as by sheer intellectual force, an enviable place among the great and the worthy of her time. Not even the stress under which she wrote down these delightful memories has marred the frank, easy and sustained course of her wonderful narrative.

How great was that stress may be inferred from this significant note which she appends to the record made on a day that she apprehended might be her last :

"September 5. I cut the sheet to inclose what I have written in the little box ; for when I see a revolutionary army decreed, new tribunals formed for shedding innocent blood, famine threatened and the tyrants at bay, I augur that they must have new victims, and conclude that no one is secure of living another day."

The shadow of the guillotine was, indeed, on her very pages as she wrote. Her husband was an outlaw — he killed himself when he learned of her end ; her friends were being hunted like vermin through the land ; but still this wonderful woman wrote on, now playfully, now with deep and patriotic earnestness, again pausing to interpolate a fine tribute to the worth of some one she had known — but always bravely, making her record until a day came when she closed it with that noble cry of a loyal heart :

"I know not any longer how to guide my pen amidst the horrors that devour my country ; I can not live above its ruins ; I choose rather to bury myself under them. Nature, open thy bosom !"

A little later, on November 8, 1793, the end came. The custom of the guillotine allowed her, as a woman, the privilege of dying first, all the other victims on this occasion being men ; but behind her walked an old man distraught with fear of this awful death, and Madame Roland drew back at the steps of the platform, to give him precedence, that his fears might not be augmented by the sight of another's fate. Samson objected.

"Come, citizens," the brave woman said, with one of her charming smiles, *"you can not deny a lady her last request,"* and she was permitted to add this gracious deed to the kindly acts of her lifetime.

ADELINE KNAPP.

SEEDTIME.

*The Painting by William Keith, in the New Church,
San Francisco.*

Brown, silent, patient, wonderful to see ;
Brooding a greater wonder, yet to be ;
Deep-furrowed by the bright plow's searching share,
The warm earth lieth quickened, and aware.
No hint is here of coming leaf or flower ;
A mighty marvel, slumberous in power
It rests beneath the sun, and waits God's hour
To teach our hearts the seedtime mystery !

ADELINE KNAPP.

A Peep into the Vatican Library.

IF one wants to worship antiquity, let him reverently bow down here. In Diocletian's era, before the sixth century, there must have been a pontifical library, for in Tertullian and Origen we find notices of books sent as presents, but we can only surmise its extent. We have, however, exact knowledge of its contents in the thirteenth century, for a contemporary catalogue, written in a clerkly hand, is still preserved.

The library through all these years has shared in the vicissitudes which the Eternal City has sustained at the hands of fate. When the sword of the barbarian pierced the gates, and fire and rapine desolated, the same misfortune was unhappily felt within the sacred precincts of the Vatican. It suffered even in comparatively modern times, as in the sack of Rome in 1527 by the Duke of Bourbon and by the French seizure in the year 1798. War destroyed and tore away; war likewise made restitution. Thus in 1622 Tilly brought the Elector Palatine's library as spoils from Heidelberg; and thus the book plunder of Gustavus Adolphus, inherited by his daughter Christina of Sweden, and later possessed by the Ottoboni family, finally came into the Vatican.

The massive palaces of the Cæsars long ago have crumbled and fallen; splendid specimens of sculpture have been mutilated; immense yet beautifully chiselled marbles have been rent asunder and thrown into the lime kiln; but while solid stone has vanished utterly, such fragile things as manuscripts have survived. How can we account for this, except that savage soldiery and untutored Goth unconsciously recognized their intrinsic value, and paid literature an homage they denied to art!

The treasures of the Vatican are divided (like Gaul) into three parts. The Department of Printed Books, although extensive, is of special interest rather to the student of the manuscript portions. While weak in science and pure literature, it is very strong in theology, in history, both sacred and profane, in chronicles, collections of documents, *Urkunden*, *fontes rerum*.

The Archives, wholly in manuscript, consisting of the correspondence of the Holy See with all parts of the world, constitute an inexhaustible mine of historical information. Governments like England, Germany and Austria keep their agents delving here, and one of these patient searchers has been continuously at work for twenty-seven years.

The Literary Manuscripts are famous the world over. Noted among these is the uncial fourth century Virgil, with artistic Roman miniatures—the only extant work of this kind—in one of which the Souls drinking the waters of Lethe are black (modern ghosts are white). Another treasure is the earliest copy of Cicero's *De Republica*, a fifth century palimpsest. Besides a fourth century Terence, there is an eighth century copy of the same author in a delightful Langobard script, with curious colored pictures of actors.

Among Biblical manuscripts should be mentioned the Byzantine St. Luke (fourth or fifth century), written in silver on violet parchment; the sixth century Acts in gold letters; an Alexandrian manuscript of (probably) the fourth century; and a ninth century gold-lettered Evangelistaria (those portions of the Gospels read in church services) containing curious coarse miniatures.

Important manuscripts of a later date include seven large parchment leaves of Dante, with Botticelli's grand designs, three being in color (four other leaves of this identical work are in the Royal Library at Berlin); the superb Breviary of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, with miniatures by Pinturicchio—collaborator with Perugino, who was teacher to Raphael; and side by side with this rests the Natural History of Decembrius Candidus, embellished with beautifully clear figures drawn and colored by Raphael himself. Wonderful that the master hand which painted the Sistine Madonna would condescend to limn the leaf and the humble worm!

The lover of exquisite bindings finds in the Vatican examples of the skill of all the earlier master bibliopegists. The cabinet of Pius IX, illumined in part by Schmitz' glorious stained glass portrait of the late Pope, contains modern covers (to memorial addresses and the like) of every description. Here the sparkle of jewels, the brilliant luster of enamels,

the glitter of golden clasps, the rich colors of plush and embroideries, present a sight altogether fascinating.

The ordinary visitor sees nothing of the books. He wanders along a twelve hundred-foot "straight away" gallery, between closed wooden wall cases containing manuscripts. He beholds the frescoes, stained glass, wonderful inlaid tables, costly porcelains, charming sculptures, and passes into the grand salon, similarly adorned, but more bizzare in its color scheme. He would scarcely imagine this to be a library, except for the suggestion conveyed by frescoes which represent the part THE BOOK has played in the history of humanity—"Peisistratos instituting the first public library of the Greeks," "Tarquin and the Sibylline books," etc. But if he gains admittance into the manuscripts study room on the same floor, or descends into the Archives and the apartments containing printed books, he sees, perhaps, a hundred scholars of many nationalities zealously absorbed as if they fully realized the brevity of their golden opportunity.

Although of such antiquity, in its management the Vatican library is wholly modern, and every courtesy is freely and cordially extended to properly accredited workers. The generous spirit of St. Thomas Aquinas, as there he sits, majestically embodied in pure marble by Aureli, reposeful yet commanding, seems to pervade the atmosphere and inspire one to patient but most earnest endeavor.

J. C. ROWELL

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Jack's Adventure.

JACK was a happy, jolly, laughing, little fairy who was very fond of playing all sorts of funny pranks on the other children in fairy-land, but as he never did anything really unkind, they all loved him and would follow him almost anywhere he wanted them to. He was as brave as a lion, and not one bit afraid of anything or anybody. One day he said he wouldn't even be afraid to go into the witch's garden, which was just on the western border of fairy-land. The rest of the little fairies dared him to go, and very soon they were all near the hedge which enclosed the witch's domain. Jack told them all to hide behind the trees, and not to speak nor let any one see them, because he could manage so much better alone; but they might watch and see that he went in, and then wait until he came out again.

He sat down on a mushroom and commenced to whistle; all the time he was trying to think how he could manage to get into the garden. All the rabbits and squirrels and chipmunks that came along stopped to play with him, and he asked each one how he could get over the hedge, but none could answer him. Now, this hedge was nothing but thistles and nettles so thickly grown that there was not even a peek-hole through which he could look and see what was on the other side; even a lizard couldn't wriggle through on the ground; and then it hurt so to touch it that he could not break his way through. At last one wise-looking old rabbit came along, and in answer to Jack's question, how he could get into the garden, sang:

Inside the hedge are dragons four;
The witch herself will open the door,
Her anger rising more and more.
Follow your *heart*, and you will see
How hunger and anger most readily
With all kind thoughts and deeds agree.

Then the old rabbit slipped under a bush and disappeared.

Jack said the rhymes over and over to himself, but he could not make anything out of them, except that if he did get inside the hedge there would be four dragons waiting to pounce upon him, and that the witch would come out of her castle door in a very angry mood. Just then the dragons set up a terrible howl because it was noon and dinner-time, and no one had come out to feed them. This awful noise frightened the fairies so that they all ran home; but not Jack. Perhaps they are hungry, he thought, so he picked up a

fairly apple from the ground and threw it as hard as he could. Now, a fairy apple is so small that a great dragon would think it only a little speck flying in the air ; but Jack did not know that, or he never would have thrown it. However, as soon as it left his hands it commenced to grow, and it grew and grew and grew until when it reached the ground on the other side it was large enough for half a meal for one of the dragons. Two more he threw, when suddenly the hedge parted, and there stood the witch, her face all screwed up, she was so angry.

"Hello, old lady!" said Jack, "want an apple?"

To have Jack talk so fearlessly to her surprised her so that for a second she could not speak. Usually every one who came into her presence feared her. Finally she said: "You are a good little boy to throw apples to my dragons; don't you want to come into my garden and help me feed them?" Now, the witch did not think that he was a good boy at all, but she knew that she could not harm him nor change him into any awful monster while he was in fairy-land; she must first get him into her domain.

"I just guess I do," answered Jack, nodding his curly head and stepping toward her. Just then the rabbit ran by singing:

Fearless thoughts, and true,
Things great and small can do.

When Jack's foot was almost on the ground across the border, and the witch was ready to transform him into a griffin, and make him guard the hedge where he could look right into fairy-land, but could not get there, and the dragons were ready to pounce upon him, for they had only had half enough to eat, he stopped and said:

"I don't believe what every one says about you, old witch, that you hurt every one you see. You won't hurt me if I don't hurt you, will you?"

The very idea of their mistress, the old witch, not hurting every one she came in contact with was too absurd for the dragons, and they threw back their heads and shook all over with laughter. This almost frightened Jack, it was so grewsome to see fierce dragons laughing, and he stepped right up to the witch and took her hand. When the dragons saw that they rolled all over the ground, they laughed so hard. As they rolled about, bumping into each other, they looked so ridiculous that the witch forgot to be angry, and she laughed.

The very instant she laughed everything changed. The hedge of nettles and thistles became one of roses, the dragons all stood up straight and were soldiers on guard, and the witch herself was a beautiful queen.

Once long, long, long ago, so long that she had forgotten all about it, she had been a beautiful queen, and she and the king had ruled well and been very happy. When the king died she grieved and grieved and grieved, and forgot to do anything for her subjects until she grew so old and so ugly that she became a horrid old witch, and everything in the kingdom lost its beauty. So as soon as she was happy again and laughed, the spell was broken and everything horrid disappeared.

A. W. COLE.

Picture Memories.

THE big, red volume with *Aunt Fanny's Scrap Book* in gilt letters on the back, how well I remember it! I can see my sister, overcoming her lack of height by means of a stool, reach it down from the top of the low bookcase, stagger across the floor, and deposit it with a thump upon the table under the shaded lamp. Then the chairs were drawn close, heads met above the wide-spread pages, and two small persons wandered away into the land of fairy.

My sister, who had advanced as far as the second reader, third lesson, spelled out the text, but my knowledge of letters extending not beyond the alphabet, I scorned the narrative, and waited with suffocating impatience for the great full-page illustrations. The drawings were done in plain, heavy outline, with broad, flat masses of color. I still recall distinctly the blue stockings of "Jack, the Giant Killer," the wonderful green beanstalk,

the cloak of "Red Riding Hood," the "Sleeping Beauty's" yellow hair. These first impressions of the child's mind have outlasted all subsequent ones. Even Walter Crane's beautiful illustrations can not replace the old "Puss in Boots," nor remove from her pedestal in my memory the first and original "Cinderella," tearing down stairs, her red train streaming, her slipper dropped, the drowsy sentry by the open door, and outside in the peacock-blue moonlight the pumpkin and mice, all that remained of that wonderful coach and six. That book was lost many years ago. May no unhappy chance rediscover it. There is one illusion I wish to cherish to the end.

Close upon the heels of *Aunt Fanny's Scrap Book* came *Dante's Inferno*, made wonderful by Doré's art. To the child it was a step from the conventional legend of folklore to the mystery of one great imagination. That imagination has not yet wholly released me from its spell, but never again shall I feel the thrill of happy horror that possessed me when first I breathlessly turned its pages. There was a fearful but fascinating realism about the boiling lake, the frozen regions, the pits of fire. And the people who had been entombed to roast alive, with only their steam escaping above ground, reminded me pathetically of the camper's method of baking potatoes. Doré I loved, in spite of the dreadful dreams he gave me. I shivered over *The Ancient Mariner*, I browsed through *Don Quixote* in a delicious day dream. The cavaliers were the handsomest, the ladies the loveliest, the horses the most fiery and prancing that were ever shut between the pages of a book. And the landscapes! One in *Don Quixote* is forever associated with Tennyson's "Guinevere," where the Queen and Launcelot

"Rode under groves that looked a paradise of blossom."

I used to hunt for that wonderland of spring, and once I almost found it, among miles of flowering almond trees with a heaven of blue sky overhead.

Besides these pictures that took such possession of my imagination were some of a very different character, that without awakening the thrills, gave afternoons of solid comfort. Among the many, I remember one, *Flowers of Comparison, A Book of the Boudoir*. I loved it as I loved my dolls. It consoled me in hours of affliction. How many afternoons did I spend upon the parlor floor poring over that gallery of large-eyed, purse-mouthed beauties, with satiny ringlets falling over their lovely, sloping shoulders, and all the accessories of these ladies, muslins, pearl pendants, queer arbors, and wooden doves.

Cheek by jowl in the bookcase with *Flowers of Comparison* appeared *Oliver Twist*, illustrated by Cruikshank. It is only within the last few years that I have rid myself of the uncomfortable idea that Dickens' characters were real, and that Cruikshank drew them from life. As a child, these haunted me with greater persistence than the wildest hour of the *Inferno*.

Doré, I said, was my ideal, but one day I opened Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood*, and straightway the earth became a new place. Like most children, I formed mental pictures of people in fiction that were always lamentably shattered by the actual illustrations. Here, at last, was a man who could represent his subject. Here were the foresters whom Scott had made to live in the pages of *Ivanhoe* really apparent to the eye in black and white. How, I wondered, did it happen that Howard Pyle should know as well as I just how they looked. Gone were the enchanted castles, knights errant, and fairy princesses. Here were real men and women with familiar faces, friends I had known in years long past. The very trees were like the oaks behind the mill, the streams were the same wherein I had dabbled my feet. I traveled the trails about the ranch, momentarily expecting to see a green cap start out of the hazel bushes at the next turn. I stared the head miller out of countenance trying to see the resemblance to "Much," the miller's son. No pictures before or since have so entered into my life, and even now I can not set foot in a forest country without subtle hints of them rising between my vision and the actual landscape. Everything was so real in those days! Now the black-and-white critic skims over those sacred pages, points out "the way Pyle produces effects," and the kind of line he uses, until reality is blurred by technicality. Why will he make me see brush strokes and criticize technique? Happy is the child who, looking at a picture, sees only a wonderful story.

LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.

The Challenge

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H. Gaylord Wilshire

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 20, 1901

Vol. II., No. 5

When Rockefeller Owns the Earth

A THEORY.—\$1,000 FOR ITS REFUTATION

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE



ELEVEN years ago I was one of those who were instrumental in starting a paper, *The Nationalist*, in Los Angeles, upon the same lines that *THE CHALLENGE* is now following. I then predicted in its columns, time and again, the inevitability of all our great manufacturing and transporting businesses being forced to abandon competition and to substitute combination.

People refused to believe what they could not see. I was ahead of my time. *THE CHALLENGE*, whatever else may be said of it, is certainly not ahead of its time. The era of combination is here, and here so obviously that I am no longer forced to dwell upon the premise of my argument.

Let me restate my position once more. It is short, and the subject is so tremendously important that it justifies repetition. I say, that owing to certain economic conditions, capital is forced by a natural economic law to congeal in larger and larger masses. That this law is much the same as the law of gravitation. All masses of capital have a natural attraction for each other, varying directly as their mass. The larger the mass the greater and more overpowering attraction it has for other masses. Just as today, while the moon has a certain attraction for bodies, yet the earth having more weight has still greater attraction, and the sun has an immensely greater attraction than the earth. The sun is constantly adding to its mass by the falling of smaller bodies into it, and each addition of this kind makes its force of attraction for the remaining stars and planets just so much stronger. The earth must finally fall into the sun, and when it falls the sun will exert that much stronger attraction upon, say Mars, and so shorten the time when Mars, too, will follow the earth and tumble into the sun.

Now, Mr. Rockefeller is the sun of the Capitalistic System, and each time he adds a dollar to his pile he increases his power to add still more dollars. The richer he gets the richer he must get. If he has fifty million dollars income today, then in twenty years his capital has increased one thousand million dollars, and his income will be doubled. Now that thousand millions must have come from somewhere on this earth. Does

Rockefeller create new wealth? Very little. Most of that thousand millions will come from the transfer of ownership of the existing wealth from the present owners to himself. Did Mr. Rockefeller build new steel works? No, he bought out Mr. Carnegie. Did Mr. Rockefeller build new transcontinental railways? No; he bought out the Crockers, the Huntingtons, and a host of small fry stockholders.

Why should he build new machinery and new railroads when the old is at hand and for sale? Yes, for sale, for sale at a price.

What difference does price make to Rockefeller in the last analysis? The sellers take bonds, take gold, perhaps, which they expect to trade off for some other machinery with owners smaller than themselves. They will themselves play the Rockefeller act upon a small scale. Rockefeller in the meanwhile owning the railroads and the great industrial plants in this country, knows that he has in his power all the men he has bought out as certainly as any old cat knows she has the mouse with which she plays before sending it down the red lane.

He has the railroads, and they have the gold. Very well. Suppose they invest that gold in buying up, say orange orchards here in California. How long will it take Rockefeller to get those orchards, if he wanted them, simply by fixing freight on oranges upon the basis of "all the traffic will bear"?

Suppose, instead of buying orchards they kept their money in bank and lent it to some other fellow who did the investing in orange orchards. If Mr. Rockefeller should put the screws upon that other fellow, would not the lenders be just as much up against it when they took the land under foreclosure, the other fellow being broke, as they would have been if they had invested directly? The rate of interest varies with the rate of normal profits of business. If the avenues of profitable investment are closed, then the rate of interest vanishes.

When Rockefeller buys a railroad he buys for keeps. He is already too perplexed with the difficulty of investing his fifty millions a year to think of charitably helping out another perplexed capitalist by selling him some of his railroad stock.

Each time Rockefeller buys up an industry so much less the chance of another man being able to invest money at a profit. When Rockefeller finally buys up the whole earth, you and I may possibly have plenty of cash, but what good would it be to us? We cannot invest it because Rockefeller won't sell us anything. Why should he sell anything? What good would our money be to him? All he could do with it would be to buy back from us the very property he had just sold us. No, Rockefeller very sensibly, as a business man, will politely say to us that he has nothing in the way of railroads, oil refineries, land, etc., to exchange with us for our money, our gold. We may keep our money, for all he cares. He doesn't want the filthy stuff. Then what will we do with it? We can't invest it, for Rockefeller won't sell anything. And we can not make him sell, and we can't really find fault with him for not selling. However, there is one thing we might do with our money; in fact, it is the one thing we must do with it. We can't "save" it, but we must "spend" it; we must "spend" some of it, anyway, to buy our food and lodging. Rockefeller owns the earth; it is simply as if he were keeping a big boarding-house, and we, the inhabitants of the earth, had to pay him for our board and lodging. It will not be very long before all our money is gone. Rockefeller can charge what he pleases, and we have no other boarding-house to go to. He might simply size up our respective piles and demand the whole thing for one day's board and lodging.

What will we do when we have spent all our money, spent it paying for our meals at the Rockefeller Hotel de Earth? We will naturally seek a job. We might be millionaires one day and the next a pauper, if Rockefeller asked a million dollars for one day's board.

We seek a job. The only man to go to is Rockefeller. What if he doesn't happen to have a job for us? Where will we be then? And how can we really expect getting a job from him? What can he give us to do? We are not expecting charity; we simply wish to sell our labor to him, on the proposition that he will be able to use that labor to his advantage financially. Some of us might find employment as his household servants, but of course that would take in a very small number of us. What we hope in the way of employment is either running the railroads, oil refineries, etc., or in building more such railroads and refineries.

As to the last hope, it is immediately dashed to the ground by an instant's reflection convincing us that there are already more such machinery and railroads now in existence than are profitable to Rockefeller. All we can expect, then, is working the existing machinery. Now, the only reason that Rockefeller would hire us would be because he could sell at a profit what we produced with the machinery which he desires us to run. Then it is seen at once that he would have no reason to hire us. In the first place, even if he did make a profit he could do nothing with it, as he could not invest it without buying himself out. In the next place, if he did begin to perform this silly act, he would find that the only purchasers of what we produced would be we, the

workers, his laborers, and we could certainly not buy any more than we had money to buy with. Now the only money that we would have would be our wages, and our wages certainly would not be unnecessarily high when such a shrewd manager as Mr. Rockefeller has the hiring. He would not pay us any more than we asked, and we certainly would not dare to ask any more than enough to live upon if we had any doubts of losing the job altogether if we asked for more. Rockefeller would probably know better than we did ourselves the exact amount it would take to give us a living—and you may be sure that is all we would get.

The cost of living is the best we could expect in the way of wages. This means that all Rockefeller can sell to us is simply enough to keep us alive. It's all we have the money to buy anyway. It won't take Rockefeller long to ascertain that if he keeps us employed on full time we will produce with the earth's machinery a great deal more than we can eat, more than our wages will buy.

He then will say to us, "I only want you to run that machinery for two days in the week, as I find that in two days you produce as much as you can buy, and there is no use of your producing a lot of stuff that I can not sell. That would be a wicked waste."

We may innocently reply to him that we are quite satisfied to work two days and have a holiday for the rest of the week, but we will be rather disconcerted when he replies that he said nothing about a holiday, or at any rate a 'holiday with pay.' He will pay us for the two days that we work, and that is all. But we say, "Two days' wages won't give us a living. The day's wages now are just sufficient for one day's expenses, and we must have a full week's wages, or we will starve." Rockefeller will say that he is sorry to hear about our starving, but really, although he is very wealthy, still he knows we could hardly expect him to pauperize us by paying us wages when we did no work. That would simply be the most demoralizing kind of charity. No, he is sorry, but he can not see his way to hire us to do work when what we produced could not be sold, nor could he see his way either to pay us wages for seven days when we worked only two days.

That is where we starve if we don't read THE CHALLENGE and find out what to do.

* * * * *

All the foregoing will seem very fanciful to many of our readers. When the foregoing actually happens, as delineated, it won't be so fanciful. THE CHALLENGE has a very large subscription list; it has a still larger number of readers. We have in the foregoing predicted a very revolutionary state of affairs shortly to come upon us. If we are not right we want to know it. We invite replies.

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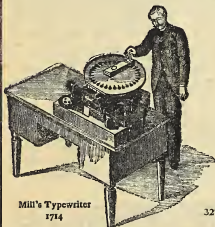
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—Oath of the Athenian Ephebi.

The "Nature Note" in Modern Literature.

IT was Madame de Staël who, when she was once asked to go to some place noted for its beautiful scenery, replied that she would not cross a room to see the most beautiful view that nature afforded, but would gladly cross the ocean to talk with a clever man.

That saying expressed something more than Madame de Staël's personal opinion of the relative interest of these two; in it she really voiced the sentiment of her age in regard to nature. It was an age which believed devoutly that "the proper study of mankind is man," and whose interest was strictly human, in the limited sense of that word. It believed that the whole outside realm of nature, of field and forest and sea, of the wide universe and its worlds, had entity but to form a background for this supreme creation. Just how mean a notion this is for men to hold, is only beginning to dawn upon us; we still incline to regard man as the finest thing made, but we are coming to our senses somewhat about his actual place and significance in the great scheme of nature. What we are pleased to call "the painful riddle of the earth" is still present with us; but we are getting to realize that it is a man-made riddle, not inhering in anything of reality. Some day we shall awake to the fact that man's office in nature is neither the propounding nor the solving of riddles, and that nature herself never does propound them.

There is a very real significance in the present dominance of what I have called the "Nature Note" in modern literature. It is not that the note is new. We have had it since Theocritus' time, and there have always been those who have listened for it amid all the noise of our modern making of many books; but it would seem as though the great majority of readers are but recently become aware of it, and one is moved to inquire why this should be.

Thoreau says somewhere amid the pages of *Walden*: "I now own a library of 850 volumes, written by myself." I think I have the number right; at all events, the "volumes" were the entire first edition of his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac*. They had been returned to him by his publishers because there was no sale for them. Yet a few weeks ago one copy of that edition sold at auction for \$52.50. There is a good deal of interest to be derived from imagining how Thoreau himself would have railed at the whole business of book auctions and collections of first editions, but the fact remains that the *Week* has gone through many editions since that day, when, beside Walden Pond, its writer contemplated what he deemed his "failure," wrote that whimsical note concerning it. And *Walden* itself has become a nature classic, loved by a host, and read from a sense of duty by many conscientious ones who would be nothing than "up" in literature.

We can never have another *Walden*. The time and the conditions that could produce such a book have passed in this country—perhaps in all other countries. We are caught now in the stress of events, and no man may step aside to repeat that experiment, which was of its own place and hour. But of new books about nature there seems no end, and for each there seems a place and a day—some, doubtless, will prove of permanent value. Yet even now the output is so great that one wonders what will be the end of it all.

But what is it that has so aroused us to a sense of our need to know more of the world in which we live—of our brothers in feathers and fur, our friends and neighbors, the plants and trees? For one thing, we have been for a good many years growing away from these, and a very large part of our eager longing to get back to them is really the action of the instinct of self-preservation. We may not be too long from the sources of life without suffering, and we had begun to suffer through our self-imposed exile from nature. One looking over our literature of fifty years ago, even, is struck by its essential artificiality, its ultra sentimentality. That was the era of the juvenile heroine posing as a

woman of the world at an age when our modern girls are still in pinafores; of the shrinking creature whose outfit for life consisted principally of nerves and a shriek, and judging from the scandalized air with which many elderly women of today regard their grand-daughters, the living prototypes of these refined heroines must have been like them rather than otherwise.

But later years have seen a change in this respect. Not alone does modern fiction aim at truth to life, but, because of this aim, our writers have been led back to nature for furtherance of that literary veracity which their art demands. We of today owe as much of our love for nature to Thomas Hardy as to any other one writer. I do not mean to the Hardy of later days, of *Tess* and *Jude*, the "Amazing Hardy," but the Hardy of *Far from the Madding Crowd* and the *Return of the Native*, two books that every nature-lover loves. To Black and Blackmore, and of more modern Englishmen, Watts-Dunton, is our gratitude due for similar service rendered. In this country John Fox, Jr., has done much to show us nature in the blue-grass country. James Lane Allen has given us the unrest and the passion of nature, rather than the hopefulness and the strength that are there for those who come to her simply, and Hamlin Garland's Middle West country seems as sordid and unattractive as his Middle West people. Sarah Orne Jewett, however, has done beautiful things for "the Country of the Pointed Firs," and Mary Hallock Foote can hardly write without making us love the world of nature that surrounds most of her people.

But the growth and the pressure of city life has won us away from nature, and for most of us those of our writers who are truest in their interpretations to her, themselves need an interpreter. To this bears witness the recent report of a Massachusetts Board of Education, which declares that nature study has become necessary in the public schools in order that the children may read intelligently the works of modern writers, "much of whose vocabulary and all of whose imagery expresses ideas and scenes of nature." And this vocabulary of nature, the report says, has become to city-bred children "essentially a foreign language."

We grown-ups feel this, too. We feel that we have gotten away from something of our kind, to which our instinct and our sympathies are drawing us back through books, since we may not win back to the forests and the creatures themselves. It is a wholesome indication, and one that promises much for the future. There is very little danger of nature ever becoming a fad with us until she ceases to be nature. She has a way of differentiating sham and reality, and our return to her, even through books, will do much to avert that evil day predicted by science, when man shall be a hairless, toothless, toeless creature, with limited powers of locomotion.

ADELINE KNAPP.

My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower is to me so much more than stalk and petals. When I look in the glass I see that every line in my face means pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is my experience—I remain an optimist. Time with an unsteady hand has etched thin crooked lines, and, deepening the hollows, has cast the original expression into shadows. Pain and sorrow flow over us with little ceasing, as the sea-boofs beat on the beach. Let us not look at ourselves, but onwards and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field. He is indeed despicable who can not look onwards to the ideal life of man. Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind.

RICHARD JEFFERIES IN "THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER."

Two Lovers of Nature—Maurice Thompson and Richard Jefferies.

ONLY a short two months ago, when I first read *My Winter Garden*, it seemed possible that one day there would be the happiness of meeting and taking by the hand Maurice Thompson, the man who has brought so much pleasure to thousands of readers. There had come to me a characteristic letter from him, rendering thanks for a sympathetic review of his *Alice of Old Vincennes*. Almost it seemed that one could see the man in his dainty handwriting and in his evident pleasure in full and generous appreciation of his work. But now that hope of a meeting is dead and gone forever; for the man who wrote so beautifully of his joy in the warm earth, the trees, the flowers and the birds, has passed into that dark unknown, from which there is no return. Vain is all grief, vain even regret, for in one's heart it is sure as the light and warmth of the sun that all is well with a man who lavished such wealth of love on all who came within his personal influence, and who made brothers of that great public that was thrilled by the music of his words.

It is not easy to set down one's estimate of this man, who, as the world goes, had a successful and happy life; nor of that English brother of his,—opposite in nearly every trait, but so close of kin in his passion for nature—Richard Jefferies. No yardstick can measure genius; no man or woman without a strong gift of imagination finds Thompson and Jefferies alike in what may be called an exaggeration of their emotions of pleasure in nature. But one who has felt even dimly the same rapture of passion knows that these men were pure and honest; that the earth spoke to them as it spoke to the old Greeks, and gave that touch of inspiration which flames in their words and can never die. Well is it for us if we can feel this passion and through it can be renewed spiritually and made young again, can forget, if only for an hour, the burden of care and responsibility, and become as a child again, with a child's joy in the holiday that is just begun and that stretches away in an endless vista of pleasure. This, it seems to me, is the service which Maurice Thompson renders one who comes to him with clean hands and a mind open to impressions of beauty. Doubtless his flitting from ice-bound Indiana to that beautiful, pleasant winter garden on the gulf shore gave the needed flip to his mind and made him enjoy with greater zest the pleasures of his kindly southern home. In no other book will one find this change recorded with greater art, for he says in his modest preface:

A lover of nature and books may feel, while reading these pages, some wafts of a freshness not mine out of which I hope to get due credit for what I have not done. There seems to be no moral turpitude in connection with stealing from the book of the wilderness and the music sheets of the winds. A man's song is his property; a bird's song is the robber's own. If I snatch a sketch from Nature's easel, even before the colors are dry, I go my way refreshed by my theft.

That haunting phrase, "the book of the wilderness and the music sheets of the winds," is a fair specimen of a felicity of phrase that one meets upon nearly every page. It has all the charm of the unexpected, and one may return to favorite passages and read them again and again without any fear that familiarity will find flaws that escaped the eye at first meeting. It is the natural, spontaneous blending of thought and tongue that makes Maurice Thompson's style so rich and so satisfying. Steeped to the lips in Greek and Latin verse, he was yet wholly free from bookishness or any trace of the pedantic. The ancients were to him as brothers, because Theocritus and Meleager and the other worthies saw nature with his eyes. The world was far fresher to them because they knew so little of the burden of the inherited curse of labor; their wants were few, their pleasures many; they felt no shame in the frank expression of their desires; they were as children of larger growth who delighted in the curves of a beautiful human form as much as in the graceful outlines of the lily; who fed their eyes on the pink of human flesh and found in it no touch of impurity. But the ascetics have changed all this, and robbed the modern world of this Pagan enjoyment of beauty of human form in nature or in art. Unclean in fancy, they have left the smear of their impure imagination stretching across the centuries.

Yet, with all the modern limitations, Maurice Thompson gives one an admirable idea of the nearness of the Greek poets to modern life. In a chapter on *A Poet of the Poor*, he

actually makes Theocritus real and living. He tells of reading the old Greek while lying in a hammock, gazing out upon the sea, whose soft roar lulled the senses, while near by were bells of cattle feeding on the hill and the thrilling sharpness of a cricket gave a semblance of the classic cicada. Of the healing influence of Theocritus upon the modern mind, so often engrossed with business cares that the blue of sky and the melody of birds are forgotten, he says:

But out of all the happy pastoral I drew something not to be had of bird, or bee, or flickering waves, or tinkling cow-bell, or from all nature as seen and heard from the hammock. The poet's lines distilled the honey of true contentment and bedewed my soul with it, leaving me no excuse for any of these vague longings and repinings so dear to one who has not everything that the universe can offer.

But one could go on indefinitely quoting from this charming volume, which blends nature and the best literature, as it is seldom found blended in any book. Here, for instance, one gets a wealth of minute information about birds, but conveyed in such a delightful way that it never tires, and along with it are the finest appreciations of Audubon and Buffon, of Montaigne and Izaak Walton, of Tennyson and the modern poets. You can not turn a page without seeing some phrase that is worth remembering, or some touch of nature observation that is as beautiful as it is true. In fine, *My Winter Garden* is a monument of which any writer might be proud, for it will serve to keep green the delightful personality of one of the best of American students of nature.

Fresh from reading Maurice Thompson, the passion that Richard Jefferies puts into his book jars upon the nerves; but after the first shock one feels the deep sincerity of the Englishman who wrote with his life's blood. Tantalus, always reaching out for the cup that always evaded him, is a fitting simile of the life of this Englishman of genius who enriched his country's literature with some of the finest nature studies in the language. Imagine a man with the sensitiveness to beauty of Keats, with Keats' power of expression in prose instead of verse; with a passion for symmetry of form and feature, yet with a marked realization of his own shortcomings in strength and stature and beauty; with hatred of daily task work, yet forced to spend most of his days on labor that he despised; and join to all this the knowledge that he was fast in the grip of that dread disease, consumption, and must one day see all his plans go down before its slow, yet steady approach. That was the martyrdom that Jefferies endured for years, and the only wonder is that his love of beauty burst into blossom above the sordid level of his daily life. The son of a farmer, he hated the toil of the fields. He but changed his form of drudgery, for he fell into the newspaper treadmill, and he spent his scanty leisure for years in the vain effort to write fiction, for which he had no gift. Then suddenly came to him the realization of his powers; but his eyes were opened so late that he wrote always with the feeling that he could hear the tread of the messenger of death. Still in these few years, racked by pain and harassed by want, Jefferies produced a body of work that will keep his name immortal in English literature. In *The Gamekeeper at Home*, crowded with minute observations of country life and sport, he made his first hit, which he followed by many essays on English country life that are small masterpieces of brilliant description. Perhaps the finest of all was that splendid bit of imagery called the *The Pageant of Summer*, which remained in the old magazine files until Walter Besant unearthed it and placed it in a posthumous volume of sketches. Jefferies had the true pictorial imagination which gathers up a score of impressions and blends them into one whole, so full of palpitating color and vital force that it is stamped upon the reader's memory like a real vision of beauty. Bitter it is to think of what this man might have accomplished with the ordinary endowment of health and opportunity; for in that unfinished fragment, *Amaryllys at the Fair*, we have a full-length portrait of an old English farmer that is as fine as anything in literature. The original was his own father, and into it he has put so much truth and quaint charm that it can not die. The power of habit among the older generation in England is shown by the fact that this farmer had worn a hollow in the solid oak wainscot of the kitchen where his head rested every day in his after-dinner sleep. That touch shows the genius of Jefferies in painting real life, and it is an earnest of what he could have done with proper opportunity.

But the finest flower of Jefferies' genius must be looked for in a little book which he aptly called *The Story of My Heart*. It is a prose poem, an autobiography of the soul, a passionate plea for that spiritual power which he regarded as the greatest thing in the world. For seventeen years he turned this book over in his mind. Finally, when the time came, when he felt that he must write it, the words came from him as white-hot metal gushes from the blast furnace. In reading it one feels the scorch of these fiery words of protest against the cruelty of fate, the blindness of chance, the inhumanity of nature. Jefferies never minces words. He was a Pagan who had no belief in any divine providence in life. The iron of drudgery had entered so deeply into his own soul as to give him a gloomy view of life. All that remained was to rise by will power, by "soul desire," as he calls it, superior to the necessities of the day; to triumph over space and time and human limitations, and to feel the burning sun, the warm earth, the flowers and the trees as man felt them thousands of years ago, when he was as strong in body, as fleet of foot, as clear of eye, as fearless of all things as the lion, the hunting lion whose voice carries terror to all other beasts.

Jefferies describes with great power his visits to a hill, an old Roman tumulus, which overlooked the sea. There, isolated from the world, he seemed to draw near to the sources of nature and to get spiritual strength from the sun and the earth. Daily it was his custom to walk two miles to a small hill, on which stood some cedar trees. Under their branches he found inspiration to carry him through another day of drudgery. When he removed to town, he was wont to look out upon some tree and make it the center of his aspirations, or he visited the British museum and enjoyed Titian's masterpieces, or sat in the sculpture room and fed his eyes and rested his mind by study of the Greek statues. Perhaps no better specimen of Jefferies' style and thought can be found than the picture which he gives of Cæsar's head in the museum:

I always stepped aside, too, to look awhile at the head of Julius Cæsar. The domes of the swelling temples of his broad head are full of mind, evident to the eye, as a globe is full of substance to the sense of feeling in the hands that hold it. The thin, worn cheek is entirely human; endless difficulties surmounted by endless labor are marked in it, as the mine blast, by dint of particles ceaselessly driven, carves the hardest material. If circumstances favored him, he made those circumstances his own by marvelous labor, so as justly to receive the credit of chance. Therefore, the thin cheek is entirely human—the sum of human life made visible in one face—labor and endurance and mind, and all in vain. * * * Of whom else can it be said that he had no enemies to forgive because he recognized no enemy? The one man filled with mind; the one man without avarice, anger, pettiness, littleness; the one man generous and truly great of all history,—it is enough to make one despair to think of the mere brutes butting to death the great-minded Cæsar.

It is in such passages as these that one recognizes the philosopher in Jefferies, with mind broadened by his close and loving study of nature. He is good to read, for he is a veritable tonic, and he takes one far from the reek of the town to places where the air is pure and the outlook uplifts the soul. As an interpreter of nature he stands almost without a peer.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

It is enough to lie on the sward in the shadow of green boughs, to listen to the songs of summer, to drink in the sunlight, the air, the flowers, the sky, the beauty of all; or, upon the hilltops, to watch the white clouds rising over the curved hill-lines, their shadows descending the slope; or, on the beach to listen to the sweet sigh as the smooth sea runs up and recedes. It is lying beside the immortals, indrawing the life of the ocean, the earth and the sun. I want to be always in company with these—with earth and sun and sea, and stars by night.

FROM RICHARD JEFFERIES' "THE STORY OF MY HEART."

Walton, White and Others—an Appreciation.

NATURE is inconsistent, changeful and full of fantasies, like a woman. We say of women, "as inconsistent as Nature"; and we hope they are as lovable. Does this new generation that is taught "never to waste time" know how to be the *good comrade* of Nature? The old *English* Nature writers whom we love had time for hours out of doors, unvexed by any sense of haste or compromise. * * * There is "an unconscious poetry, a keenness of observation and sensation, and a sort of abandonment to pure enjoyment of trees and flowers and clear waters in those earlier writings, which to us is unknown." There is just the difference in honest beauty between their writing and *most* of the Nature writing of to-day that lies between a bank of cowslips or fragrant mignonette, and an attractive perfumer's shop. "Nature ees so beautiful as she ees herself. She makes ze happiness of all ze to-days. To-morrow—it shall wait," said an old Frenchman, who lived his todays in this world of rather hard-working care.

In our "pillar" or bookcase of the most precious and cherished among the books that are familiar with reading and love, "nearest at hand," who would not place Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, no *édition de luxe*, but the *oldest* volume you can find? And all of Richard Jefferies—particularly, perhaps, his *In the Open Air* and *The Life of the Fields*, and White's *Natural History of Selborne*, whose pages fairly sparkle with out-of-door freshness. Or Douglas Jerrold, Wordsworth, Pope, Sir Thos. Browne—who writes of "sucking out from the country its inmost soul, and making it stand before me and smile and speak"—or Addison—and none more loved their garden pleasance than he or made more satisfying "pilgrimages" to banks of violets, a spot of field-daisies, or meadows of daffodils and cowslips in his neighborhood; or Andrew Marvell, and they are to be envied who have yet to breathe the fragrance of his garden verse. These are all old friends in the right sort of bookcase for those who "dance along the dingy days" of life with a book.

Izaak Walton loved human nature, too, and a good story. He loved "composures," too. He was attune with it all, a twirk to the corners of his mouth, a tenderness in his eye, and patience in his brain. Nature to him was a being of many facets and moods for his appreciative whimsical consideration, which he turned into deliciously, quaintly classic contemplations and dialogues. To Jefferies Nature was a wide, exquisite stretch of open-air beauty, absolutely simple in its revealing beauty as is some great field of barley, rippling and rustling and undulating in the breeze of a clear day, its grayish green apparently held ever in solution, till the shadow of a cloud swiftly scudding by precipitates it suddenly into a clear, emerald tint, but complex as the myriad hymnal life of insect and flower that is hidden in that field.

A love of Nature is *born*, but it can also be "made," and be a very satisfactory article. Some healing spirit passes into us that makes our pleasures more keen, our cheer more cheerful, our humor more humorous, our whole life more vivid. The "rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure," is the sweetness of Nature that Jefferies teaches. We may sometime learn from him the keen spiciness of content, and serene indwelling beauty of the Nature that surrounds us near at hand, with only her own change of the succession of the seasons. Is there a more sunnily open picture of the commoner things of life, or a more glowing, wondrous coloring and love to all the gay life that blossomed and shone about him, than in his pages? He knew the heart of a child. The story of little *St. Guido* is the most flower-like story of the poetry of childlife—that none but a heart so great, simple and tender could write of the imagery of a child's mind.

There is a singular freshness of spirit in all these lovers of outdoor Nature; and to all who have learned the secret and to whom Nature talks—"when there comes a little wind, and the wheat swings to and fro, the oak leaves rustle, the rushes bow, and the shadows slip backward and forward"—if one heeds, there is music and whispering. The poet Gray used to spend whole mornings beneath the trees, and "grow to the trunk," as he expressed it, "while the trees dream out their old stories to the wind."

First and foremost, *White's Natural History* is a scientific work: just the simple recording of valuable facts as they were really seen or learned. But it is a book that also never fails to charm the *unscientific*, and teaches *kinship* with all outdoor life. An absent-minded, though *delightful* friend, White must have been more interested, when he went to call, in his friend's globe of goldfish "and the amusive birds," and the tortoise. "What a pity the longer-lived animals are not more interesting! A tortoise *may* be a good heirloom, but it is not much of a companion."

Here in California, though we have not blue lakes beneath the trees of wild hyacinths, or streams bordered yellow with the sunshine of daffodils and primroses, or hawthorne hedges in flower, we have our outdoor world all the year round, and, strange to say, on these days of sunshine, wild-flower odor and fragrance, bird-calls and insect life, the whole air is like "the murmuring of a thousand seashells." California — "Etymon of the word worthy to be called *Paradise*," as that fascinating coxcomb, Robert Laneham, would have said,— "and though not so goodly as *Paradise*, for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree."

Though they were, perhaps, unconscious of the Paganism, these English Nature-lovers came nearest to the spirit that was in the heart of the old Greeks, who peopled all their woods and fields, trees and glens, forests and streams, each with their protective genius and un-mortal spirit, and made the all-bountiful earth their Goddess Demeter, and heard the sweetest music that ever came to mortal ears — the pipes of Pan.

We of this feverish century, let us listen to Isaak Walton :

And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in His Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling. Study to be quiet.

A. L. E. H.

"A Garden of Simples."

AMONG the various classes of the readers of to-day, are two, equally intelligent, honest and earnest in their quest for truth, and yet who differ so widely in their belief as to the best methods of healing the sick that a solid wall of opposition seems to have risen between them. To each of these *A Garden of Simples* offers the peculiar power of harmonizing the discords of mortal belief.

To the diseased mind, whose effect is expressed upon the body which it inhabits, it brings the spiritual ozone which animates, exhilarates and heals; while, to the believer in the oft-quoted assertion that for every physical ailment the vast laboratory of Nature furnish an antidote, it presents a pharmacopœia.

It has become the fashion to decry the homely wisdom of our grandmothers along certain lines, and to apologize for their ignorance of physiological facts known today to every schoolgirl; hence, in the opening chapter of *A Garden of Simples*, we are made to smile indulgently at its contents and to wonder, meanwhile, at the ingenuity of the "gude wife" of "ye olden time" who compounded from the most varied and incongruous medley of fluids and solids an *elixir vitæ* suitable to every age, sex and condition of men. We realize, also, how large a measure of her own and her patients' faith must have been added. As the reader progresses, however, almost every string of the harp of the soul is played upon, for each succeeding chapter releases a different chord of sweetest melody.

The botanist, the vegetarian, the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the painter, and the naturalist find each a something new, fresh and suggestive about the objects he or she loves the best.

It is as though, after what we consider a long and intimate acquaintance with a loved one the "unexpected" reveals suddenly hidden charms of whose existence we never before dreamed. One is impressed that the scholarly author possesses the occult faculty of seeing the ramifications of the roots of the rosebush in their dark and sunless bed even while she is enjoying at the same time the fragrance and beauty of the perfect rose.

The product of such homely themes as "The Retrospect of the Potato Family," "The Secrets of a Salad," "Spring Fruits," "Liberty Tea," "Wild Berries," and "Door Yard Shrubs" is not only metamorphosed from the pumpkin period of our superficial

examination to that of the analysis of the minute details of a Cinderella's coach, but the process of transformation is made visible as well.

To write a book which makes its reader realize the innate value and beauty of some "common things"; the microcosm which often lies within the circle of one's arms; the mysteries, ever new, which beautiful, bountiful Mother Nature reveals to the earnest seeker; the winged thoughts from a higher sphere than the mortal, which have come to stay, strengthen and "bring forth after their kind" (if we so desire), and that life is worth living, notwithstanding that its occasional perplexities jostle and fray the fine edges of its satisfactions, is to have achieved a success for which the author, Martha Bockée Flint, has won our gratitude and deserves our congratulations.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Elizabeth and Her German Garden.

NO book of the past decade has had more of the indefinable quality which we call charm than has this one with the quaint and attractive title of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. The anonymity of its authorship is not the least part of its charm — one is moved to hope that this will long remain intact; for, despite the fact that the book has been credited all along a wide range of titled Europeans, from the Princess Henry of Pless to the King of England, its secret is yet preserved. The delightful impersonality of the author is one of the most refreshing things we have had in literature for years, and none but the idle can possibly have any desire to know who "Elizabeth" actually is.

The book is deliciously clever; but that is not all that is to be said of it. Our real delight is in the wholesome nature of its cleverness. Not every flower of present-century cleverness can bear ten degrees of intellectual Fahrenheit and God's winds blowing upon it, but this "Elizabeth's" book does, even as her sturdy, unpampered garden bore the chill frosts and keen blasts of the Baltic country.

For this very reason one wonders why she never discovered the true remedy for that morning condition which she wittily characterizes as "having one's soul in curl-papers."

"Who can begin conventional amiability the first thing in the morning?" she asks. "It is the hour of savage instincts and natural tendencies; it is the triumph of the Disagreeable and the Cross. I am convinced that the Muses and the Graces never thought of having breakfast anywhere but in bed."

Evidently Elizabeth had not yet discovered the full use and value of her garden; for, although she records that she found there, and there only, surcease of morning disgruntlement, it was in the hours before luncheon that she sought its walks and nooks for that purpose. Her real remedy, had she known it, lay in the morning itself; in "a hair of the dog that bit her," so to speak. Possibly if she had gone out earlier that impeccable maid might have found still more in her mistress' conduct to shock her conception of how a well-ordered German lady ought to live; nevertheless, it does seem a pity that "Elizabeth" should never have gotten into her garden while the day was awakening, that her soul might have awakened with it. At half-past four o'clock of a summer morning she would have found the air full of elixir, charged to the brim with subtlest essences of skyey wonder and earthy joy, that would have dispelled the breakfast-table demons and taken the kinks out of her immortal part.

Funny as the book is, the unconscious humor of it sometimes transcends its premeditated wit, as when she soberly laments that she may not, herself, dig in the earth or work among her plants. One is at no loss to conjecture why she might not. There was that maid again, of course; and perhaps another gardener might have gone mad; or she might have soiled her clothes, as she deprecates doing while kneeling to look at her tea-roses. Any one of these facts is, from the German standpoint, good and cogent reason why a lady should not turn over the brown earth, but they all seem funny to a plebeian American mind; and if she only *could* have dug, what a joy it would have been to her!

But there is delightful reason why we should all rejoice that Elizabeth had a German garden; and that the spirit that preserves good things moved her to share her enjoyment of it with the world at large.

ADELIN KNAPP.

"Seven Gardens and a Palace."

S ELDOM since, in the liquid Italian, Italian poets have sung of groves, of silver-throated nightingales, of flowing fountains and of ilex and myrtle walks, to the notes of lute and laughter, has anything daintier been written "in praise of gardens" than the *Proem* of this book, but that is *all* enchantment, a dream of gardens the world o'er; for more definite and practical assistance, which is only half a dreamland in its quaint, delicious realities of old English gardens, the chapters to take with one, when one goes forth to the garden—word itself of what enchantment and what fragrance of thought and memory—are these *Seven Gardens and a Palace*.

One must straightway go forth into partial dreamland, at least, if one would garden properly. "In the garden, if anywhere, is the place where fancy's bred, and there, if anywhere, should be found 'the light that never was on sea or land.'" Year after year your garden may be shaped into form and dignity, even toward the splendid lines of these descriptive English gardens herein put before us (poorly illustrated); but plant, first, for balm and pleasure, only the flowers that you love best, and that bear scent and fragrance. And in *my* garden, I should always have a fruit tree, or several—almond, peach or apple-blossom, for its suggestions of spring-time, and all the simple spring flowers that first "point out the way" in green grass. "Lovelier than all gardens we have known, graced with the far-off charm of the unattainable are they, the gardens we have wished for but have never seen." Keep in mind, if you are landscape gardening, to "try to paint living color-pictures with living flowers."

There are rather many pages in this book that are of scarcely more than local interest, and others we would pass with only a glance; but these English gardens are typical of various kinds, and are full of help and minute detail, delicacy of color, brilliance, and poetry of description. If one could but have *prevision* of what a garden is to be when it has reached full glory and perfection, how many more would be planned and started! Huntercombe is where Mrs. Boyle ("E. V. B.") herself lives; the garden is hers. Dropmore, one of the historic homes and gardens of England, was begun by Lord Grenville only a little over a hundred years ago; even its forest, which has now grown from seeds and saplings into magnificently splendid groves and plantations. It is the dream realized of an imaginative boy. When only a boy at Eton, Lord Grenville used to dream on this Hill for hours, of, when he grew to be a man, the trees he would plant on this spot and the home he would make here. It is part of the joy of the Scotch Walled Gardens, and characteristic, too, of Dropmore, that side by side with the trim, splendid stateliness of the garden there are always spots where wild Nature is allowed to run riot, "for is it not true that Art, even of the best and finest, comes never near to *Nature when in her decorative mood?*"

[In the author's culling of Superstitions and Rose Legends in a Scotch Rose Garden, one of the quaintest of them all was found in an old cutting from some far-back number of the *San Francisco Call*.]

Le gout Anglo-Chinois, as the French (those supreme gardeners) called the English gardening of the day, has been quite avoided in these descriptions of Seven Gardens; also the fantastic topiarian devices, "Adam and Eve in yew, St. George in Box with a tail of ground-ivy, Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea," * Pope, the poet, "a naturalist in gardening," has ridiculed so pungently.

It is the harmony and form in English gardens (such as Mrs. Boyle describes) that so pleases and rests our eyes; they may be simple and natural, yet harmonious and stately. But—you will ask—if we begin to read these *Seven Gardens*, and they are as delightful as you say: "*Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre, plus vrai que le bonheur,*" and how are we to begin to garden cleverly in beginnings, if we remember Italian trellised pergolas, with stone water-jars, with their pure white Annunciation lilies on each side of an endless walk of enchantment leading to a further "vista" of more enchantment; or the rippling and splashing of waters among fragrant, sweet-scented gardens and the old stone seats and balustrades where one leans to look out at the Italian lakes; or lands where

scarlet passion-flowers "burn in drifted fire-spots," and brilliant pointsettias, semi-tropical in their splendor under the silky, rustling bannerettes of the bananas; or the grey-silver olive woods of Spain, with walled towns set like jewels in their midst, and flowers sprinkled over all the land; or even the Dutch gardens in the early spring, when the grass is just greening beneath the feet, their crocuses and tulips and hyacinths; or the roses of Provence, with the scent of orange in the air; or the hawthorne and rhododendron hedges of England.

"The simple magic of color for its own sake can never be displaced, yet a garden in the highest sense means more than this. And the joy of a garden never stales. It may be the tiniest plot that we possess, or it may cover acres of royal extent. No matter whether large or small, it will feed that inner light which is rarely absent from the obscurest life, and which in the greatest shines forth as the creative power of poetry."

A. L. E. H.



"Memories, and Other Verses."

TO each of us there comes a time when the backward glance affords the greatest satisfaction, when the Past is sweet with the memories it contains as the Future is holy with its promise of reunion and God. The truth of this will be brought home to the reader who takes up Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor's latest volume (a book-lover's book in every sense of the word), and studies the first third of its charming contents. Twelve sonnets, gathered under the title "Memories," are devoted to "the days so long ago," and are expressive of a regret which can not fail to win the sympathy of those who know how the hour and the man, and all that one holds dear, must pass.

The next section, the "Heliconian Echoes," contains nine sonnets, either of which will suffice to lure the reader from the haunts of the haggard-faced to the love of the old Ægean — storied Greece. And here, let me remark, the regret will be only with the reader, who will wish, as the writer did, that more of the deathless myths had been therein enshrined. As the author remarks in another sonnet, "Scorn Not the Singer," the world stands in need of its every poet; and the number of those who sing the old songs, and the "old ideals" is few indeed.

In the other sections, "In Memoriam" and "In Meditation," will be found many gems which space alone prevents me from reproducing here. The simple lines on the late Mr. George Bonny, several exquisite thoughts in the opening poem of this section, the first and the last sonnet suggested by Mr. Keith's paintings, the suggestiveness of the setting in the sonnet entitled "Mystery,"—these, not to mention others, are gems to which one willingly returns for a second perusal.

Mr. Taylor's reputation is so well established that it is unnecessary to offer him praise, or even commendation. His translation of the "Sonnets of Heredia," did much to call attention to California's literary ability, and, although I am not acquainted with his other volume, "Moods," that first book and this latest should do more than awaken interest in it and create a demand for everything from his pen. Mr. Taylor expresses his thought chiefly through the medium of the Italian sonnet, of which form of poetry he is as near a master as anyone in the lists to-day. In conclusion, to let him have the last word, I would call attention to this little quatrain, only suggesting with due deference, that you cut it out, memorize it, and then try to live up to it:

WORK AND SERVICE.

Through work and service thou mayst see
The inmost heart of liberty,
And make thy sum of days to be
One fused organic harmony.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown.

WHY should one read a new book? With the tried treasure of the past at his command, why should one accept what may, indeed, prove to be but imitation coin? Perhaps it were better to follow the example of a contemporary wise man and set apart a time in the calendar of each recurring year for the re-reading of Homer, Vergil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and those two singers of less distant place and day, Tennyson and Browning. Surely one could not employ his literary hours more profitably. And yet there is no need to disown the present in order to do full justice to the past. The feeling that the past alone is worthy breeds nothing but scholasticism and dries up the creative springs. The prevalence of this attitude is alone responsible for the barren periods of history. The men of those times thought that nothing worthy could come and nothing worthy came. We call the creator a genius. The genius is one who thinks he can do and therefore does. If one has not the faith that the promised land is still ahead, he will not spend himself—but, having it, who dares to say what great new deeds may not at any time burst forth, unequalled in the past! If one scorns the new book he may long miss the godly labor of a fellow man and fail to catch his work warm with the heat of its nativity. In the year 1897 an English schoolmaster died—

“And left the world a high-piled, golden drift
Of verse: to grow more golden with the years,
Till the Great Silence, fallen upon his ways,
Breaks into song, and he that had Love have Praise.”

—W. E. Henley, *In Memoriam*, published in the *New Review*.

Three of his old friends collected the dead man's poems and the old-established house of Macmillan & Co. thought so highly of them as to publish them in an edition uniform with the works of the great English poets: Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Arnold, Lowell and Tennyson. Since its appearance this volume has been hailed as the work of a major poet. It has been enthusiastically reviewed in the chief literary journals of England, and the demand for it has already become so great that booksellers have much difficulty in supplying it. One need not hesitate to say that it contains the most considerable contribution to English poetry which has been made since Tennyson. Indeed, Mr. Brown's friends used sometimes to shock the partisans of the latter poet by declaring that “for power, Lord Tennyson was not comparable to Mr. Brown.” And in expression he employed the form of Browning with greater success than Browning ever attained, while in content he chose the worthy task of transporting one into the presence of the illimitable God. If it be, indeed, the mission of the poet to glorify human life, by vivid flashes lighting up reality—to reveal by his keener vision the harmonic whole of being—to gather and bind into perfect sheaves the ungarnered grain of many fields of experience, to write down the music which seas, stars and men make in the eternal orchestration, then was this man a poet, and in his words one may find strength, youth and exaltation.

They spread a glory round
As of a soul that hath the secret found.

He had

“a free
Far-glancing, luminous utterance, and a heart
Large as St. Francis's.”—W. E. Henley, *In Memoriam*.

He was interested in all things and wrote of all things and of each class so successfully that it were absurd to describe him as nature poet, religious poet, or poet of the plain people, for he was all of these in one—human poet par excellence.

“Hast thou a cunning instrument of play,
'Tis well; but see thou keep it bright
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may
Be ready day and night.”—*Collected Poems of T. E. Brown*, p. 732.

He was a Manxman man who loved the primal, unaffected life of his fellow-islanders and sang of it. Note his aim in writing *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, as expressed in the dedication to the second series :

" Dear countrymen, whate'er is left to us
Of ancient heritage—
Of manners, speech, of humours, polity—
The limited horizon of our stage—
Old love, hope, fear, —
All this I fain would fix upon the page ;
That so the coming age,
Lost in the empire's mass,
Yet haply longing for their fathers, here
May see as in a glass
What they held dear —
May say, ' 'Twas thus and thus
They lived ' ; and, as the time-flood onward rolls,
Secure an anchor for their Celtic souls."

—*Collected Poems of T. E. Brown, p. 328.*

They only who have a passionate enthusiasm for human beings, who ever find the ways of each single individual man strange past finding out—who look upon their fellows as actual impersonators of the Deity, and study their least doings, as oracular of God, will love the poet of fishermen best, for they will have his interest and will not find his simple dialect confusing.

If you would sample his poetry of nature hear this description of "The Bristol Channel" :

I.

The sulky old gray brute !
But when the sunset strokes him,
Or twilight shadows coax him,
He gets so silver-milky,
He turns so soft and silky,
He'd make a water-spaniel for King Knut.

II.

This sea was Lazarus, all day
At Dives' gate he lay,
And lapped the crumbs.
Night comes ;
The beggar dies —
Forthwith the Channel, coast to coast,
Is Abraham's bosom ; and the beggar lies
A lovely ghost —*Collected Poems, p. 668.*

Or in another mood read this :

O God of Heaven !
These are Thy gifts, to all Thy creatures given —
Love, laughter, light —
'Stablish the ancient right,
O God, and bend above them all Thy brooding arch —
Dove, blackbird, goldfinch, larch ! —*Collected Poems, p. 688.*

To quote more is impossible, but read, read, read *Old John, Wastwater to Scawfell, Roman Women, Ibant Obscuræ, The Organist in Heaven, Xrisma, My Garden, Israel and Hellas, Social Science, At the Play, the Narrative Poems*, etc., etc., for the list is far too long to be given here. They are all good—read them all. You will not fail to do so if you once begin, for there is something subtle and penetrating in the work of this poet by which he forces one to read him, not for culture, nor for gain or social approval, but for pure poetry alone. And, more, though dead, he makes of private men public protagonists who know no greater duty than to secure for him an universal audience.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

Out of Doors — A Camera.

DEAR L : — The instruments of Photography *are* mechanical. How do we interpret Nature so sympathetically? you ask. Your question has touched the very *root of things*. I am glad that was your query. Had I a fund of exhaustless expression how my answer would pour out to you from the depths of my heart! I love my work, I love Nature, and the feeling is innate.

Hours pile up into days during my many walks and explorations. Each moment of the time is filled with new enjoyment often amounting to excitement. The world is so full of beautiful wonders that I find myself stopping here or there where the revelation is fullest. I wait to feel the touch of complete comprehension. How dare I abuse or misinterpret the gift of nature lying before me! Sometimes a cord is touched in my soul, and *then* I know mine is to be the hand to catch and hold the mystery which waits but a little time, — *my* moments of intuitive understanding may fade away. Oh! the stumbling-blocks, the often bitter disappointments and distrust of self! But, then, how many are the rewards! Am I not repaid a thousand-fold? The picture is as much *mine* and a part of *me* as if it were placed by my color-soaked brush upon a canvas. I know when and where and how to fix it upon the sensitive plate. I could never do the same again, and no one else could — it is *mine*.

This pursuing and capturing gives me a consciousness of power. I have been uplifted to a point above the sordid. My soul has gone out in answer to the call of humble, wordless things of Nature — a furrowed country road, with its homely surroundings; the misty, fresh-turned earth, bathed in shadow or sun; the gnarled and wind-twisted trunk of a tree, so simple, gray and unnoticed — a companion of somber rocks and rolling sand-dunes. From my vantage-ground I hear their voices quietly calling for notice and understanding as I go along my way, camera in hand. Humility in things of Nature seems to touch a responding cord in mine; it plays a tune of sweetness and rest I never could sing in human strains. The song is heard faintly beneath the whirl of outer things, but it gathers itself into the deep-down storerooms of my heart. Moments such as these are sacred. The woods are crowded with never-ending beauties, all speaking or singing in exquisite harmony.

Searching for a picture has opened my heart and taught me a new language, the most important words of which are Love, Humility, Sympathy and Understanding. This gentle speech of the *little things* in Nature has given me a greater comprehension of big and glorious things. It is from the unobtrusive we get the greatest joy; they make life the more worth while, for we may pick them up and carry them away. A pool at your feet full of reflected greens; a grassy bank and feathery tree merging its colors, without line into the sky beyond; a few undefined clouds that seem to come at your beckoning — all these and a host of other things will make you the joyous possessor of a picture, in memory or in fact — which will give you never-ending delight; and all because of their simplicity and truthfulness, and because each are perfect bits of the Nature you love. How my standards have changed! What pleased me last year now seems weak and almost inadequate, for memory still holds the beauty fresh of the living spot. I did not make all that I should have of it, from my to-day's point of view. Hopes, failures, excitements and disappointments have given me a greater skill and a clearer heart-sight. *Nature* was as beautiful then, but *I* did not fully comprehend. To-day sees me plume myself for the consciousness of developed knowledge, control and appreciation. And so I go along my way learning and striving, hoping and failing, now and again thrilled with the feeling that *I* have caught a message of Nature and have interpreted it in its true language. Shall my next year's backward glance upon the attainments of to-day be from greater heights? Yes, I know it will be so, but I rest content in the joy of to-day, and hope without fear for next year's benign superiority and comparison. But no shadow is cast across the hours' accomplishment in anticipation of coming standards. I am one of Nature's close friends. Often has she "stretched out her dear hand to touch the spot that hurt." Often has my laugh been echoed back with laughter of her own. I love her; I study her; I watch her many moods. My work takes me abroad to work hand in hand with her. Am I not happy to have such a path to tread?

Yours,

I. W. P.

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Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published a graphic narrative of ten months' experience as a prisoner of the Filipinos, by Mr. Albert Sonnichsen, who went out with the second expedition as quartermaster of the transport Zealandia. On his arrival in Manila he joined the Utah Battery, and while on a visit to Malolos with a comrade was arrested as a spy by the insurgent troops. Hostilities between the Americans and Aguinaldo began a week later, and for ten months Sonnichsen, with other prisoners, was hurried from town to town as Aguinaldo retreated northward. His story of his experiences and final escape is told with remarkably fresh and convincing effect, and throws much light on Filipino character. For sale at all bookstores. With author's portrait. 8vo. \$2.00. ❖ ❖ ❖



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IN "Fancy's Following," by "Anonods" we find an anonymous book rescued from oblivion, solely for a few, airy, delicate, simple songs that seem to have been sung by some one steeped in the calm of a content that dreamed of the echoes of a world of strife and suffering. "Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair," is a prose poem of that land of Nowhere in which William Morris constructed, from his fancies of head and yearnings of heart, a life that was lyric in its every impulse and action. "Empedocles on Etna" is another book, done in Kelmescott fashion, worthily presenting, even though, in type, a little too warmly, the hard, icy, Arnoldian, pedagogic conception of poetry as poetry, and particularly of the fine myth of the man who was in love with immortality. In two volumes Mr. Mosher has provided by all means the most beautiful edition ever known of Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," — that "winter's dream when the nights are longest" — with an old-style type, ruled pages, rubricated initials, and simple, but rare, headbands, tailpieces, etc., with a final note by Richard Le Gallienne and a "Foreword" by the editor of the *Mirror*. Barring the "Foreword," the writer of the "Foreword" can truly say, here, that no lover of the exquisitely stylistic Walter Pater will fail to appreciate this edition of the great sensuously-spiritual modern classic even at the price of \$3 for the Van Gelder paper, or \$25 for the Japan vellum edition.

"The Poems of Master Francois Villon," translation, by John Payne, is another treasure rescued by Mr. Mosher's reproduction, from the limbo of the

introuvables. Here we have the most authentic life of the greatest, first, French poet to sing freely in his mother tongue, the poetic Testaments, in which the poet and housebreaker and homicide and singing *souteneur*, who was once sentenced to be hanged and many times in jail, makes comic bequests to the vagabonds, clerics, wantons, bravos, and picturesque ruffians generally, among whom his sad, bad, mad, glad life was passed, the haunting "Ballade of Old-Time Ladies," with its immortal inquiry for the whereabouts of last year's snows, the poignantly beautiful ballade to the Virgin Mary, made for the ruffian poet's mother, and other dainty verses of a peculiar quality of sadness often hidden under the most absurd rollicking. Mr. Mosher has cut out the too frank verses in which the Fair Helm-maker Grown Old describes her faded bodily charms, likewise the tremendously coarse invective of the "Ballade of Slandrous Tongues," and all of the realism, more terrible than Zola's, in the poet's description of Meg, with whom and upon whose sin he lived. These expurgations aside, the Mosher edition of Payne's translation of Villon is the only one, that an English reader can obtain, that will give any satisfactory idea of the quality of that unique genius who flourished in laughingly brilliant shame not so long after the day of Joan of Arc, and not long before his literary kinsman, the mighty and, at times, even more mephitic Rabelais.

The conclusion of this graceful review will be printed in May "Impressions." A complete catalogue, in itself a beautiful brochure, will be sent by T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, or by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

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Fairy Number

May, 1901

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ANNOUNCEMENT

FICTION is to be the subject of JUNE IMPRESSIONS.

Mr. W. C. MORROW will write of "The Fiction Writer's Responsibilities"; Miss ADELINE KNAPP will treat of "The Crime School," with some remarks on "By Gosh Literature"; "Magazine Fiction" will be considered by Mr. A. I. STREET; other articles of general interest and of special review will be contributed by Mr. JACK LONDON, Prof. T. R. BACON, Dr. DOROTHEA MOORE, Miss BERTHA MONRO RICKOFF, Mr. LORENZO SOSSO, Mrs. W. G. MORROW and others.

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The Child Heart

*THE child heart is the wise heart;
My maid with the shining eyes—
Grant you may know, as the fleet years go,
Why the child heart is wise!*

*The child heart is the strong heart;
An' life be short or long
Grant it may teach, ere the end you reach,
Why the child heart is strong!*

*The child heart is the pure heart;
Its purpose shall endure.
Grant you may keep, till you fall asleep,
The wise, strong heart and pure!*

Adeline Knapp.

Faerie Lore.

ONE are happy in this world," says Damodara, "save beings who enjoy freely a wide horizon." The truth of this granted, then is not the wide horizon the thing that we should seek, both for our own growth, and for helpfulness to the children?

We have had a season of maligning the imagination — of wallowing in facts — like that very rich man of whom it is written that he made a bath of his gold and rolled in it. The only objection to a man's doing such a thing, if he wants to do it, and has gold enough, is that this is not what gold is for. Gold is not cleansing — despite popular fallacy — and neither are mere facts — also despite popular fallacy. Gold is not a true value; it is only valuable for what it can procure for us of true values; and so facts are only of value for the use we can make of them to procure the more tangible things of life, those of the spirit and the imagination.

I was caught, some time ago, by a practical mother, teaching nonsense to her small son:

"Cusha cow bonnie, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk."

Thus was the young mind being perverted.

"I don't like him to learn such things," was the prompt rebuke; "it gives him foolish ideas. What could a cow do with a gown of silk?"

Sure enough; and yet, what *couldn't* a purple cow, for instance, do with a silken gown?

It is not nonsense that hurts the child's mind so much as it is inanity and foolishness in what he reads. Children are very literal, as a rule, and have but small sense of humor. It takes the broadness of nonsense to provoke what little humor they have into action, but there must be real brightness in the nonsense or the literal young mind will be quick to condemn it. Of clever nonsense one need never be afraid. The child knows, better than we think for, that it is not to be taken seriously, and he can not learn too soon that much in this life of ours is not to be taken seriously. The earlier we each learn this lesson the more of folly and of sin we shall be saved from.

It seems a pity that the modern tendency is to look askance at myths and fairy tales. The myths and the folk-lore stories belong peculiarly to childhood, and are good for it. We ought to find one proof of this in the eagerness with which very young children listen to them. It may be questioned whether they take them in; it is doubtful if the primitive folk who made the myths understood the great truths on which they rest. Yet the myths expressed the child-race. They are a part of our groping up toward truth, and may easily be, still, the nature-method of bringing the child-mind in touch with the faith that underlies life.

So, also, with the fairy tales. Most of these are not inventions, but growths. What are we to suppose has kept them alive, through the ages, if it be not some inherent vitality of their own? A factor of this same vitality is not far to seek; the old fairy tales are in line with life. This is more than can be said of much exemplary recent literature for children. Even *Jack the Giant Killer* and *Red Ridinghood and the Wolf*, so condemned of modern moralists, are better than half the child stories of to-day, even in their ethical teaching. A child is not so likely to be made disobedient or a liar by the story of Jack as he is to learn a lesson of life as fundamental as the need for truthfulness and obedience. He knows, just about as soon as he knows anything, that disobedience and lying are wrong.

He is not half so easily fooled by bad examples of this sort as his more specious elders are. But the real lesson of this story is that he who strives, and trusts, wins the day ; and he can not have too many such lessons. We grown-ups are apt to read too much of our own wrongfulness into the old stories, and to forget the innocence that defends the child mind like an army with banners.

The free enjoyment of a wide horizon depends, in a large measure, upon the extent of one's culture, the vitality of one's imagination. We should be glad that the schools are learning how very bad it is to starve the childish imagination as it has been starved of late years. Teachers are bringing more riches from the world's literature to children than of old ; they are taking the children to nature, to study life, rather than facts about life. We are learning what a great moral and social amalgam lies in a common knowledge of what is beautiful and vital in the wide range of human expression, and one result of our learning this is that in some schools the old fairy stories and myths are actually taught to the children.

Beauty and vitality the fairy stories have. They help young minds to form judgments on life, and, even in translation, as we must have most of them, they are such good literature ; because so universal, belonging really to no language nor people, that they tend to form and to purify taste. They feed the imagination and take it out of self, setting it free to wander in a world full of the good joys of life. The free fancy does not lead a child into mischief, but away from it. It is the fact-crammed mind that can not fly, and that is too cock-sure to imagine that it can possibly walk into wrong.

For my own part, I am not sure that imaginative children, wise in fairy wisdom, do not know more and see clearer within their range than we do within ours. They are nearer to nature than we are, and that means nearer truth ; they are further from absolute facts, and that means further from falsities. For the trouble with absolute facts is, that set up in the foreground, as we are apt to set them up, they cut off the view and the broad horizon. We, too, need to go with the children into the wide realm of fancy and learn to know the good delight that lies in fairy lore.

ADELINE KNAPP.

The Fairy Queen.

I.

*The fairy queen, in her bedroom white,
Was getting ready to spend the night,
When a fairy came riding to tell the queen
That an army was gathering out in the green.*

II.

*The army was gathering to fight the king,
And this is the song they all did sing :
"We're going to fight the king so brave,
And we'll cover him over like a wave."*

III.

*But they did not conquer the king so brave,
Nor did they cover him like a wave ;
For the king so brave, he conquered them all,
And then he celebrated it with a ball.*

MIRIAM CLAPP

Age ten years.

The Fairies I See.

THE woods are full of wild-flowers and ferns which form fairy bowers in which my fairies live. Many a time I have planned a dainty house for one of my fairies; for instance in the columbine's cardinal cup, with the wind whispering sweet dreams in her ears, and the bird families talking over their next year's plans or some new hatched eggs. My fairies would never quarrel, but would lead merry peaceful lives, painting the butterfly's faded wings or brightening the robin's red with bits of the rainbow mixed in a cowslip's cup.

My fairies love to be useful in helping others out of trouble. On Midsummer day each fairy picks out the history and life of a certain bird to study and think about, and one day I saw one of my fairies watching and studying a small canary, who was courting a wee lady in a very sweet way. The lady bird did not seem to like it; for she threw back her delicate head as much as to say:

"I'm not used to this sort of thing and I don't think I like it."

When it came to this my little fairy could not help smiling, so she gave a skip and landed in a trillium's cup, and coming from that trillium I heard a soft rippling sound which I knew was my fairy laughing to herself. You very seldom see two of my fairies together. They like to do their good works without being praised or having them talked about. Their little call in time of trouble is:

*A wee little elf
Who has thought of herself
Needs a little help, heigho!*

The pleasantest time in my whole life is when I am with my fairies.

MARJORIE SLATE

Age twelve years.

Concerning Fairy Tales.

THE spinner of fairy tales — those gossamer-like fancies that float daintily above the mass of the literature of the commonplace — writes for an audience of diminutive people, yet essentially critical; for, the child, being spared the rubbish that is ground out for the adult, is more apt to appreciate the quality of that which is offered than is one who reads everything and takes pride in remembering nothing. It is not claimed that the child is appreciative of style, which, after all, is but the Sunday clothes of thought; but, until all idea of romance is knocked out of him in the public school, the average youngster is quick to respond to a good tale, and to recognize in the teller an imagination which must in every way be equal to his own.

The child, moreover, is a natural idealist, and desires only the beautiful, the simple, and that which, being good, must be the natural reward of goodness. At the age of ten the fairy godmother is not an impossibility; the charming princess, the magic lamp, the wishing stone, and the invisible cap — these are trifles within the grasp of any well-mannered minor; and, although they may be offset by the black cat with bristling fur, the witch with a hooked nose and a long crutch, and other forms of fanciful unpleasantness, the youthful reader knows well that the end of all things is harmonious, even as his or her daily existence ends in bread and butter and a bed tucked in by mother.

It is for this reason that the fairy tales of Andersen are greater favorites with children than those of the Brothers Grimm — the somber-colored and brooding temperament of the Germans, as manifested in their stories proving less attractive than the homely and exquisitely delicate fancies of the Dane. It is herein that the child's critical instinct manifests itself repeatedly through successive generations; and it is only later in life, when we take the first downward step, by "going into trousers," that degeneracy asserts itself and the horrible stands a chance of being appreciated.

The value of the fairy tale can only be estimated by considering the life of an adult in whose mind the power of imagination has long been strangled, and to whom nothing

appears of value except a rise in stocks or a temporary depreciation of a coveted piece of real estate. Beside this creature we have merely to place the boy or girl listening for the first time to the *Tin Soldier* or the *Little Match Girl*, and we shall immediately perceive what imaginative appreciation can do towards making life golden-hued. To the one the dream is over ; to the other it is just beginning. It is eternal sunrise with him.

There are parents, no doubt, who claim that it is folly to feed a child on such literature ; but the stories of Hans Christian Andersen will never lead one astray. If anything, they are more likely to so train him in the ways of virtue and honor that the temptations of a later day will be successfully coped with. My favorite edition is one issued by Truslove, Hansom & Comba of New York. The book is a small quarto, and is illustrated by Helen Stratton, a well-known English illustrator, whose exquisite line work is an illumination of a particularly choice text. An introduction by Dr. Edward E. Hale is also a noteworthy feature about this edition, which should be in every home library.

It is given, fortunately, to a few people to enjoy equally with the children these charming prose idyls of the what-might-have-been. Whom Fortune favors not, Age is sometimes good to ; and while the proteges of the former may count their dollars and worry over the hungry solicitude of blood relations, those who are not so situated may sit by the fireside and re-live their childhood by poring over the pages of a well-thumbed copy of the *Father of Fairy Tales*. It may not be an occupation remunerative from the point of view of a banker or his "poor relation," the pawnbroker ; but, then, the banker and the pawnbroker died while yet young, and what you see walking along in those clothes is nothing but a bag of bones. The soul is being taken care of elsewhere.

But to you, as you sit by yourself and read, the task will prove well worth while. You will forget the butcher, the baker, the tailor and all others to whom you may unfortunately be indebted. You will become acquainted again with *Thumbelina* and the *Snow Queen*. You will envy the possessor of the *Goloshes of Fortune* and the *Tinder Box* ; and, whether you believe in this fad of Imperialism or not, you will interest yourself in the wanderings of the brave *Tin Soldier* and his ill-fated love affairs. You will rejoice when the *Ugly Duckling* becomes transformed into a graceful swan, and you will weep over the fate of the *Fir Tree* and the poor *Little Match Girl*. For an hour, at least, you will live in a fairy world, where conditions are never for long unpleasant, and where no one is boastful of being good. As you close the book, your life will pass in review before you — a glorious pageant of stolen holidays and acquired jam, of whippings and slippings, of old dogs and birds' nests and favorite dolls, of parties and picnics, and everything paid for. The memory of hopes and aspirations and endeavors, the voices of those long silent and the faces of others long dead will come to you again, and, as you lay the volume away, you may sigh. But only the silent and ever-present witnesses to your actions will hear you ; and it is better, far better, to sigh and to remember than to smile and to — forget !

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

The Fairy Tales of Hans Andersen. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. Truslove, Hansom & Comba, \$3.00.

I.

*The fairy king was in his bed,
For he, that day, a hunt had led.
He lay on the rose leaves soft and red ;
They made a sweet and fragrant bed.*

II.

*His fairy queen beside him lay,
She, too, had ridden far that day.
She lay on rose leaves soft and white ;
It was a sweet and dainty sight !*

MIRIAM CLAPP

Age nine years.

A Spring Preachment.

FROM this watch-tower of mine I see the Spring leaping in great bounds over the hills and into the city, for to me it always seems that the Spring, in her shyness, comes first to the fields and meadows, and later, growing in confidence, makes strides citywards. My very spirit soars at the sight, and I welcome it with feelings akin to a bird, by some providential hand, let suddenly loose from bondage. Oh, this delicious Springtime! and the utter, absolute, all-absorbing joy of it—a joy not unmixed with restlessness, however, for what one of us, cooped up within the city confines, does not yearn to break down the barriers and wander afar, aimlessly and endlessly, too, for that matter. "Shut in" that I am, I must needs content myself with visions, and my scant brain bursts with unsatisfied cravings for the feel of tired limbs stretched out to the full length on the sweet, uncropped grass with the senses swimming in the nearness to nature's heart. To have within picking distance some quaint "johnny-jump-ups" and buttercups, weighted and freighted with their golden cargoes, all curiously and fearfully awaiting the invasion of "Arcadians and Olympians" (gentle-handed ones), to pluck them from their native strongholds and establish them later where unheard and hitherto undreamed-of sights and sounds would greet their wondering eyes. Poor little, wee blossoms! so soon to die of their wonderment and homesickness, and why should they not pine, wrested from their great care-taker? Ah, me! it is not only the little flower-heart that craves Mother Nature. We, too, sicken and pale if we stray too far from her loving embrace.

Strange how few of us realize that dependence and give ourselves up, totally and absolutely, to the exquisite pleasure that comes from a day's communion with "grass'n things." The mere thought takes an ounce of sordidness from an all too commonplace existence, and the experience itself! why it must bring a mental attitude to keep one on the heights for a long month. This exalted altitude is a state to be strenuously sought after, and, when caught, clung to with ardent hands, for, is it not the very essence of religion—this sublimity of spirit?

One's soul can take to itself wings and speed away on a sunbeam—any sunbeam that transfigures a field-daisy or a cowslip; so it behooves us, does it not, to cultivate soul flights by the simple and charming process of placing ourselves in the proper environment and atmosphere—this rejuvenating Spring atmosphere, for instance. O, the buoyancy and freshness of it—enough to blow away the megrims of the entire world.

I have always fancied a garden a place in which to grow young. If we could but bring more of it into our city lives—into the infinitesimal space allotted us. The buffeting winds would doubtless discourage the hollyhocks and sunflowers, and the tall, waving, graceful stalk growths, but one could expand in the smiles of the blossoms that keep their heads near the loving earth—the dear, low-grown blossoms that we love to kneel to. Are there not a multitude of them to charm the eyes and cause one to marvel at the Infinite Mind who fashioned so richly for our delectation?

And the Spring is the season for the greatest wonderment. There is such an embarrassment of riches on every hand—one can hardly pick out a flower favorite. As for myself, I have made my final and ultimate choice. Before all others—before the winged sweet peas that wind their tendrils around our hearts—before the none too modest tulips, the heavily fragrant hyacinths, the saucy black-eyed Susans and the field flowers in their pristine freshness—before all these come the daffodils, in my humble estimation—the satiny daffodils, with their golden-toned bells that ring and chime to the whispering breezes. I think it one of the pleasurable duties of the flower fairies to tug at the stem-like bell-ropes, and hence the continuous chiming, audible only to those of us who *would* hear, mark you.

Yes, my life-long flower-love, the daffodil is! I have chosen, and it can not be otherwise.

Sometime, in the dear days to come, it is my plan and fond hope to have a waving, nodding bed of them with which to bless my eyes and feed my heart, and if, perchance,

there should be in the near distance an orchard tree or two slightly bowed with a dusting of pink snow, then would not my Spring be a paradise where a Peri might enter, were she stainless or not?

Yea, verily, the Spring is the time of times when the sap runs upward, filling us with fresh inspirations and aspirations. It is, indeed, the time of "tender opening things and green, illumined grass." Rouse yourselves, brethren, and haste ye to its fleeting joys.

ELOISE DAVIS.



Wanted: A Fairy Godmother.

*THE*RE once lived a very rich prince, who, in spite of his wealth, was not in the least proud or selfish. He was a great favorite of the king and the people, and therefore when a little daughter was born to him, there was great rejoicing in the city.

And now the time came when the beautiful baby was to be christened, but the prince was very unhappy because his wife had once done something that had displeased the fairies very much, and the prince was unable to obtain a fairy godmother for his little daughter. He knew of only one way, and that was to let the girl, whom he had named Winifred, marry some prince who was blessed with a fairy godmother. As Winifred was far too young now, her father determined to put her in a large castle set in the midst of a thick wood. She should have none but women attendants; she should have everything to make her happy and comfortable, but she was never to be allowed to go out, for if, in any case, harm should befall her, she would have no protection from Fairyland. Here in the castle he would keep her until she was of age, and then he would procure a fine husband for her; and so he set to work to carry out his plans.

Seventeen years had gone by and the Princess Winifred was eighteen. She had spent a lonely life in the castle in the wilderness, with no one to speak to her but her maids, who were very poor company. But, then, she had her pets, which she loved very dearly, and they loved her, too. In summer she liked to sit in the open window, where she might watch the ever-changing trees and flowers; where the soft, cool breeze fanned her hot cheeks and whispered words of comfort in her ears, and where she might hear the little birds as they sang cheerily in the tree-tops.

It was the day after Winifred's birthday and presents of gold, silver and precious stones were lying all about her, but she did not heed them; she was all absorbed in a tiny robin who had perched on her window and was eating crumbs from her hand. Suddenly her attention was attracted by a slight noise beneath her window, and glancing down she beheld a beautiful white horse, gaily caparisoned in scarlet and gold, while across his back lay a young knight who had evidently met with some accident. In spite of the protests of her servants, Winifred had him brought in, and for six months she cared for him until he was strong and well again. It was then that she learned that he was Prince Marmaduke, the son of a noble. Then she tremblingly put the question to him: "Have you a fairy godmother?" but his answer was, "No." "Now, you must tell me about yourself," he demanded, and all during the recital his eyes sparkled mischievously, but she did not see them—she was too overwhelmed with grief. For the two had fallen very much in love with each other. They said good-by sorrowfully, the prince promising to come to see her again after a year's time; yet the princess was very unhappy, for she knew that she was of age now, and that her father would soon come for her and make her marry some one who, perhaps, she would not love at all.

It was a week before Princess Winifred expected to see Prince Marmaduke and she was very happy. When, suddenly, the great portcullis opened and into the courtyard clattered a score of armed men. In the midst of them was an old man, whom she recognized as her father. He dismounted, and after embracing his child, he bade her make ready to accompany him the next day to the city, for he had found a prince to whom he intended to wed her. But she beseeched him to wait a little longer and stay with her while she made ready to start, and being an indulgent parent he complied with her wishes. All during the week she watched anxiously, but no prince came, and again she besought her father to wait a while longer, and hardly had he answered when the portcullis opened and admitted a beautiful young knight clad in scarlet and on a white horse. He dismounted and knelt at the princess's feet. She bade him rise and then told her father who he was, how he had stayed with her so long, and, lastly, how she loved him. Marmaduke then begged of the prince his daughter's hand, but the prince replied: "Nay, ye tell me ye have no fairy godmother, therefore must I refuse."

"But what if I should tell you that my mother is queen of the fairies?" said Marmaduke.

"Can it be true?"

"It is."

"Then I welcome you as my son."

The prince and princess were almost beside themselves with joy, and made immediate preparations to go to the city. Soon after their arrival their nuptials were celebrated with great festivity, and they lived happily ever after.

MARY FITCH WATKINS,

Age twelve years.

Little Belle's Dream.

LITTLE Belle was watching the birds as they flitted about. It was a very warm day and she felt drowsy. But just then she heard the tinkle of a little bell so plainly that she started up. Right by her side sat the funniest little man you ever saw. He was no bigger than her thumb—in fact he looked like her thumb dressed up. But she saw it was not a thumb, for just then the little man began to speak. "Little Belle," he said, "will you come to my palace?" "Oh, yes," said Belle, "where is it?" The little man pointed to a meadow of waving grain where, in the midst of it, she saw a doll-house, as we would call it. Bell laughed and clapped her hands; but the laugh changed into a frown as she looked toward the palace and cried, "Oh! oh!! oh!!! I can't go to it, I'm too large." "Don't cry, little Belle, you can go with me," said the little man. Little Belle, without thinking why, had to crawl down from her chair and down the steps. As she went she saw a little girl and a tiny man walking along together, reflected in the dewdrops. Was it Belle? The thought never entered her mind until that very moment.

By-and-by they came to the palace. She saw it was not like the palaces kings have, for it was a pumpkin.

When she entered, the thing she saw was a large pumpkin-flower, on which sat the queen. As soon as the little people around the queen saw her they began singing:

"Welcome, Belle, to our palace.

Come hither to us! Come hither to us!"

Belle followed the fairies to a beautiful room where a feast was spread. She ate gladly, for she was hungry. They had tiny glasses filled with dew-water, flower-pollen butter, fruit-plates made of daisies, and, last of all, a pumpkin pie.

After that the fairies danced. The little man told Belle to dance, too, for he was her guide. Belle tried to dance, but she could not dance like the others. They saw she was tired and led her to a bed, which was really a large pumpkin seed. As the fairies bade her good-night they asked her to come again, as she was to go home in the morning. Then they all sang lullabys and she was asleep in a minute. When she awoke she was at home.

ISABEL GILBERT

Age nine years.

“Kim.”

*Out of the East:—
Magical, mystical; gaunt and grim;
Dreamy of soul but fettered in limb,
Where man is partly a god and beast—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!*

*Out of the East:—
Where every marvelous temple dim
Still echoes to some Vedic hymn,
And every Brahmin is a priest—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!*

*Out of the East:—
Where men use drugs that overbrim
Their soul, until the senses swim,
And life's delirium is increased—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!*

*Out of the East:—
Diminutive in form and slim,
Companionable to a cherubim;
Living on crumbs where others feast—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!*

*Out of the East:—
What fire of soul, what life, what vim!
How gladly do we welcome him,
Of Kipling's creatures not the least—
Out of the East
Comes “Kim”!*

Lorenzo Soso

Three Plays for Puritans.

IT IS all very well to let one's self go, provided one goes somewhere. In this, his latest book, after a very discursive and whimsical jaunt, Mr. Shaw seems to have arrived at the secret — which may also be yours and mine — of several more or less burning questions.

Mr. Shaw confesses to a friend's accusation, that he is nothing if not explanatory, and in his prefaces and notes, which he writes "because he can," he sets forth with a wit and shrewdness wholly his own, a perfect mort o' reasons — a very jolly lot of why's and how's.

Why a seven year's enforced attendance upon the English theatre makes a man's very bones to perish and utterly destroys his mortal part.

Why neither the public nor the critic can conceive of a man's doing a clean and noble deed, unless for the sake of some specific woman, and why the woman with a past has become the obsession of the stage.

Why modern plays appeal neither to the brains nor to the hearts of their audiences.

Why the Cæsar of George Bernard Shaw need not be inferior to that of one William Shakspeare — provided he have some later matters to impart.

And, in lighter vein, how to write English and American dialect in a properly audible manner; how Cleopatra compounded her recipe for her Cæsar's laurel-crowned baldness; and, finally, why Mr. Shaw, the mountebank, writes three plays for Puritans. All this excellent fooling quite aside from and plus the three plays — and possibly worth the price of their admission.

Bold is the one who would attempt to add to the author's own how's and why's any minor ones of commoner brand.

The *Devil's Disciple*, played in this country by Mr. Mansfield, has for its hero the scapegrace of a pious home — so wickedly pious, that hate and hypocrisy masquerade there. Estranged and mocking, Dick the Disciple, is thrown by the chance of the rough time into a home where are young love and peace. This being suddenly and horribly threatened, Dick takes upon himself the danger and gets himself — almost — hanged for Another, and a stranger. That the public and the critics could not let this go for pure decency, but must insinuate the petticoats of the young wife as *raison d'être*, is the cause of Mr. Shaw's moral disgust and physical tiredness.

Captain Brassbound's Conversion, the last of the three, can be read and roared over, but not described, unless one wants to imagine an elderly female Tolstoyian, and her mission among such diversified comrades as are made up from an English judge, a Morocco missionary, a cockney convert, and Captain Brassbound, the derelict — and all this with a background of Moors, pirates, and American naval officers. Of course, the lady Tolstoyian comes out first best, if it is only by sitting immovable and mending the coats of the combatants.

Of the middle play, *Cæsar and Cleopatra* — which Mansfield refused to try — one can only report it as vastly amusing, with its intensely modern Cæsar and its scratching tiger-kitten of a Cleopatra at sixteen. Scenes of pure nonsense alternate with those of power and dignity. It has the charm which all of Mr. Shaw's work must have so long as it is the expression of a personality so abounding, so clever and so sincere.

A confessed mountebank? Very well then, let us go buy a cap and bells at his shop!

DOROTHEA MOORE.

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*NOTE—The Editors have printed without names some honest "child-opinions"—who can doubt their sincerity? The value of these opinions is most apparent.

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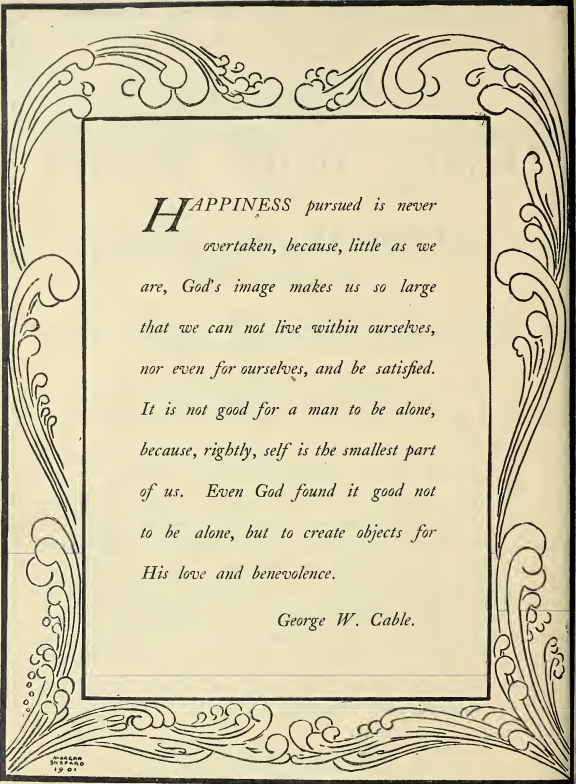
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*HAPPINESS pursued is never
overtaken, because, little as we
are, God's image makes us so large
that we can not live within ourselves,
nor even for ourselves, and be satisfied.
It is not good for a man to be alone,
because, rightly, self is the smallest part
of us. Even God found it good not
to be alone, but to create objects for
His love and benevolence.*

George W. Cable.

The Fiction-Writer's Responsibility.

THE fact that fiction-writing is largely a sporadic, half-accidental occupation, not founded on regular training for the pursuit, seems to account for its general want of artistic merit and moral worth. If produced, as it sometimes is, by writers of poetic sensibilities, it more than likely lacks, even then, in artistic qualities, and thus fails in one of the most valuable of its possible forces — the dissemination of refinement. Where it considers a moral purpose at all, which is rarely, it is almost sure to offend good taste and expose the writer's poverty of judgment.

Yet there are creative workers in no other line whose incentive to become true artists should be stronger, or who have so great an opportunity for implanting good taste and worthy aspirations. These things they might accomplish without any sacrifice of popularity, but with a positive augmentation of it. It is a significant fact that the best fiction — that which enjoyed early popularity and then stood the test of time — is generally both refining for its artistic excellence and strengthening for its moral force.

This is considering fiction written well within the limits of any given stage of general development — there has been precious little written in advance of such development and that has had to wait until the world caught up with it. In some other arts — music and painting especially — it has been different. To the elaborate training that composers and painters have long had opportunities to secure has been occasionally added the force of masterful individualities daring to lead beyond established standards; and there they have had to wait, and perhaps to die, solitary and suffering; the world was slow to climb after them. It would be hard to find parallel cases among fiction-writers. At any stage of general development, and well within its bounds, is abundant room for artistic and ethical fiction that humanity at large is prepared to comprehend and enjoy, and by which it can be refined, uplifted and strengthened. Therein lies the fiction-writer's opportunity — and his responsibility.

The aspirant is likely to seek success — that is, wide acceptance of his work — on the lower levels, without reflecting that by a higher use of his powers a still larger success might be won. He is ignorant of that expression of evolution which we see in an almost universal aspiration for higher things. He does not realize that the prevailing tendency of humanity is upward, nor that, other things being equal, the fiction keeping within the present development of that tendency and according with it, is the sort most readily accepted. Observing that much fiction lacking these refining and uplifting qualities is greedily read, and remaining blind to the problem confronting him in its entirety, he squanders his opportunity, outrages his responsibility, and cripples, degrades and prostitutes his powers. It is such writers that are to-day producing the bulk of the world's fiction. There are few exceptions.

Humanity offers larger rewards to leaders than to caterers. True leaders, by a wise and constant exercise of their best powers, keep always ahead of their followers. The caterer is always a panderer, a servitor; and the servitor always remains in his master's shadow. Fiction-writers should realize that in the mere fact of their ability to secure a considerable number of readers they are disclosing more powers of leadership than of serving, and that only in the judicious use of such powers can they constantly grow stronger, ever lengthening the radius of their popularity and influence. However much, by intelligent effort, we refine and strengthen others, we refine and strengthen ourselves more. The activity of giving is more developing than the passivity of receiving.

The intelligent will not infer from any of this that even the smallest sacrifice of dignity or force would be required. The contrary is the fact. Speaking very broadly, the two overshadowing, guiding elements of the best fiction are these:

1. The artistic element concerns what is vaguely termed the literary quality. It goes largely to a mastery of form in order to secure accuracy, simplicity, force and purity, and

is acquired partly by the conscientious study of the noblest literature and an avoidance of all that is vulgar, mean and transient ; by a faithful practice of English composition under an able, painstaking teacher ; by a cultivation of good taste in all things — living, association, art ; by an avoidance of priggishness and an unpleasant self-consciousness ; by a realization of the dignity and nobility of the occupation as an art ; by mastering the technique of fiction-structure, including the planning and development of plot, the selection and use of characters, the handling of incidents, episodes, setting, description, pictures, psychology, the emotions, dramatic situations, dialogue, dialect, suspense, expectancy, etc., and by teaching good manners and good taste in speech and bearing, and exposing the reverse for clearly corrective purposes.

2. The ethical element requires the presentation of such phases of life as will operate, in the main, to strengthen and uplift the reader, by setting inspiring examples of courage, application, determination, patience, endurance, hope, purity, fidelity, unselfishness, charity, helpfulness, gentleness, worthy aspiration, and persistence in high aims. These are the foundations of character. They all, or as many of them as may suit the purpose, are best and most dramatically shown in contrast to their opposites. Preaching, mawkishness, driveling sentimentality, and similar foolish elements must be rigidly excluded. Never should the author's intent to instruct, lead or uplift be visible ; his constant aim should be to secure good results by indirect methods. His highest teaching should consist in the development and formation of character in his readers. Character so developed and formed may be depended on to do its life-work well. Of course, it is not meant to be said that the fiction-writer has control to the extent that the caviling might infer ; but he does exercise this power to an appreciable extent, and that extent measures his power and responsibility.

Fiction bearing those two great elements will, if it is interesting (which all fiction must be), prove acceptable to all grades of intelligence. It is as unwise to write fiction for the cultured few alone as for the uncultured many alone. Those who pursue either course have no appreciation of their opportunity and responsibility. Good fiction is that which both of these classes enjoy, and from which both receive benefit.

Such fiction prohibits some elements quite common in most of the modern product. Among them are the writer's condescending attitude toward humanity, instead of that sympathy and respect which alone can command the sympathy and respect of the reader ; an offensive proneness to exploit some pet fad, theory or purpose, thus perverting a noble art, and usually exposing the writer's conceit, ignorance, narrowness and prejudice ; a certain shallow, smart and flippant cynicism arising from a childish desire to "show off" and appear superior ; a vicious pandering to appetites that, in a normal state, are wholesome, but that, under unnatural stimulation, develop diseased tendencies ; an aim to produce unduly sustained strain and excitement, thus weakening the reader instead of strengthening him ; a tendency to go far afield among alien countries, peoples and conditions solely to secure trivial novelty rather than seek in such exploits interesting means for telling the old story of human suffering, despair, hope and happiness ; a scramble for the hardness, coarseness and brutality of so-called realism while ignoring the incomparable value of the poetry of fiction as exhibited in the best romances ; a yielding to the demand of certain critics to portray the life of to-day — as though newspapers and photographers had no legitimate business of their own ; a contemptuous attitude toward the poetic extravagance that characterizes all great romance, from the Iliad down.

From the simple fact that fiction is the one great art product that all classes accept and enjoy is inferred the tremendous power for good or evil that the novelist wields. Rarely is this power exercised for good. On the contrary, we see abundant evidence of a degrading force that all the schools, colleges, universities and churches are unable to overcome, and that has extended its corrupting influence even into those sanctuaries of culture. Beginners in the art are more than apt to give forth the bad that they have imbibed from their contemporaries. Perhaps the greatest preacher in the country has not a hundredth part of the uplifting power of the successful novelist, and it is doubtful that ten universities could soon overcome the evil that a single popular novelist may work.

A sense of responsibility is not only a test of character, but one of the most powerful agencies for the development of character. Being ignorant of the older, deeper, finer, truer qualities in human nature, inferior novelists are unfitted for their task, as all must be for any task carrying serious responsibilities which they are unable to see. Such writers do not know that the permanent, living truths of life lie far below the surface. Not knowing the true life and world about them, they develop as caterers instead of leaders.

A singular problem is presented in the fact that rarely do highly educated persons make good novelists. Most successful fiction-writers have had comparatively little education, and they suffer for a corresponding lack of refinement and understanding. The very reverse should be expected. What is the inference? What can it be other than that prevalent methods of education fail to put students in touch with the widest possible range of humanity, and as for fiction, treat it as a negligible quantity, of no account in the world's concerns? Surely, they do not agree with the densely ignorant in the belief that writers are "just born that way," and, unlike artists in all other lines, bring to their cradles all the culture and development needed for their task, or that there is no such thing as an artistic or an ethical responsibility involved in the pursuit. Is it because all other callings taught in the universities are deemed nobler, involve greater opportunities and responsibilities, and hold larger possibilities for self-development and the exercise of power? Certainly there seems to exist here an odd lack, a strange incongruity; and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that educational methods producing such a result are, to say the least, sadly out of joint with some of the world's most urgent needs and demands.

W. C. MORROW.

The Octopus.

"There it was, the Wheat, the Wheat! The little seed long planted, germinating in the deep, dark furrows of the soil, straining, swelling, suddenly in one night had burst upward to the light. The wheat had come up. It was before him, around him, everywhere, illimitable, immeasurable. The winter brownness of the ground was overlaid with a little shimmer of green. The promise of the sowing was being fulfilled. The earth, the loyal mother who never failed, who never disappointed, was keeping her faith again."

VERY long ago, we of the West heard it rumored that Frank Norris had it in mind to write the *Epic of the Wheat*. Nor can it be denied that many of us doubted—not the ability of Frank Norris merely, but the ability of the human, of all humans. This great, incoherent, amorphous West! Who could grip the spirit and the essence of it, the luster and the wonder, and bind it all, definitely and sanely, within the covers of a printed book? Surely we of the West, who knew our West, may have been pardoned our lack of faith.

And now Frank Norris has done it; has, in a machine age, achieved what has been peculiarly the privilege of the man who lived in an heroic age; in short, has sung the *Epic of the Wheat*. "More power to his elbow," as Charles F. Lummis would say.

On first sight of the Valley of the San Joaquin, one can not help but call it the "new and naked land." There is apparently little to be seen. A few isolated ranches in the midst of the vastness, no timber, a sparse population—that is all. And the men of the ranches, sweating in bitter toil, they must likewise be new and naked. So it would seem; but Norris has given breadth to both, and depth. Not only has he gone down into the soil, into the womb of the passionate earth, yearning for motherhood, the sustenance of nations; but he has gone down into the heart of its people, simple, elemental, prone to the ruder amenities of existence, growling and snarling with brute anger under cruel wrong. One needs must feel a sympathy for these men, workers and fighters, and for all of their weakness, a respect. And, after all, as Norris has well shown, their weakness is not inherent. It is the weakness of unorganization, the weakness of the force which they represent and of which they are a part, the agricultural force as opposed to the capitalistic force, the farmer against the financier, the tiller of the soil against the captain of industry.

No man, not large of heart, lacking in spontaneous sympathy, incapable of great enthusiasms, could have written *The Octopus*. Presley, the poet, dreamer and singer, is a composite fellow. So far as mere surface incident goes, he is audaciously Edwin Markham; but down in the heart of him he is Frank Norris. Presley, groping vaguely in the silence of the burning night for the sigh of the land; Presley, with his great Song of the West forever leaping up in his imagination and forever eluding him; Presley, wrestling passionately for the swing of his "thundering progression of hexameters"—who is this Presley but Norris, grappling in keen travail with his problem of *The Octopus*, and doubting often, as we of the West have doubted?

Men obtain knowledge in two ways: by generalizing from experience; by gathering to themselves the generalizations of others. As regards Frank Norris, one can not avoid pausing for speculation. It is patent that in this, his last and greatest effort, he has laid down uncompromisingly the materialistic conception of history, or, more politely, the economic interpretation of history. Now the question arises: Did Frank Norris acquire the economic interpretation of history from the printed records of the thoughts of other men, and thus equipped, approach his problem of *The Octopus*? or, rather, did he approach it, naive and innocent? and from direct contact with the great social forces was he not forced to so generalize for himself? It is a pretty question. Will he some day tell us?

Did Norris undergo the same evolution he has so strongly depicted in Presley? Presley's ultimate sociological concept came somewhat in this fashion: Shelgrim, the president and owner of the Pacific and Southwestern, laid "a thick, powerful forefinger on the table to emphasize his words. 'Try to believe this—to begin with—that railroads build themselves. Where there is a demand, sooner or later there will be a supply. Mr. Derrick, does he grow his wheat? The wheat grows itself. What does he count for? Does he supply the force? What do I count for? Do I build the railroad? You are dealing with forces, young man, when you speak of wheat and the railroads, not with men. There is the wheat, the supply. It must be carried to feed the people. There is the demand. The wheat is one force, the railroad another, and there is the law that governs them—supply and demand. Men have only little to do in the whole business. Complications may arise, conditions that bear hard on the individual—crush him, maybe—but the wheat will be carried to feed the people as inevitably as it will grow.'"

One feels disposed to quarrel with Norris for his inordinate realism. What does the world care whether Hoooven's meat safe be square or oblong; whether it be lined with wire screen or mosquito netting; whether it be hung to the branches of the oak tree or to the ridge-pole of the barn; whether, in fact, Hoooven has a meat safe or not? "Feels disposed" is used advisedly. In truth, we can not quarrel with him. It is confession and capitulation. The facts are against us. He *has* produced results, Titanic results. Never mind the realism, the unimportant detail, minute description, Hoooven's meat safe and the rest. Let it be stated flatly that by no other method could Frank Norris or anybody else have handled the vast Valley of the San Joaquin and the no less vast-tentacled *Octopus*. Results? It was the only way to get results, the only way to paint the broad canvas he has painted, with the sunflare in his brush.

But he gives us something more than realism. Listen to this:

"Once more the pendulum of the seasons swung in its mighty arc."

* * * * *

"Then, faint and prolonged, across the levels of the ranch, he heard the engine whistling for Bonneville. Again and again, at rapid intervals in its flying course, it whistled for road crossings, for sharp curves, for trestles; ominous notes, hoarse, bellowing, ringing with the accents of menace and defiance; and abruptly Presley saw again, in his imagination, the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to horizon; but saw it now as the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the monster, the Colossus, the Octopus."

* * * * *

"The direct brutality of ten thousand acres of wheat, nothing but wheat as far as the eye could see, stunned her a little. There was something vaguely indecent in the sight, this food of the people, this elemental force, this basic energy, weltering here under the sun in all the unconscious nakedness of a sprawling, primordial Titan."

* * * * *

"Everywhere throughout the great San Joaquin, unseen and unheard, a thousand ploughs up-stirred the land, tens of thousands of shears clutched deep into the warm, moist soil. It was the long, stroking caress, vigorous, male, powerful, for which the Earth seemed panting. The heroic embrace of a multitude of iron hands, gripping down into the brown, warm flesh of the land that quivered responsive and passionate under this rude advance, so robust as to be almost an assault, so violent as to be veritably brutal. There, under the sun and under the speckless sheen of the sky, the wooing of the Titan began, the vast primal passion, the two world-forces, the elemental Male and Female, locked in a colossal embrace, at grapples in the throes of an infinite desire, at once terrible and divine, knowing no law, untamed, savage, natural, sublime."

Many men, and women, too, pass through the pages of *The Octopus*, but one, greatest of all, we can not forbear mentioning in passing — Annixter. Annixter, rough almost to insolence, direct in speech, intolerant in his opinions, relying upon absolutely no one but himself; crusty of temper, bullying of disposition, a ferocious worker, and as widely trusted as he was widely hated; obstinate and contrary, cantankerous, and deliciously afraid of "feemale women" — this is Annixter. He is worth knowing. In such cunning fashion has Norris blown the breath of life into him, that his death comes with a shock which is seldom produced by deaths in fiction. Osterman, laying his head on his arms like a tired man going to rest, and Delaney, crawling instinctively out of the blood-welter to die in the growing wheat; but it is Annixter, instantly killed, falling without movement, for whom we first weep. A living man there died.

Well, the promise of *Moran* and *McTeague* has been realized. Can we ask more? Yet we have only the first of the trilogy. *The Epic of the Wheat* is no little thing. Content with *The Octopus*, we may look forward to *The Pit* and *The Wolf*. We shall not doubt this time.

JACK LONDON.

The Kind of Story I Like Best.

I LIKE a story to have a sad part, and a jolly or happy part also, as the story of "The Peasant and the Prince." The first part of the story, where the young man is allowed to marry the lady is a happy part, but the part where the royal family is separated is sad.

Some adventures are also very interesting, especially when the person is in danger, and it is difficult for him to get out of it; but best of all, I think I like a true story.

The books of "Little Women" and "Little Men" are interesting, because they begin telling about certain children, and keep on telling how they grow up and what each one did when they were men or women.

A girl, age 14 years.

Books I Like Best.

SUCH books as "The Last of the Mohicans" I think are very good to read, because Cooper describes everything so real. You imagine you see David Gamut and his pitch-pipe singing and the death of Uncas. You can see him leap and fall.

Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe, is another book I think is very good. There is such a wonderful air of truth about it that I forget that it is fictitious and sympathize with poor Crusoe as though I were on the Island with him.

Some of Dickens' works I like and some I dislike. "Our Mutual Friend" is one that I like. "Ben Hur" is another book I think is very good and "Lorna Doone" is delightful.

A lad, age 13 years.

Edith Wharton.

THESE is no flattery more subtle than that by means of which an author appears to attribute to his reader an unusual order of intelligence, to which the inference shall ever be obvious, and a straight line not necessarily the shortest distance between two points. In this particular variety of appeal, the author of *Crucial Instances* is second to no writer now before the public. It might be instructive to calculate just how much of one's pleasure in Mrs. Wharton's work comes from the feeling that in reading her one is making part of a selected audience, altogether distinct from the general public—the very fine fleur of readers, as it were—to whom the longest way round may unfailingly be made the only way home, if the wits be nimble. To put a very slight psychological crisis into so perfect a literary dress that it shall write itself down a marvel of good taste and elegant English, if not a moving dramatic incident, is undoubted proof of a certain superfineness of grain in the few authors to whom the attainment is possible. It is the fashion, at the present moment, to speak of this sort of performance as something entirely outclassing the simpler, because more direct, method of the average story writer; and Mrs. Wharton's last volume raises the very important question as to just how far style may count in the valuation of a work that ranks itself as fiction. In reality an elaborate manner is legitimate only until it is made to cover scantiness of matter; after this it becomes the merest finesse and ought not to blind any discerning critic as to its place or value.

Mrs. Wharton's first book, *The Greater Inclination*, was, to a certain class of readers, a pure delight. It had the ability to remind one on every page of Henry James—the James of the earlier manner—of *The Tragic Muse*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *Princess Casamassima*, and all those well-nigh perfect things that we were permitted to enjoy before that rare talent went so irrevocably into the past tense. The novel called *The Touchstone* was a brilliant performance that just missed, for some obscure reason—perhaps because of a certain dilettante quality that never carries conviction. *Crucial Instances* contains so much of this fine-spun character work that one is grateful beyond measure for the two really dramatic tales of Italy. They strike a totally different note from the purely artistic and literary one of the other five stories in the volume. *The Duchess at Prayer* and, in a lesser degree, *The Confessional*, have undoubtedly the vigor that one misses in most of Mrs. Wharton's work. The former thoroughly attains what it aims at, and by means of a style that is a miracle of innuendo and simile. Mrs. Wharton excels in simile. Every figure is an *objet de vertu*, and coming upon them in such profusion, ranged, as it were, for our admiration with a certain elegant precision, one has at last the vague suspicion that it is somehow unfair to call such merely ornamental writing other than mere literature. Cleverness has its own exceeding great peril, and it is questionable wisdom to voluntarily minimize one's public.

The interesting question just now is whether Mrs. Wharton is a great short story writer or just a very clever woman. A bridgeless chasm divides the two entities. A volume or two more ought to decide the question beyond a doubt. Critics are always overliberal in the use of adjectives, and a great deal of unqualified praise has been given her books, but it remains the truth that the author of *The Muse's Tragedy*, *The Pelican*, *The Cup of Cold Water*, *The Twilight of the Gods*, *The Duchess at Prayer* and *The Confessional* has at present no rivals but the masters of fiction.

MARY MORROW.

Books.

GOOD books are to me books that have a good ending as "*Pericles*" in "*Tales from Shakespeare*." I also like books that are sad in the middle and happy at the end. Books that are full of fun are very interesting to me, as "*Handy Andy*." I like books with no deaths in them. I do not like books with geography in them. I like fairy tales the best. True stories are sometimes good. Myths are good also. "*King Midas*" is the name of a myth which is interesting. A girl, age 13 years.

The Realm of Romance.

WHEN the immortal Cervantes, in the guise of the illustrious and valorous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, placed his lance in rest and made his famous charge against the windmills of Romance, he attempted to perform a noble service for mankind. It was inevitable that he should fail. He only succeeded in immortalizing a ludicrous conception, and as a result has bequeathed to posterity the most unique, entertaining, fascinating and enjoyable romance in literature.

The love of romance is as perennial as the well-springs of existence. It is a far cry from the quest of the Golden Fleece to the quest of the Holy Grail; and from these again to Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth, and to the Argonauts of '49. And, yet, what spirit attuned to sympathy with all brave adventure can help perceiving the affinity existing between them all, however diverse their motives, however material may be the goal of one, however spiritual may be the goal of another. For the Field of the Cloth of Gold is wide, and many are the wonders in its tributaries. Perhaps the noblest romance of antiquity is the *Odyssey*. The Expedition of Cyrus and the retreat of the Ten Thousand, while as exciting as a romance, can not, of course, be classed as fiction.

The most purely idyllic romance is the Book of Ruth. The most purely pastoral is the *Daphne and Chloe* of Longus. More spiritual in its quality, although rather materially presented by Apuleius in his *Golden Ass*, is the episode of Cupid and Psyche, which Walter Pater has incorporated in his *Marius, the Epicurean*, the noblest work of lofty imagination which the last century produced.

For richness of imagery, for wealth of diction, for vividness and splendor of narration, for opulence of gorgeous material, the *Arabian Nights* is incomparably the masterpiece of Oriental romanticism. The Arthurian cycle of Romance is nobler in its presentment of ideal knighthood, in its conception of true sovereignty and lordly demeanor, and most nobly consistent in its delineation of character, and in its austere appeal to a standard of truth and honor as embodied in its types of Chivalry.

Space forbids us from enumerating other works of a like nature, and from passing comment upon them, such as the *Chronicle of the Cid*, or the marvelous adventures of Amadis de Gaul, or of Orlando, or of Charlemagne, and etc. Romantic schools of literature have flourished in every age and nation. If not particularly prevailing in our own, it is because our antecedencies are not sufficiently remote, or else are deemed too commonplace for the halo of romance to surround them with its luster. Nevertheless, within recent years there has been a notable increase in the productivity of romance literature, and following in the footsteps of Walter Scott and Alexander Dumas, the names of Weyman, Hope, Doyle, Stevenson, Churchill, Caskoden, Thompson, Ford, Miss Johnson, conjure up a host of splendid novels created in the true spirit of Romance. The spirit of Romance is humanizing and vitalizing; it is not decadent. And if its many lofty ideals of life assist in imparting a nobler tone to our modern material tendencies, it has succeeded in fulfilling its obligations to mankind. And if, as in the time of the Crusaders, it brings the standard of the Cross into the domain of the infidels of every civilization; if it infuses the spirit of Christian charity into our cruel commercialism; if it elevates the soul of man and assists in rendering him more brave and courteous, more chivalrous in his undertakings and gentler in compassion toward his fellow man; if it blend the spirit of a Samaritan with the ardor of a Chevalier Bayard, it has succeeded in moulding a character reverent and benign in its attributes, and worthy of that highest encomium of old Chaucer,

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

It is not for Democracy to brood o'er

"The light of its interminable line,
An ancestry with men all paladins."

And yet, for any one who can say,

"Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,"

is he less qualified to undergo the sterner duties which life may impose upon him? Is he not rather more serenely acquiescent to the inequalities that exist around him, comforted and cheered by the inner vision of many a glittering retinue of ladies fair and noble knights, beautifying by such splendid pageantries a life which otherwise would seem too base and mechanical?

And if no reversion to those antique types when knighthood was in flower be possible to-day, at least its intrinsic ideality can assist in binding all men into a more common brotherhood of love and good-will.

LORENZO SOSSO.

The Popularity of Novels.

THE closing of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth are marked by many unprecedented phenomena. One of the strangest of these is the extraordinary sale of certain novels. If we may believe the publishers, some books are so popular that half a million copies of them are sold, and a sale of a quarter of a million copies is rather common. That more books should be sold now than ever before is not surprising, for there are more people who can read, and more people who have the money to buy books and the leisure to read them than ever before. The queer thing is that the extent of the sale of a book seems to have no obvious relation to its merit. There are a good many good novels written nowadays; few really great ones, certainly, but many good ones. But the worth of a novel has no discernible effect in determining its circulation. Wretched stories outsell good ones in many cases, but this is not a rule without exceptions; indeed, it is perhaps not a rule at all. Many good stories stand with the bad ones, so far as concerns their sale.

We notice the same phenomenon in connection with the public libraries. Reports come to us in regard to the books which have the largest circulation, and it is impossible to explain them. Good books have an enormous circulation, but it is often less than the circulation of inexpressibly poor ones. The matter demands closer investigation than it is possible for me to give. I am only stating the problem in the hope that some young person who has time to spare may collect the necessary data, show what books have had this extraordinary success, and thus lay the foundations for some scientific induction concerning this queer condition of things.

This popularity is not confined to any one kind of novel. Any sort may attain unto it. Stories of adventure (especially if they have an historical background), stories which have no other aim than the display of the peculiarities of an eccentric character, stories which affect obscure psychological significance, and all other kinds of stories, seem to have a chance of high success in the "boom" which fiction is enjoying.

I will illustrate what I mean. There has been a popular demand for novels called historical — historical (?) — heaven help us! What is necessary to make a novel "historical" is that the author should lay the scene in some period antedating his own existence. It is not necessary that he should know anything about the period; indeed, it seems to be better for his purse that he should know nothing about it at all. But the whole subject of the popularity of novels has, as yet, been so imperfectly investigated that it is impossible to say whether an acquaintance with history is really a handicap in the writing of an historical novel. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford knows a great deal about American history, but that fact does not seem to have interfered with the sale of his novels.

The mention of Mr. Ford suggests a first comparison and illustration. Dr. Wier Mitchell, who only came into the sphere of fiction when he had almost finished a distinguished career in another calling, justified his intrusion by writing a very good novel, *Hugh Wynne*. He had a tolerable acquaintance with American history during the period of the Revolution. How much more than tolerable it is, I have no means of judging, for Dr. Mitchell has not intruded into his novel any more history than was necessary for the purpose in hand, and that purpose was simply to write a good novel. "Likewise he done it." *Hugh Wynne* is an excellent novel. It is a well-constructed story; the people in it

are real ; the interest is maintained ; and there are episodes in it, such as the last night of the life of André, which move the soul to its deepest depths. Why the novel should sell and circulate and be read is not a matter for question or debate. It has succeeded because it is good. Dr. Mitchell may know more or less of history ; that is not a matter of importance to the public, but no one can read the book without feeling that he knows a great deal about men and women. That is what makes his book good, and it is easy to see why it sold.

It is different with Mr. Ford. He knows a great deal about history, but apparently he does not know a great deal about men and women. He wrote a novel covering almost exactly the same period as that covered by *Hugh Wynne*. His historical background is accurate enough, very likely more accurate than that of Dr. Mitchell. But the book is a very foolish one. All the people in it are idiots. Nothing can justify the appearance of "The Father of his Country" with a very long and obvious pair of ears, so long and so obvious that they ought to have been a sufficient bar to the sale of the book. Washington was not really a donkey. We are sure of that. Mr. Ford has demonstrated it in his serious work. But he has made more money, doubtless, in making Washington an ass than he ever did in showing him as he was. This is not Mr. Ford's fault. It is the fault of the public. Mr. Ford has no gift for fiction ; he has great gifts, but they do not lie in this direction. The rest of the persons in the book are just as asinine as Washington. Yet *Janice Meredith* sold and circulated far beyond *Hugh Wynne*. Why was it? I am sure that I do not know.

Let us take another illustration. *David Harum* made its way through sheer merit. It had no particular advertising. It was hard to get it published, if I am rightly informed. The sketch of the first man in a village of Central New York was so perfectly done that we all had to acknowledge that Mr. Westcott had done a very good thing. Then came along *Eben Holden*. Doubtless many persons bought the book under the impression that it was a new *David Harum*. There was never a more complete mistake. No more worthless book was ever worked off by publishers. The preposterous Nehemiah ought to have spoiled the sale of a good book, but it did not in the least interfere with the sale of an unspeakably bad one. Why is it that the sale and circulation of *Eben Holden* has approached, or equaled, or surpassed the sale of *David Harum*? I do not know, nor does any one.

These reflections have had their starting point in the fact that the publishers of IMPRESSIONS have put into my hands a little novel, with the request that I write a notice of it. I am under obligations to (Mrs. or Miss) Eugenia Brooks Frothingham for several pleasant hours occupied in reading *The Turn of the Road*. For me the book has fulfilled the purpose for which I suppose novels exist. It has given me rest. Novels are my recreation. I do not go to them for history or psychology, but for entertainment. I got entertainment from *The Turn of the Road*. What more can a man ask from a novel? Miss (or Mrs.) Frothingham does not exercise a good style ; her grammar is not perfect ; her situations are sometimes incredible, but she has given us a fairly good story. The *motif* is not new. It has been used many times, notably by Charlotte Bronte and Mrs. Browning. It is not fair, under ordinary circumstances, for the reviewer to give any hint of the plot of a story that he is called on to notice. But in this case it is different. The publishers have indicated the general character of the plot upon the wrapper which is folded into the cover of the book. They do not say that the troubles of the lovers are ended by the blindness of the hero, but they do indicate that the difficulties are removed by a physical misfortune which intervenes like a *deus ex machina*. It does not make much difference whether he went blind or deaf, or whether he broke an arm or neck. The physical affliction straightened out the psychological difficulties. This often happens, at least in books. The book is crude, but interesting. At some points in the story the author fairly gets hold of the reader's heart-strings. It is a pretty good book. It is better than most, not so good as many.

The question that I raise is not particularly about the merits of this book. It is a much broader question. The publishers assure us that the book has a great sale and a

very wide circulation from the public libraries. Wherefore? The word of the publishers is good, as good as their bond, and their bond is of the best. Why should this little novel have such success? I do not know; no one knows; least of all, probably, the publishers.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

I have written this to awake the wonder. I am told that there are persons who not only buy, but actually read, the novels of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli! "Can such things be?"

THOS. R. BACON.

Poems of the Town.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY has a genuine love for the woods, fields and marshes, and writes charming sketches of out-door life, yet he is not altogether an out-doors man. The town has also held him enchained. He has walked its streets, listened to its message, pitied its slaves and philosophized at its roof-gardens. He believes that the town is hard and cruel and vicious, and that poems about the town should deal with verities.

In this little volume he has pictured, for the most part, the dark side of life in the cities; the oppression of the poor and the greed of the rich. "Who touches this, touches a man" with an untraditional mind, and an earnest, sympathetic nature, roused by a noble resentment against the commercialism of the employer and the servility of the toiler. He is rebellious, and "his heart plays wild tunes." The throbbing fire is always there, although literary good-breeding makes him avoid extravagant and startling forms of expression.

But he is a poet, not a preacher; he neither exhorts nor commands. He simply draws "the Thing as he sees it," as in "Slaves":

In the faint light of morn, see them coming and going,
Tall athletes whose foreheads are furrowed by care;
No harvest they reap for their digging and sowing,
And the most that they glean shall be want and despair.
For they pluck but the thorns, and the roses evade them,
And they know not of hope nor of leisure that saves
The breaking of hearts, since their destiny made them
Dull toilers who eat of the pottage of slaves.

The "Ballad of a Shop-girl" is a heart-rending cry from

One of a score of thousands more
Who toil in the cruel town,

and a "Mess of Pottage" is a fierce protest against the servile attitude of the laborer, and his subordination to his master.

"The Humming Maelstrom" voices the cruel inexorableness of the town:

My power is that of the siren's, afar on a desolate reef,
And the heart of the dweller in cities shall know me alway to his grief
As I lure him to death on my currents, drawn under and down like a leaf.

Drawn under and down in the vortex, be he poet, or soldier, or clown;
As the swiftest at last are o'ertaken, as the strongest of swimmers will drown,
Encompassed with seethe of wild waters in the maelstrom—like grip of the town.

Among the best of the poems not so distinctively of the town is "The Rib":

A painter wrought him a noble dream, deep-toiling day and night;
The years rolled on and the canvas dimmed while the radiant tints took flight,
And the painter sank in an unmarked grave, forlorn and forgotten, quite.

A sculptor chiseled a matchless form from out of a mass of stone,
And it seemed as though the figure freed from the hand of God had grown;
But an earthquake shattered its curves and lines and the sculptor died unknown.

So a poet born, in sheer disdain, laid by the pen and scroll,
And sought a woman who turned to him as the needle to the pole,
And he clasped her hand and held it fast, and loved her—body and soul.

For the slow, insidious tooth of Time like the water's edge devours,
And the thorns of pain rise thick among ambition's funeral flowers,
And a man and a woman are all there in this crude world of ours.

Ruskin says that the greatest thing a soul ever does in this world is to see something and to tell what it saw in a plain way. What distinguishes Mr. McGaffey's poetry from much of modern verse is its clearness :

Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light and clear as wind.

We do not have to unwrap rhetorical mummies, layer by layer, in order to reach his thought.

Simpering folly loves a varied song
To strange, mysterious dulness, still the friend
Admires the strain she can not comprehend ;

but we ordinary mortals, who are neither fools nor wise men, can not enjoy poetry unless we understand its meaning. Even in prose, one Henry James in a lifetime, suffices.

As for rhyme and rhythm and swing—the technique which we look for in genuine poems—they are never wanting in these. There is vitality and strength in them. The writer shows the intellectual vigor and manly temper of one who has lived much out of doors, mid sun and rain and wind.

Stedman asserts that poets are always on the side of revolt, and Whitman says :

I know I am restless and make others so,
I know my words are weapons full of danger, full of death,
For I confront peace, security and all the settled laws, to unsettle them.

Far more to be dreaded than this flame in the soul of the poet is the apathy, the indifference of those who have it in their power to improve social conditions and are withheld from so doing by the lazy gospel, "whatever is, is right."

I know thy works that thou are neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot.
So, then, because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.
Rev. iii : 16.

When the dream of the socialist is realized and the principle of love substituted for that of selfishness, when kindness mingles with authority, and mercy seasons justice, who shall say how large a share of the credit for it all is due "one poor poet's scroll" ?

KATE W. BEAVER.

Stories.

I LIKE to read a story where the innocent is at first accused and receives abuse but comes out in the end all right.

I enjoyed reading *Silas Marner*, by Elliott, also the *Elsie* books, by Martha Finley.

I like to read books that are not true, but could have been, because it gives me courage to try to write some stories of my own.

I like the *Shakespeare* stories some. I liked the moral, but most all the stories are where the women go in disguise.

"*David Copperfield*" is a good book, also the story of "*Brother Jacob*."

I enjoy reading a book of travels.

It gives me pleasure to read "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," but I didn't care such a great deal for "*Ivanhoe*," because I couldn't understand it very well.

I am reading "*The Mill on the Floss*" and I like it very much. I think Mrs. Glegg interfered too much into other people's affairs.

A girl, age 12 years.

Books I Like.

I like to read a book with adventure and ends well. I like a story with some excitement, because it gets me interested.

A lad, age 13 years.

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October, 1901

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BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS.

ITALIAN CITIES. By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.	ITALY TODAY. By Bolton King and Thomas Okey. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00 net.
THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS. By Jack London. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.	INTO THE LIGHT. by Edward Robeson Taylor. Elder & Shepard. 75 cents net.

Upon Pseudo-Literary Criticism.

LET me state at once that the criticizing of books is repellant to my taste. For the rest, may all I say be frankly egoism—the gossip of my personal opinion to be taken at your own valuation. Now, when I look at a bound volume, my first thought is, strangely enough, not to tear it to tatters, neither is it to laud it into its thirty-fifth edition. Its pages are to me the evidence of hard work ; work mistaken, slipshod or inadequate, may be, but the warm, unremitting toil of one who believed he was accomplishing a masterpiece—nights and days of thought and concentration, weeks and months of endeavor. No book has ever been written without something of this, not even the *A. B. C. Pathfinder*. No one who has ever written or tried to write a book can deny that, whatever degree of merit a book may possess, it has taken time and trouble enough for wonder. And so I wonder ; wonder why it was written at all, perhaps ; wonder at the very fact of accomplishment, nevertheless.

I have, among my manuscripts, a novel of 65,000 words that has never even been submitted to a publisher. Rare prey that story would have been for you critics, who, mayhap, are elbowing me aside with your cock-sure decisions in this very paper ! How you would miss seeing what I tried to do, deride me for failure in what I accomplished, and praise me for what I never attempted ! Yet it was a labor of months, the fever of a whole season. I sweat blood, I drank tears. And a thousand are doing it, have done it, will do it, every year. They come like Water and like Wind they go !

But who reads your criticisms, anyway ? And if any one does, who cares ? Does a book sell 200,000 copies because of your printed paragraphs ? No, this is all the lesson the majority of its readers ever learn :

I read David Harum.

You read David Harum.

She read David Harum.

We read David Harum.

Youse read David Harum.

They read David Harum.

The latest book is bought wholesale by the libraries, and an edition is devoured at one charge by perfervid women. “Hurrah, it is read at last !” they cry. “Now for the next—the latest !” What do they get out of the book ? This :

“Have you read *Janice Meredith* ?”

“Yes, have you ?”

“Yes ; what did you think of it ?”

“Lovely ! How did *you* like it ?”

“Stupid !”

This is not Schopenhauer, nor Ibsen, nor Maetlinck, but Western Addition. I heard it myself. Very well, what of it ? This of it,—that this is about as worthy as most so-called literary criticism. Why ?

Because no man with brains enough to write a book has either time or inclination to criticise another's. If, in the exceptional case he does, it is usually an honest attempt to try and find out :

1. What did the author try to express ?

2. Did he do it adequately ?

3. Has it been done better ? Why ? Where ? How ?

The soul of a book, the heart of a book—who sees it, or tries to see it ? Its poor body is rent and torn, not even dissected. And why, again ? Ah, I have known “literary editors”—and their friends ! The pile on the table mounts volumes high, and the little girl who at the time is the “literary editor's” nearest and dearest, helps cut down the list. It is apprentice work. She takes home a bunch of six or seven, and, if she is good,

keeps them. If, like the little girl in *Mother Goose*, she is very, *very* good, she reads them—or the various members of her family do. The “copy” *must* be in by Thursday, to get into Saturday’s paper. And so it goes.

For the rest, it is mostly done by the publishers themselves, for which we are indebted to three so-called “literary” magazines, each edited by publishing houses.

I never “criticized” but one book in my life; that one was my own. I was paid \$15. But I knew all its faults, for I knew what I had tried to do, and wherein I had failed. (I then protested against the prejudice of my reviewer as every author has a right to do. I received \$3 for the protest.)

Now, most of us prefer to select our tooth-brushes, our soaps and our patent medicines for ourselves, by actual trial. We do not often read the testimonials that are wrapped round the bottle. And it is so, too, with our books. The word of a friend, yes, perhaps, sometimes—but I have lost many a friend’s regard for my taste by recommending books.

We have a way of knowing what we like, whether we are told by amateurs in a masquerade of type or not. But, apropos of these same tooth-brushes and patent medicines, much can be done to pique our curiosity. Who does not read the advertising pages of the magazines, and who has not been lured to buy by the cleverness of such “write-ups”? Ah, if our advertising agents would write book reviews!

For that is the best function of the book reviewer—to pique our curiosity, or deaden it, as he wills. He could make us read what he wants us to, were he as clever as an advertisement-writer; were he even as clever as most story illustrators, for sometimes they can accomplish that. But these two are originals; they have brains and use them. The pseudo-literary reviewer has usually only another person’s brains—and misuses them!

But I don’t care; go on and “criticise”! Even “criticism” involves a pen, a sheet of paper, some ink and a certain amount of time and work. Also, some like to do it. Let them.

GELETT BURGESS.

Italian Cities.

EVERY one writes of Italy, from the forty years ago of Howell’s *Sketches* to Mr. Symonds’ latest raptures. Read in one’s chair at home—either before or after—they may serve. But on the spot, in the very actuality and intimacy of the sights, sounds and smells of the most beautiful and most malodorous of dear little countries, they are all inadequate. Perhaps some one will come out of the new Italy into the old—so like, yet so unlike—who shall justly tell the story of both their surface similarities, their deepest differences, and so one shall learn best the whole meaning.

In the two perfectly dressed volumes called, rather too largely, perhaps, *Italian Cities*, one expects accordingly. Here, apparently, are two people, still young, who have had the long leisure, the previous artistic training and the quick sympathy which should produce a verdict at once warm and yet judicial. Such might really be said to have been attained in certain isolated essays, as certainly by one hand, such as the chapters on Siena, Assisi and Perugia. The account of Raphael is somewhat wordy, and submitted to the severe test of a reading within an hour of Raphael himself in Rome, not of sufficient value to offset its own didacticism. Other chapters as obviously by another, on the other hand, are no better than good journalism, and mightily lower the general tone of gentle erudition. The books have sweetness rather than strength, while the very worst trouble that little big Italy has suffered is the constant sentimentalism from Mr. Ruskin to the askers for *pourbaise*. Her beggars, and at least some of her beauties, are due to him. But Italy is still worth the truth, and can probably bear it whole as well as most of us.

These pleasant books on some of her oldest and richest treasures are rightfully a part of modern culture; they, like all the rest, can only hint at the reasons for her great past, or show, in the stranger’s way, the causes for her struggling present. Italy is a large order!

DOROTHEA MOORE.

Naples, July 15, 1901.

The God of His Fathers—Jack London.

WHEN a writer seizes upon the fleeting moment and fixes it on a dial which the eyes of all men in all times may read, he is an artist. It is then that he is seen to know the life within the life; it is then that he sounds a cadenced reveillé to the Ages, marshaling out and calling together the long-dead and the yet-to-be; it is then that he produces a classic. An artist wrote *The God of His Fathers*, a book of stories treating of the most passing of sociologic movements in the most permanent manner. What Jack London found in the Klondyke was a heterogeneous crowd made homogeneous only by a fanatical singleness of purpose, a crowd of adventure-haunted, mania-gripped men, led on to the nethermost and outermost by the lurid gleam of a golden finger. But he caught the spirit of the thing and the romance, and therein lies the greatness of the tales. And there is romance in the younger conditions of younger worlds. There is picturesqueness about this typical frontier element which threw itself upon "the several hundred thousand square miles of frigidity giving breathing space to those who else would have suffocated at home." The drama of the Search is a drama of war with the forces of nature, in which men pit their power against hunger and cold, and fight fair because they have not the handicap of steam and rail. There, as in the beginning, men array their native strength of muscle and strength of will against their environment in order that they may force open earth's grip upon her treasures. The reversal to primitive conditions and primitive methods is sporadic and temporary, and Mr. London catches it up in the midst of an almost effete present, and writes an epic of the trail.

This explains the unmistakable tone of distinction that marks the book. Without being doctrinaire or dogmatic, the stories suggest the significance of their subject-matter. One feels that they had been conceived large and were written in good perspective, that they have a strong hold upon the facts of life and are vital. The author "rips loose the sturdy reef-knots and flings back the flaps of the tent," and what he sees he writes down, but always under the dictation of the meaning and the spirit of the scene.

There is another conflict besides that between man and the nature he is resolved upon conquering—the clash between white and Indian. Two stories in the book, "The God of His Fathers" and "Where the Trail Forks," have their action based on this characteristic struggle, although the artistic motive of the themes lies in the principle of self-sacrifice rather than in that of race survival. "The God of His Fathers" tells of a half-white Indian chief who had turned away in sworn rancor from the white man's people and their God that had also been his people and his God; of a priest who comes to wrestle with him in spirit, and who fails; and of a man "with careless soul" who yet can die gloriously, in very pride of principle, for the faith that was not as much his as it was that of his ancestry. It is in such subjective depths that a Victor Hugo fain would sink his plummet. Baptiste the Red, because of his fixed hatred and his consistency, has tragic proportions. He is more than a mere type of the embittered sinner against and sinning human product. He is a personality. Against him, from the first, the unutterable hostility of man and his church! He is a Prometheus of a pre-Christian conception, whom wrong had turned to gall and fire. Then there is the priest, Sturges Owen, strong in faith but weak in flesh, who fails pitifully at the last. "He felt dimly the curse of ancestry, the feebleness of spirit which had come down to him out of the past, and he felt an anger at the creative force, symbolize it as he would, which had formed him, its servant, so weakly. For even a stronger man this anger and the stress of circumstances were sufficient to breed apostasy, and for Sturges Owen it was inevitable. In the fear of man's anger he would dare the wrath of God. He had been raised up to serve the Lord only that he might be cast down. He had been given faith without the strength of faith; he had been given spirit without the power of spirit. It was unjust." Science makes tolerance; for every failure the cause and the excuse is found in the laws of biology and environment so that a new sympathy is thrown over the characters, more telling and more true than the metaphysical explanations of the earlier schools. In the same spirit is

drawn the hero, Hay Stockard, a blasphemous and secular man, modernly secular to the bone, with an adherence to deep-rooted ideals stronger than the love of life. We know him and his class and the subtle forces that made him, but strength and beauty are always miraculous, and an understanding of the facts does not lessen their æsthetic value in literature. Mr. London finds that he has no cause to fear being too true.

"Where the Trail Forks" is a story somewhat similar to "The God of His Fathers," inasmuch as the conflict is between the white man and the Indian, and the motive is self-sacrifice for principle, with institutional religion in both cases for background. Here an Indian girl, herself resigned, is about to be sacrificed to the gods by the witch-doctor of her tribe, and Hitchcock, who "was born to honor and championship, and to do the thing for the thing's sake, nor stop to weigh and measure," alone undertakes to save her from this doom. "Four whites are a match for a hundred times as many reds. And think of the girl!" This from Hitchcock to one of his three companions, and the answer: "But I do think of the girl. And her eyes are blue like summer skies, and laughing like summer seas, and her hair is yellow, like mine, and braided in ropes the size of a big man's arms. She's waiting for me out there in a better land. And she's waited long, and now my pile's in sight I'm not going to throw it away."

"And shamed I would be to look in the girl's blue eyes and remember the black ones of the girl whose blood was on my hands." A difference in the point of view, that is all, and no one's to be blamed, though some are to be pitied.

Perhaps the most beautiful story in the book is "Grit of Women." It is dramatic, and simple, and strong, as is all of the author's work, but added to these qualities is the special charm of warmth and softness. Somehow one is reminded of snatches in the Earthly Paradise. The opening line alone has all the suggestiveness of a poem: "A wolfish head, wistful-eyed and frost-rimmed, thrust aside the tent-flaps." With the exception of this story and one other, the women in the book are built up as types rather than individuals. Where woman is brought into the action prominently, it is still obviously for the purpose of developing the hero's character. Passuk, the woman of love and grit, and Freda Moloof, who had all except a place in the world, are memorable creations. And when Sitka Charley awakened to a love for Passuk "there was a great thaw and a bending, a sound of running waters, and a budding and sprouting of many things. And there was drumming of partridges, and songs of robins, and great music, for the winter was broken, and he had learned the love of woman."

Somewhere in the Far North, lying soft on the white of the silence or lit by the first flash of an Aurora, the face of the True Romance was seen by the author of this book, and ever thereafter, whether he write of civilizations old or new, his tale must be of Her.

ANNA STRUNSKY.

Note.

The quatrains printed on the cover of this number are from *Into the Light*, by Edward Robeson Taylor, just published. Dr. Taylor's most scholarly translation of *The Sonnets of Heredia*, and his subsequent volume of collected poems, *Moods and Other Verses*, have earned for him the right to careful consideration. The editors of *IMPRESSIONS* hope to have an adequate critique of this last work in an early issue.

The quatrains are set in the meter of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, but against the burden of hopelessness and pessimism of *The Rubáiyât*, they ring out with strong and hardy optimism.



"Italy Today."

UNDER this title Mr. Bolton King and Mr. Thomas Okey have coöperated in an attempt to answer the question, "What is the matter with Italy?" It is a question which puzzles most foreigners, and it seems to be equally puzzling to the Italians themselves. Time was when the affairs of Italy seemed, to men who hoped, far more important than the affairs of any other nation. From 1856, when Cavour, in the Congress of Paris, called the attention of the civilized world to the oppression of Italy, until 1870, when the exigencies of the Franco-Prussian War enabled the king to take possession of Rome, all friends of progress, of liberty, of nationality, cheered every step toward the unity and freedom of Italy. Her past has been so great, her present is so beautiful, that every instructed heart yearned for her freedom and her integrity. Her Pantheon, built by the sturdy Romans of ancient time, and hung in air by the soaring genius of the Renaissance, has been one of the lights by which modern civilization has made its devious way. Three cities about the Mediterranean have given the impulses of modern life. Jerusalem gave us religion; Athens gave us culture; Rome gave us law. Other factors have entered into our modern civilization, but this three-fold cord has guided the destiny of mankind. And Italy has added to our obligation by giving new life to a dying world. These memories, and the ineffable charm of the land itself, have made it very dear to all who love order and beauty and light. When Italy emerged from the saddest of all national histories into unity and constitutional freedom, we all heard the promise of a great and prosperous future.

United Italy has been a distinct disappointment. Perhaps this was inevitable. We expected too much. The Italians had borne themselves so heroically and so patiently during the critical years that we hardly remembered the ages of wrong and oppression and distraction which had made the people what they are and which had so thoroughly unfitted them for self-government. When Italian unity was completed it seemed to sympathetic foreigners that there was only plain sailing before the newly constructed ship of state. The public sentiment of the world would not have permitted any aggression upon Italy, so long as Italy minded her own business and devoted herself to her own social and industrial development. Never was a fairer opportunity before a nation, and the nation threw it away. Italy did not mind her own business. She has maintained an enormous army. She has created a costly navy. She has entered into "entangling alliances," where she has had to keep pace with the great and rich empires of Austria and Germany. She has whimsically indulged in schemes of African colonization and conquest, which have brought her to poverty and shame. She has had to pay for these things, so far as she could, and the result is oppressive and exhausting taxation and a bankrupt treasury. The smallest toad in the puddle has tried to swell itself to the ox-like proportions of the great powers, and the inevitable explosion, which concludes experiments of this kind, has come.

There is no mystery or puzzle about this. These phenomena are familiar. The puzzle comes to view at another point. Every competent observer of Italian life and Italian politics assures us that the Italian people do not share the "megalomania" of the government; that they are very much bored by the big army and the big navy and the triple alliance and Erythræa, and the consequent taxation and poverty. If the Italian people disapprove of this "megalomania," why do they not put a stop to it? The *statuto fondamentale* issued by Carlo Alberto, King of Sardinia, has expanded into the Constitution of Italy, and, with the various enactments of the Italian parliament, has established something near to manhood suffrage. Certainly all the better and more intelligent men have the right to express their opinion on national affairs by the ballot, and we are accustomed to think that any people which has a broad suffrage can have its own desires fulfilled, if those desires are permanent. Why is it that the Italian people can not have their way? We know that the late King Umberto was a megalomaniac, but why was he stronger than the vast majority of the Italian people? For we are assured, by those who are competent to speak, that the vast majority of the Italian people altogether disapprove of the toad or frog ambitions of the government. Why can not the people have their way?

The book of Messrs. King and Okey is a contribution to the solution of the problem. It is not the most important contribution that has been made. The little book published two or three years ago by the late Mr. Stillman, under the title *The Union of Italy*, was far more illuminating, although he was limited to the political aspect of the question, whereas these gentlemen have ranged over the whole field, and have surveyed the political, social, economic, religious, and even the literary life of Italy.

But they do not explain to us why the Italian nation can not have its way. They tell us the old story—and they tell it very well—the old, sad story of the corruption of politics, of the dominance of the ignorant and depraved South over the intelligent and industrious North; and they tell us many things about existing conditions in Italy which are quite worth telling and are quite worth knowing, but they do not tell us why the nation can not do as it likes.

There are two things in this book which must attract attention. Messrs. King and Okey seem to be socialistic, and it is not surprising that they expect the salvation of Italy to come out of the socialistic party. But in their innocence and ingenuousness they teach us that the socialist party in Italy is not socialistic at all, or only to a very limited extent. It was socialistic in the beginning, and it attracted to itself persons who did not like socialism, because it stood for public honor and for the rights of an oppressed and exhausted people. These accessions resulted in a great modification of the party's program, and the "minimum program," which is the latest platform of the party, contains hardly any socialistic items. Such socialistic items as it does include can not be permanently harmful, because there are some things which the law can not do, in that it is weak. The fact that almost all the men of Italy, whose names are best known abroad, are members of the socialistic party, does not mean that socialism is strong in Italy. It means rather that the so-called socialistic party has abandoned its theories, and stands for clean politics and national progress, with the support of the best and most intelligent men in Italy.

The other point which draws our attention is peculiarly interesting to Californians. The superficial resemblances between California and Italy have been sufficiently remarked. A more important likeness is brought to our attention by this book. Each has practically no coal, and each has many torrential rivers. It was hardly to be expected that conservative Italy would so much earlier and to so much larger extent make use of water for power than California has done. Perhaps there is nothing in this book so instructive—certainly that is so hopeful—as the account which is given of the generation of electricity by water-power and its application to industry. If Italy can have a sound, industrial system, the other things will come. Man shall not live by bread alone, but he must have the bread or die.

Mr. Walter Bagehot once remarked that it was a great pity that so many persons who knew how to say things had nothing to say. The converse of the proposition is true. It is a pity that the authors of this book, who really have so many important things to say, can not use the English language.

THOMAS R. BACON.



The Worth of Reading.

IN VIEW of the many thousands of books that must be left unread, it is a solace to remember that one may be civilized and rational while still comparatively ignorant. Not long ago a dozen members of the Massachusetts Historical Society agreed, without a dissenting opinion, that the greatest English historian since Gibbon was Samuel Rawson Gardiner. It would be an interesting experiment for the average reader, as an exercise in restraint of intellectual pride, that he inquire of himself privately whether ever before he has heard of Dr. Gardiner and has any idea what he wrote and when he wrote it. Then let him put the same question to his associates and learn the sort of company he keeps. The number of superlatively important books a busy man may omit to read and still make a fair showing of general intelligence is a comforting fact.

I have not the figures, but I think it will be agreed that in our cities almost an imperceptible minority use the libraries. It would be humiliating to learn how few people in San Francisco read even one book a year which is not the lightest kind of novel. Many of our busy men never read anything but newspapers, and so they get into the habit of satisfying their minds with that easy reading. But the mind fed upon newspapers is like the body fed upon gruel. There must be for the mind as for the body, trial, hardship, otherwise it has no chance to strengthen itself. I would say, Come with me to a library, some of you who have read nothing but newspapers, magazines and novels for the past year; let me give you a good, solid book; you will be astonished to find how extremely difficult the task will prove. Your mind is dull and rusty; it has been cutting soft things. You will now find it difficult to cut into a solid book.

But men say they are too tired on returning from work to use the mind. It is just that use that will refresh and stimulate. Almost all men who have made themselves prominent and won success in one department of life exercised their minds in some other department. Gœthe turned from poetry to science; Rossetti was poet and painter; Gladstone was politician and theologian; Dr. Thomas Arnold, the teacher, made himself a master of Roman history; General Lee, Gen. Charles Napier, Gen. Lew Wallace, General Howard, Gen. "Chinese" Gordon—splendid soldiers, all of them, and also biblical students and bookish men. No man or woman can make a more fatal mistake than to seek rest for the mind by ceasing to work it. Give it exercise, plenty of it, not on newspapers, magazines and novels alone, but on some solid substance.

If people would do more serious reading they would gain convictions. The great mass of people never have convictions, but are led by the nose by any leader who comes along. Conviction implies study, thought, pondering upon problems, making up the mind which way the work of God would lead you and which way you ought to go. We are not worth a straw until we are moved by convictions. What keeps people by the thousand in a political party or a particular church? Chiefly, I think, the force of tradition and habit. If they would do a little thinking they would change their ideas in politics, in business and in religion. The great majority of people inherit their beliefs as they do the color of their hair. Mr. Chauncey Depew once said that there were not four hundred men in the city of New York who ever did any political thinking. The number of people who do religious thinking is very small. The majority drift.

Von Humboldt says that whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation must first be introduced into its schools; and, let me add, into the habitual reading of its citizens. Oh, there is such a world of happiness, of help, of instruction, of peace for us all in those companions, the books on our shelves and the shelves of a library! Are you lonely, or sad; are you fancying yourself alone,—go read the biographies of the men who have fought and conquered. Read the life of Scott and his splendid struggle to pay his debts; read the life of Thomas Arnold and see how religion may be translated into duty; read the life of the great soldier Napier and see how a man may live and fight in the world and still be true to his God and his fellow men; read the life of Macaulay by his nephew—almost the best of biographies—and see how this man's facility was conquered by severe

work ; read the life of Darwin and see how no physical disabilities can stand between a student and success ; read the life of Lafayette and see how a man may turn the most insidious temptation of the world into strength. Delve into books and make friends with Charlemagne and Luther and Savanarola and Loyola and Washington and Napoleon, the men of action ; learn what kind of men these were who stopped the current of the world for a moment and made it flow around them. Read your Bible and read Marcus Antoninus and Fenelon and Emerson and Tennyson, and learn the secrets of the religious life.

Fortunes go up and down, kings are crowned and dethroned, empires change their boundaries, but these men remain ; kings of the brain, kings of the heart and soul—scientists, philosophers, poets. These men are not affected by any panics—by the stringency of the money market. Here are worlds to which, for a little while, we may retire, like the gods on Olympus of old, unaffected by the ups and downs of common humanity. Suppose we do not get the variety we like ; the best in the world is open to any intelligent man in a library. There are no finer minds on earth than we can freely associate with. They are always ready to speak at our wish, and if we are tired, always ready to be silent. These are things that abide. There is much said nowadays to the effect that it is better to know life than literature, men than books. But we can only know men well through books ; we can only know life by means of literature. With our eyes and ears we can only see or hear a very few men, but with books we may know thousands ; with books we may clasp hands with the good and the great of all ages, and feel ourselves strengthened, guided and lifted by the invisible grasp reaching out to us from the pages of a book. I know only one panacea for all the ills of mind and body—the love of reading. So, when Christ was asked, “Which is the great commandment?” he replied : “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy *mind*.” If we cultivate the intellectual side of our nature, and have learned to live in an intellectual world, we have taken a step Godward—we have climbed up just so much above the level of the animal—above the range of the turmoil and the transitoriness of life and entered into the things that remain.

BRADFORD LEAVITT.

RELIGION IN LIFE.

To be faithful always to that which we believe to be true; to be faithful to our principles and our conscience when trial comes, or when we are tempted to sacrifice them for place or pelf; to be faithful to our given word; to keep our promises to men when we might win favour by eluding or breaking them; to cling to intellectual as well as to moral truth, even when our whole position depends on our judgment; to so live among men that they may always know where we are; to fly our flag in the storm as well as in the calm—that is to live religion, into life.

Stopford A. Brooke.



A Shaksperian Student's Library.

REPETITION has effectually staled the remark that, for the English-speaking man, a first folio *Shakspeare* is the corner-stone of a well-ordered collection of books. And the observation applies with such especial force to the professed student of *Shakspeare* that its utility is unimpaired. But the chances of the ordinary man's obtaining a copy being so impossibly remote, all that remains for most of us is the possession of a facsimile. Fortunately the want can be supplied as soon as it is felt. More than one facsimile has already appeared, and at the present time the Oxford Press is engaged in the preparation of one that should, I think, be preferable to all others. The reproduction is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy, the condition of which, apart from its binding, which is not contemporary with the book, is understood to be perfect. The editor is Mr. Sidney Lee, and his name, with that of the publishers, is a sufficient guarantee of absolute accuracy. Specimen leaves can be seen, and an examination of them shows that the edition, from a mechanical aspect, leaves nothing to be desired. But, frankly, to read *Shakspeare* in the first folio, or even in a facsimile of it, is too great a trial for eyes and patience. It is well—even essential—to have it, and a reference to it is often illuminating. But for a man's common reading, one of the ordinary editions will serve his turn better. Here the difficulty lies in decision; the possibilities of choice are needless.

The manner in which editions of *Shakspeare* differ from one generation to another seems to me to correspond pretty closely with the methods of presentation of the plays on the stage. The sight of the brown folio pages brings to the mind the vision of the Elizabethan plain raised stage, innocent of scenery and mechanical devices for the production of illusion; the players scarce distinguishable in garb from their audience; and the boys playing the women's parts. Consider the eighteenth century editions. Most of them—with the exception of Theobald's, 1733, Malone's, 1790, and that generally called Steeven's "own" of 1793—are textually unsatisfactory; the criticism applies with especial force to those of Pope and Warburton. The production repels the eye; where there are illustrations, the plates are palpably drawings of unrealities. It is hard to realize how the plays were then presented; there can be no permanent record of the actor's art. But the low-comedy Shylock must, perhaps because of his endurance—for he lasted a matter of a century—have been as wearisome as the ranting Lady Macbeth. And that was the note of the time. The art of the eighteenth century was a long-drawn sham, a studied insincerity. In an age of making pretense, and, to use one of its own pet words, "gentility," how could *Shakspeare* have been understood? How alien is his spirit from that animating—shall I say—*Rasselas*, or *The Distressed Mother*!

Probably, could we but see the presentment of one of the plays in the early portion of the last century, we should, in spite of attempts at stage realism, find the acting marred by a staginess that would strike us as tawdry and unreal. But the first reproductions on the stage of the outward life of the Renaissance and of Antiquity, and the triumph of the romantic school in literature and the drama, coincided with the appearance of many excellent editions of the text. There are, for example, those edited by Dyce, which take high rank among scholars; perhaps the best is the third. Of this the proofs were revised by John Forster after Dyce's death. Knight's Pictorial edition is not valued especially for its text; it adheres too slavishly to the first folio. But its typography is worthy remark, and the first impressions of its numerous woodcuts possess remarkable beauty. Tallis's edition, in four volumes, is interesting on account of its numerous portraits of the famous actors of fifty years ago. Singer's edition—the earlier issue, published in 1856 by Bell & Daldy—in ten volumes, is always worth purchasing when it offers. Lloyd's comments are brief, but they are sound and full of information.

Perhaps we do but reap where others have sown; but, to my mind, the later editions are indisputably better than those of earlier date. Boswell's "great" variorum edition of 1821, in twenty-one volumes, is, for example, a sound old book; but the scholarly atmosphere and marvelous erudition of Dr. Furness's give the American commentator's variorum

edition a rank apart. Unfortunately, Dr. Furness's field is too wide for the labor of one man; yet possibly the completion of his task — unhappily, as it must be, by other hands — will rank among the triumphs of the twenty-first century. Setting relative merits on one side, a careful comparison of editions is interesting, if only because of the varying readings of difficulties and obscurities. A difference in words will often mean a difference in meaning, than which nothing more excites the curiosity of the true student. A textually perfect edition — it gives all various readings, but has no explanatory notes, wherefore I personally love it — is the Cambridge; and of this the second issue is the best. The Globe reproduces the Cambridge text; yet it is well to have it. For in it the lines are numbered, and the numeration is that generally accepted in quotation. The utility of the book for the man who is in the habit of writing on the subject, or corresponding with other students, is obvious. For the lazy man — for him who can not read outside an armchair — the Temple is the ideal edition. Paper and print are alike and equally admirable; the volumes are small, for each holds but one play; the text is that of the Cambridge edition; and the annotations, never obtrusive, are by Mr. Gollancz, who holds an assured position as one of the best of the younger school of critics. A later issue of the Temple edition has a rather handsomer appearance. But the effect of increased luxury is ever the same; the snug compactness of the original volumes has, to my notion, been spoiled.

To use properly such editions as the student may have procured, at least a small collection of what are called collectively, "Shaksperiana" (a vile phrase, an ill phrase), is desirable. The best concordance, I think, is Bartlett's. Viewing them not merely as tools to aid in his task, but as in themselves masterpieces of literature, the student should have Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, and Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakspeare*. As interesting and valuable a work as any is *Shakspeare's Library*, a collection of the tales and romances whence he drew his plots. Read the volumes and you see, as it were, the master in his workshop; omit, if you like, some of the other books, but not this. Schmidt's *Shakspeare Lexicon* the student should have, and Nares's *Glossary* and Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*. Of the various lives that exist, the last — that by Sidney Lee — is the best.

And yet, after all, is it worth while? Does not too absorbing a study of the letter lead to a pedantic lack of appreciation of the spirit? Were, so the argument runs, Shakspeare's own care all we had to rely on, we should have been without his plays; he wrote purely for the stage, and for the stage of the time in which he lived. That represents, fairly enough, one mental attitude. And, with another school of thought, Shakspeare wrote but for the closet. Men who hold this latter view persistently will hardly be dragged to the theater; actual interpretation is destructive of their ideals. Perhaps it is safe to say that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes, though I myself am inclined to the view that the second position is a heresy which the theology of a robust age would have stigmatized as damnable. Each presentment should be judged on its individual merits. There are, let us agree, Hamlets which, in a well-known phrase, are funny without being vulgar. Does one not recall, too, the story of a nobleman's butler, who went to see a certain actor of repute play Romeo? As he left the theater he pondered, "It's curious, the different ways the lower orders have of earning their living." Of many Shaksperian actors whom I have seen the criticism could scarce be bettered. But do not Irving's Hamlet, Miss Terry's Portia and Beatrice, Miss Rehan's Rosalind, throw a new light? Do they not infuse life into the dry bones of an acquaintance with the plays formed only in the library? Truly, a play that is written but is not meant to be acted may be good literature and a vast number of other excellent things, but it is not a play. An accurate knowledge of the text, a sympathy with the spirit of the drama, add immensely to the pleasure and profit to be derived from witnessing a really artistic performance; and, for such performances as are inartistic, they, like all other bad art, are best avoided. As I said earlier in this paper, just as most of the older editions of the text leave much to be desired, so do our ancestors' dramatic methods seem to us, in many respects, inartistic. And, as the later editions are marked by a loving scholarly attention to accuracy and by comeliness of typography, so, however technically to seek may be the actors of today, their interpre-

tations are, to us at least, marked by a greater sincerity and a keener sense of humanity. And the difference in perception is the best evidence of the undying freshness of all Shakspeare wrote. That the words spoken by Shylock should, in a buffoon's mouth, stand for humorous delineation of character with one generation, while for us they sound the depths of human sorrow and desolation, marks their writer as being indeed for all time. As time goes by this and the other great creations of the master's genius will be viewed from yet different aspects, and our conceptions of them will be held faulty and curiously lacking in perception. Yet, however they be approached, they will never be other than eternally fresh. And the student will still be laboring in his library, analyzing the text, and finding obscure what seems to our minds as clear as noonday.

C. F. CAZENOVE.

A Prophecy For the Twentieth Century.

NEW centuries call for new ideals. The imagination is stimulated at the commencement of a cycle; the impulse of life takes a fresh start. It is a point of vantage in the unceasing march of time, from which we look backwards and forwards, seeking light from the past and inspiration for the future. To prophesy events is to deal in the black arts, but to prophesy tendencies is to express a hope which may be realized—a faith which may be as the grain of mustard seed. It is by faith that the world advances. We assert our faith and then strive to make it vital in our lives.

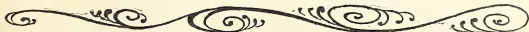
The nineteenth century was an age of science. Its achievements were the most splendid in the annals of the human race. It was an age of discovery, of exploration, of colonization. Its close marked the decline of the Latin races and the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon. Its most illuminating thought may be summed up in the word "evolution."

In the century closed materialism triumphed. The new century shall be an age of spiritualism. Upon the practical shall be builded the ideal. Men have been studying how to gain money. Now they will vie with one another in its wise distribution. They have sought for mastery over the elements of the earth and air, and have triumphed in an age of steel and electricity. Now they are to strive for mastery in the realms of the spirit. Religious faiths have crumbled before the scrutiny of science. Like the growth which springs from the mold of a ruined forest shall be the new religion of the new century, with its roots deep down in the basic truth of science, and its branches towering in the pure heaven of love.

Art, the handmaid of religion, shall come to her heritage in this new century. She, too, shall be nurtured by the glory of science, but shall rise in her own kingdom of the beautiful, the serene and the pure. Her benign influence will spread like a benediction over the works of man. Her message shall be tooled in wood and brass, woven upon looms; it shall be voiced by piled stones as well as by the songs of poets, the peals of organs, the flash of inspiration in the painted scene.

Westward the march of progress tends, and the world's center of thought and action will shift from the Atlantic to the Pacific. May it be a progress from war to peace! May it be indeed what so many epochs have been vainly called—a Christian era! May it witness the change from a statescraft which held its own by might to that millennium in which right, truth and justice control the policies of men!

CHARLES KEELER.



Solomon: How He Said His Prayers.

IT IS always interesting to hear of the various virtues and accomplishments of our dumb friends, and most of all, dogs, the closest and most loyal companion man can have.

I once knew a dog intimately, a great, noble, thoroughbred Irish setter, all over fine soft yellow hair with patches of white on his head and feet. He was so intelligent and educated that he seemed to understand one's thoughts without the words. He had been taught early in childhood, as all well-brought-up dogs should be, to say his prayers. He would sit demurely on his haunches by a chair, cross his paws on the seat, and bow his great, noble head on them in the most devout manner. No amount of persuasion could make him move from this rigid position until he heard "Amen," although his big brown eyes would rove about in the most heathenish manner and his tail vigorously thump the floor to show he heard, and was eagerly waiting for his release. This accomplishment was one of his most wonderful "tricks," and the surprise of every one who saw it.

Like all law-abiding citizens, Solomon had an annual certificate of poll tax in the shape of a tag which he wore on a chain around his neck. This chain being rather heavy, wore a mark on the lovely, soft hair, so in order to keep him sleek and trim this clumsy necklace was slipped off except at such times as he went outside his own domain. One evil day he was tempted, by seeing some truant canines playing on the street, to go abroad on his own account, and, of course, without his tag. He had such a good time and good romp with this bad company that he wandered far and forgot to come home all day. The pound-keeper, upon his rounds, came across them and took them all in, regardless of birth or breeding, and this dog of high degree had to spend the night shut up in a pen with mongrels and tramps of every kind and sort. He was rescued the next morning from this humiliating position, but seemed to feel disgraced beyond everything, and tried to show in many ways how sorry he was for having been so wicked in associating with such vagabonds for even a few short hours. For days he would not even take his usual nap comfortably, but would lie with his eyes wide open, seeming to study every movement of those about with an infinite wistfulness and penitence. He could not get by a chair without saying his prayers, and would often, during the following few days, get up lazily from his comfortable place on the rug and go voluntarily, in the most pathetic manner, to a chair, and then humbly cross his paws and bow his head as if some great sin were on his soul. And who shall say this clever, thoughtful fellow had not a soul and immortality?

Unfortunately, he came of a race that inherited consumption, and long before he was old he was laid in his last sleep under the apple blossoms in the garden where he had lived and grown from a little fat dumpling of a roly-poly pup to the dignity of a magnificent doghood.

As dogs have the attributes that belong to the spirit, can it be we are separated forever by death, and that they pass into nothingness, and we into eternity without them? Where is my dog?

MAY E. SOUTHWORTH.

The Village Vicar to His Dog

*After Lamartine
(From Jocelyn, Ninth Epoch)*

MY dog, God only knows the space twixt thee and me;
In life's ascent He only can measure what degree
Between thy instinct and thy master's soul may be;
And He alone can know by what mysterious ties
Thou seest as he sees and diest as he dies,
And for our hearts what pity in thy bosom wakes
To still love those whom every human one forsakes.
And so, poor dog, when thou upon the ground hast lain
My foot has never touched thy body with disdain,
Nor with one brutal word, vexed at thy tenderness,
Has e'er my heart repelled thy feeling, fond caress.
But away, away still, did I in thee divine
The boundless grace of Him—the Master thine and mine,
As we should e'er respect the least of all that be
Whom nature may have made our kin in some degree.
Ah, my poor Fido, when on mine are fixed thine eyes,
And in communion deep our speech in silence lies;
When quiet by my bed in watch for me to wake,
Thou startest if but one unequal breath I take;
When reading all my sadness in my clouded face,
In wrinkles of my forehead thou seek'st my cares to trace,
And when thou wouldst divert the thoughts oppressing me
More tenderly thou bitest my hand that drops toward thee;
When, like a mirror clear, my joy or my chagrin
Thy friendly eye gives back unquiet or serene;
When evidence thus proves thou hast, indeed, a soul,
And when intelligence still yields to love's control,
Ah, no, thou canst not be the heart's illusion vain,
The human sentiment's derisive, cold disdain,
A body that can thrill with nothing but caress,
A false automaton of life and tenderness.
No! when this feeling can no longer light thine eyes,
'Twill waken in some heaven I may not e'en surmise,
But that which moves and stirs at sympathy's dear breath,
Be it a man or plant, shall live despite of death:
God breaks it but to bind it firmer than of old;
His bosom's large enough his creatures all to hold.
Yes, love for love will be the fiat that controls;
What matters this regard of instincts or of souls?
Wherever friendship bids one loving heart to bloom,
Wherever nature can one sentiment illumine,
God will no more destroy His spark divine which bright
With starry splendor streams through all the spacious night
Than that which fondly beams in some poor spaniel's eyes,
Who led the blinded one and on his coffin dies.

—Edward Robeson Taylor.

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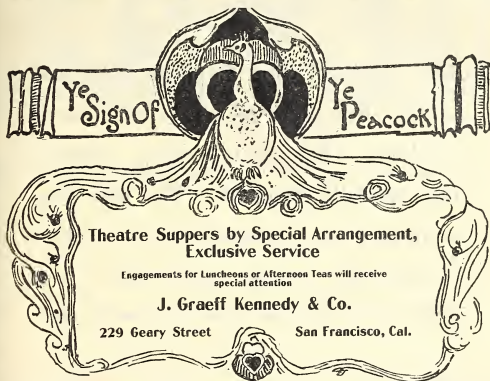
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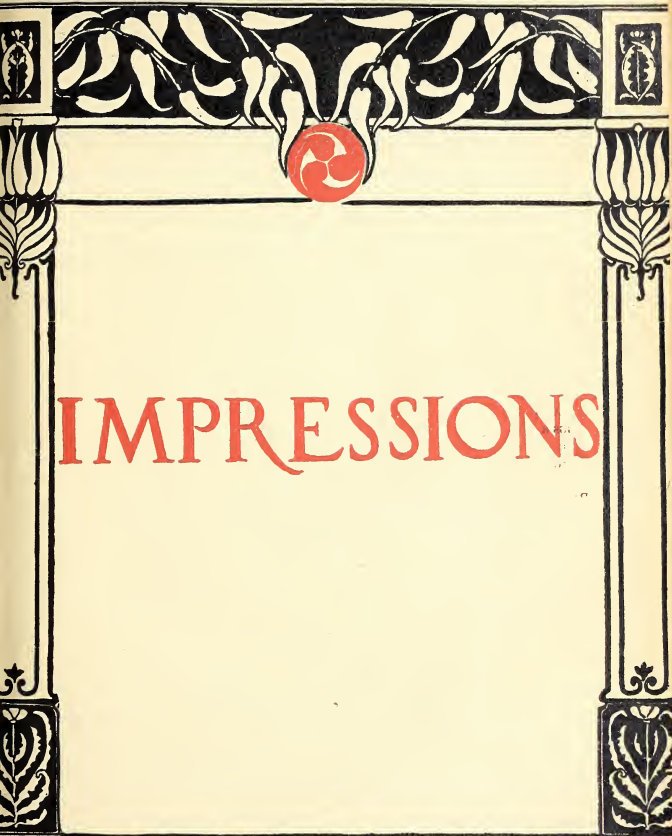
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November, 1901

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AUTHOR OF "INTO THE LIGHT."

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REVIEWS.

INTO THE LIGHT. Connected Quatrains. By Edward Robeson Taylor, Dean of Hastings Law College, S. F. Elder & Shepard. 75 cents net.	By Charles Ferguson. Funk & Wagnalls. 90 cents net.
THE LIMITS OF EVOLUTION: and Other Essays Illustrating the Metaphysical Theory of Personal Idealism. By G. H. Howison, LL.D., Mills Professor of Philosophy in the University of California. Macmillan. \$1.60 net.	THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. Elder & Shepard. 50 cents net.
THE AFFIRMATIVE INTELLECT: An Account of the Origin and Mission of The American Spirit.	FOMÁ GORDYÉEFF. By Maxim Gorky. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
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Into the Light.

Connected Quatrains by Edward Robeson Taylor.

AMONG the records of an early race of mankind has been found a set of texts which declare in favor of certain bright and shining Ones, whose home is light itself, and against an opposing band of stinging, torturing creatures who revel in darkness. The place of the first is called Truth; the place of the second is named "The Lie." From the beneficent powers of truth were thought to descend all that man considered good and blessed: from the afflicting forces of "The Lie" were held to proceed drought, want, disease, and everything which conspired to make man wretched. Men, themselves, were divided into two broad classes, those who held with "The Truth," and those who adhered to "The Lie." The first may be said, generally, to have aspired; the second to have negated and sought to destroy.

Somewhat later a kindred race gave the world that picturesque figure, whose inward ear caught the rhythmical secret of moving worlds by belief in an harmonious universe. And, again, as time unfolded, the same race sent forth a philosophical body, whose teachings advanced the standard of duty and lowered the claims of cynicism.

Thus, from the very beginning of existence has been waged a contest of opposing thought, which finds a certain likeness in the centrifugal and centripetal forces, that commanded by a might inconceivable to the unreflecting, keep myriads of worlds in poise.

The fine aspiration of thoughtful men, in every age, has been to perfect a system that would lessen the evil features of contest, so members of the human race, however varied their beliefs and powers, might move toward greater perfection under guidance of a few broad and general laws.

Mr. Taylor's quality of thought and character of conclusion rank him with those who aspire. Some will dismiss his quatrains with the remark that they were written to refute the philosophy of Omar Khayyám, and that Omar did better work because he was gifted with genius. But close students of Oriental philosophy are not quite certain that Fitzgerald gave Omar's true meaning, or revealed his veritable self to the English-speaking public. Consequently, it would be rather futile to dwell on such a point. The world, both that part of it which reads Persian, and that other part which only cons Fitzgerald, is agreed that Omar was a genius. But, surely, such a conclusion does not make it impossible that other singers with a different gift of tone may rightfully claim attention and merit regard. Omar would have been the first to say that Nature is a better teacher than any voice within his tent. Death makes praise come easily; and so volumes of words are shouted after deaf ears, while too often even a scant meed of encouragement is withheld from the living.

It is time to deck the statues of the great who have gone before, — to cover them with bay and laurel if desire so urge; but it is equally good to try and find the worth of a neighbor's thought, even though his figure may be a familiar one in the market-place.

As for the rest, Lucifer always wears a charm for men; it is a stirring thing to fancy his plunge through space, and his indifferent "*Cui bono*," when told to obey. The other Sons of Morning whose message savors of strictness and rectitude, and who insist that to lessen the bands is to lose the way, are not nearly so picturesque to the ordinary fancy. Their white and gold, with its power to keep earth green and alive, lacks the intensity of Lucifer's black and scarlet. The substance of Mr. Taylor's work is woven of white and gold and living green; its supreme idea is Divine Power as revealed in a rhythmically ordered universe, and the watchword given to man is the old one of duty.

Into the Light shows that its writer's mind has reached far out beyond the mere bounds of earth, and realized what a mighty conception is imprisoned in the little word "universe." The materialistic side of this conception he does not undervalue; but he fully realizes that it is only the visible evidence of a something infinitely greater than itself. Through the vast whole he finds a kinship which knits every seemingly independent atom together. Man, he conceives as a spiritual part of the everlasting plan, whose one gift is the present moment, and whose only salvation is in growth of soul. For this there must be no waiting the auspicious moment, when flesh shall cease to make exactions; development can only proceed in a continuous way, and spirit is spirit as truly, in its present environment, as it ever will be. To compute the exact amount of gain or loss in a certain life is not possible, since the thing which sometimes seems worst has more true developing influence than that written down best. Loitering and careless enjoyment are to true living as condiments to a meal: steadily pursued they cause the soul to shrivel and change. Work and service constitute answer to the "why" so often asked as to man's presence on earth. All things change, but nothing passes away; each age lends a somewhat to the one that follows. For every wrong man does he must pay through change in himself. Words, even though of the best, repeated over and over without action, are but as spells of incantation that afford no help.

The old argument that because an individual forms so small a part of so great a scheme, it can not matter what he does, is met steadily by reiteration of the statement that he is spirit, and can not free himself from his connection, though he may refuse to maintain his quality.

Although so brief a summary can not sound the depth of Mr. Taylor's thought, it may serve to indicate his earnestness of purpose and the way in which he aspires to be of service. For tent he chooses the pine forest with its lily-bloom and endless murmurs, where the sun peers in timidly, while, at the same moment, painting a mountain with new glory.

Here the mystery of nature appeals to him :

"Mysterious all; yet that proud sun which prints
Upon yon mountain-peak such splendrous tints,
Holds not one secret greater than the grass
Which at our feet its wonders humbly hints."

The doctrine that man, in doing wrong, or, as Mr. Taylor puts it, in "slaying Right's most petty creature," records a debt against himself which he must inevitably pay, has always been an extremely difficult one to teach. In the early time, when much went wrong with men, they chose a goat, placed the burden of sin upon it, and drove it into the wild, thereby, in their fancy, ridding themselves of the iniquity, and creating a scapegoat. And down even to the present time this tendency of human nature has remained. Men who find themselves lower in the scale than their fellows, rarely stop to question how they came there, or whether they, or their forebears, are in any way responsible; but, instead, cast about for an institution, a man, or a group of men, to use in the nature of a scapegoat. Perhaps this is the true reason why progress is so slow, and why degenerates are produced even by the most ambitious races. Where all strive for material success without any regard to spiritual growth, some must be trampled by the way.

No one can seriously study Mr. Taylor's quatrains without feeling the narrow, materialistic atmosphere of every-day life expand into something so large and free that any and every task seems well worth doing. Scholarly touch and clear conception, though both enter into the work, could not bring about such a result; it is, rather, born of the earnest and true conviction which first made the quatrains take form.

"Things, forces, change and change but never die;
Infinitude is writ on earth and sky;
And if it be no atom lives in vain,
How can thy spirit ever clod-like lie?"

REGINA E. WILSON.

The Limits of Evolution.

IT IS SAID that philosophy in its essence is "the attempt to think clearly." Its value lies in its clearness of vision, rather than in the data from which it starts or even the results which it attains. If the original data are complete and adequate, the result of clear thinking is not philosophy, but science. The strength of science lies in its basal statements, that of philosophy in its methods. Science cares little for the logical consequences of affirmations, knowing that her premises can never be complete, and that a new and unforeseen series of conditions must set in long before the logical consequences can be reached, for the data of no problem can ever be absolutely perfect and adequate. No scientific conclusion can represent the absolute truth. Science is content with the search for that which it can never attain. Philosophy on swifter foot tries to point out the ends toward which our footsteps are tending. Whether it reaches its goal or not, its movements will give us good exercise.

Of all the men who have striven to think clearly on the problems of the universe, none have been more persistent than Professor Howison, and none have shown more unflinching faith in the results of his own logic. As I read these essays, I find myself unable to share their unwavering faith in the power of the mind to transcend the senses, but at the same time I can not but feel the most profound respect for the masterful conscientiousness of the author and constant admiration for the keenness and subtlety which his work displays.

In the principal essay, first delivered as a lecture in Stanford University, Dr. Howison takes up the philosophy of evolution, its limits in the universe and in the human mind, and its alleged right "to supplement the venerable forms of old religion." In one phase of evolutionary philosophy he finds agnosticism, or arrested idealism, which recognizes only the existence of the immutable energy, not to be called material nor spiritual, conscious or unconscious, known to us only as the unknown, "the secret behind the veil." In other phases he finds the philosophy of evolution an affirmative idealism, "God made immanent in Nature," as a man's mind in his own body.

The scientific facts of evolution are not discussed by Professor Howison. These, no doubt, he will take for granted. He concerns himself only with its deductive philosophy, a phase of thought in which scientific men as such take little part. Of the various implications or logical conclusions which make up the alleged philosophy of evolution, there are some which seem to him destructive to the truths of a deeper philosophy. The evolutionary explanation of the existence of the human mind, for example, he regards as "destructive of the reality of the human person, and therefore of that world of moral good, of beauty, and of unqualified truth, which depends on personal reality for its being." With the personality of man, the personality of the Deity logically must vanish also. To the scientific mind, the only interest in this discussion would lie in the framing of a definition of personality which shall accord with observed facts. Dr. Howison's main question as to evolution is this: What are the limits of evolution in the world of phenomena and in the world of thought? This question again must concern philosophers only, not men of science, for within our own actual experience we can never conceive of limits to change. Science deals solely with human experience verified and set in order. Once outside her field we "must come to the bar of historic philosophy and be judged by that reason which is the source of philosophical and of scientific method both and the sole authority to determine the limits of either."

In the limited space of this notice, we can not follow our author in the complex maze through which he moves with such a firm step. We may admit with him that the philosophy of evolution is not a complete system of philosophy, but rather, if you please, a mass of displaced fragments of science. We must admit with him that evolution is "validly continuous in the world of phenomena" only by changing the meaning of the word as we go along. Thus it is true the evolution of men and birds and roses has nothing phenomenally in common with the evolution of planets or of chemical elements. We must confess that in our attempts to see God and live, the tumuli raised by science give no better vantage ground than the plains humanity has trodden patiently for so many weary ages.

Other notable essays are the following : "Modern Science and Pantheism." In this, Dr. Howison maintains that science is not pantheistic, but neutral on philosophical and theological questions. In other words, the questions of the nature and presence of God transcend human experience. "Later German Philosophy," "The Art Principle in Poetry," "Human Immortality," "Determinism and Freedom." Each of these subjects is touched with a clarifying hand. They are not easy reading, because it is never easy to think clearly through long, continuous stretches, but the final results which Professor Howison obtains are hopeful and satisfying. Even those who differ as to the conclusions will find the effort to reach them helpful and strengthening.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

The Affirmative Intellect—An Account of the Origin and Mission of the American Spirit, by Charles Ferguson.

THE mind of today is prone to treat all things from the standpoint of causation, to view them as effects, to put their real being outside them ; the physical sciences monopolize human interest, and the formulæ which men have learned to apply in them are forced to do duty in the explanations of human problems as well. Biologists pronounce the word "environment" with awe, the manifold mysteries of society are explained by the word "imitation," "the constitution" has far too fixed a place in political discussions, and the formulas of the confessing of today were framed generations ago. "The passive intellect is that which is cowed by the appearance of things and prostrated to an external law," and these are the habits of the passive intellect. It is refreshing to find a book which treats of creation—which undertakes to remind men that mind is creative, *begotten*, not *made* ; not of the substance of the creation, but of the Creator.

The sub-title of the book indicates its purpose. Somebody must do it. Buying and selling, making and building, cheating and devising, eating and drinking, herding, toiling and checkmating are such absorbing processes that our national life seems to contain nothing beyond them. To generalize such a seething mass of particulars is a well-nigh impossible task, yet the need for generalization increases in proportion to its impossibility. The spirit will not down. Even the meanest of us is not so thoroughly absorbed in bustling with his fellow bustlers as not to have moments of distrust in which the Socratic axiom that "an unexamined life is not fit to be lived by any man," rises in his thoughts. Who, then, shall show us any good or tell us of the heart's inmost desire? What is our real birthright and what prophet shall formulate the tendencies of our common life for us? The need for prophets is greater than ever before, but they must reword and reapply the wisdom of Him in whom all prophecy was fulfilled, and this is the strength of the book. In a sense it is a discussion of the philosophy of history. He came announcing a great change in the social order which was a corollary to the proclamation, "that a man had been born who was of the same stuff as God" — a proclamation that was accompanied by the assurance that any and all other men, if they would, might share the life of this man. "The historic church-idea is at bottom simply the basing of civilization upon faith in the eternal nature of man and the realization of the equality of persons. It is the attempt to establish a universal social order in the spirit of democracy. The history of the Church is the story of the genesis and evolution of the American ideal." What these challenging sentences mean to its author the book will tell. What the American ideal demands in attitude and expression is well worth investigating, and I can not but feel that the man who earned the worthy title of prophet from many competent critics by writing *The Religion of Democracy* has put our generation under still greater debt for this completer exposition of his faith.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.



Fomá Gordyéeff—by Maxim Gorky.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that insolence!

"FOMÁ GORDYEEFF" is a big book — not only is the breadth of Russia in it, but the expanse of life. Yet, though in each land, in this world of marts and exchanges, this age of trade and traffic, passionate figures rise up and demand of life what its fever is, in *Fomá Gordyéeff* it is a Russian who so rises up and demands. For Gorky, the Bitter One, is essentially a Russian in his grasp on the facts of life and in his treatment. All the Russian self-analysis and insistent introspection are his. And like all his brother Russians, ardent, passionate protest impregnates his work. There is a purpose to it. He writes because he has something to say which the world should hear. From that clenched fist of his, light and airy romances, pretty and sweet and beguiling, do not flow, but realities — yes, big and brutal and repulsive, but real.

He raises the cry of the miserable and the despised, and in a masterly arraignment of commercialism, protests against social conditions, against the grinding of the faces of the poor and weak and the self-pollution of the rich and strong in their mad lust for place and power. Wherefore it is to be doubted strongly if the average bourgeois, smug and fat and prosperous, can understand this man Fomá Gordyéeff. The rebellion in his blood is something to which their own does not thrill. To them it will be inexplicable that this man, with his health and his millions, could not go on living as his class lived, keeping regular hours at desk and stock exchange, driving close contracts, underbidding his competitors, and exulting in the business disasters of his fellows. It would appear so easy, and after such a life, well appointed and eminently respectable, he could die — "Ah," Fomá will interrupt rudely, — he is given to rude interruptions — "if to die and disappear is the end of these money-grubbing years, why money-grub?" And the bourgeois whom he rudely interrupted will not understand. Nor did Mayákin understand as he labored holily with his wayward godson.

"Why do you brag?" Fomá bursts out upon him. "What have you to brag about? Your son — where is he? Your daughter — what is she? Ekh, you manager of life! Come, now, you're clever, you know everything — tell me, why do you live? Why do you accumulate money? Aren't you going to die? Well, what then?" And Mayákin finds himself speechless and without answer, but unshaken and unconvinced.

Receiving by heredity the fierce, bull-like nature of his father plus the passive indomitableness and groping spirit of his mother, Fomá, proud and rebellious, is repelled by the selfish, money-seeking environment into which he is born. Ignát, his father, and Mayákin, the godfather, and all the horde of successful merchants singing the psalm of the strong and the praises of merciless, remorseless Laissez Faire, can not entice him. Why? he demands. This is a nightmare, this life! It is without significance! What does it all mean? What is there underneath? What is the meaning of that which is underneath?

"You do well to pity people," Ignát tells Fomá, the boy, "only you must use judgment with your pity. First consider the man, find out what he is like, what use can be made of him; and if you see that he is a strong and capable man, help him if you like. But if a man is weak, not inclined to work — spit upon him and go your way. And you must know that when a man complains about everything, and cries out and groans, — he is not worth more than two kopéks, he's not worthy of pity, and will be no use to you if you do help him."

Such the frank and militant commercialism, bellowed out between glasses of strong liquor. Now comes Mayákin, speaking softly and without satire:

"Eh, my boy, what is a beggar? A beggar is a man who is forced, by fate, to remind us of Christ; he is Christ's brother; he is the bell of the Lord, and rings in life for

the purpose of awakening our conscience, of stirring up the satiety of man's flesh. He stands under the window and sings, 'For Christ's sa-ake!' and by that chant he reminds us of Christ, of His holy command to help our neighbor. But men have so ordered their lives that it is utterly impossible for them to act in accordance with Christ's teaching, and Jesus Christ has become entirely superfluous to us. Not once, but, in all probability, a thousand times, we have given Him over to be crucified, but still we can not banish Him from our lives so long as His poor brethren sing His name in the streets and remind us of Him. And so now we have hit on the idea of shutting up the beggars in such special buildings, so that they may not roam about the streets and stir up our consciences."

But Fomá will have none of it. He is neither to be enticed nor cajoled. The cry of his nature is for light. He must have light! And in burning revolt he goes seeking the meaning of life. "His thoughts embraced all those petty people who toiled at hard labor. It was strange—why did they live? What satisfaction was it to them to live on the earth? All they did was to perform their dirty, arduous toil, eat poorly; they were miserably clad, addicted to drunkenness. One was sixty years old, but he still toiled side by side with young men. And they all presented themselves to Fomá's imagination as a huge heap of worms, who were swarming over the earth merely to eat."

He becomes the living interrogation of life. He can not begin living until he knows what living means, and he seeks its meaning vainly. Why should I try to live life when I do not know what life is? He objects when Mayákin strives with him to return and manage his business. Why should men fetch and carry for him? Be slaves to him and his money?

"Work is not everything to a man," he says—"it is not true that justification lies in work. * * * Some people never do any work at all all their lives long—yet they live better than the toilers. Why is that? And what justification have I? And how will all the people who give their orders justify themselves? What have they lived for? But my idea is that everybody ought, without fail, to know solidly what he is living for. Is it possible that a man is born to toil, accumulate money, build a house, beget children, and—die? No; life means something in itself. * * * A man has been born, has lived, has died—why? All of us must consider why we are living, by God we must! There is no sense in our life—there is no sense at all. Some are rich—they have money enough for a thousand men all to themselves—and they live without occupation; others bow their backs in toil all their life, and they haven't a penny."

But Fomá can only be destructive. He is not constructive. The dim groping spirit of his mother and the curse of his environment press too heavily upon him, and he is crushed to debauchery and madness. He does not drink because liquor tastes good in his mouth. In the vile companions who purvey to his baser appetites he finds no charm. It is all utterly despicable and sordid, but thither his quest leads him and he follows the quest. He knows that everything is wrong, but he can not right it, can not tell why. He can only attack and demolish. "What justification have you all in the sight of God? Why do you live?" he demands of the conclave of merchants, of life's successes. "You have not constructed life—you have made a cesspool! You have disseminated filth and stifling exhalations by your deeds. Have you any conscience? Do you remember God? A five-kopék piece—that is your God! But you have expelled your conscience!"

Like the cry of Isaiah, "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your misfortunes that shall come upon you," is his: "You blood-suckers! You live on other people's strength; you work with other people's hands! For all this you shall be made to pay! You shall perish—you shall be called to account for all! For all—to the last little tear-drop!"

Stunned by this puzzle of life, unable to make sense of it, Fomá questions, and questions vainly, whether of Sófyá Medýnsky in her drawing-room of beauty, or in the foulest depths of the first chance courtesan's heart. Linboff, whose books contradict one another, can not help him; nor the pilgrims on crowded steamers, or the verse writers and harlots in dives and boozing-kens. And so, wondering, pondering, perplexed, amazed, whirling through the mad whirlpool of life, dancing the dance of death, groping for the

nameless, indefinite something, the magic formula, the essence, the intrinsic fact, the flash of light through the murk and dark,—the rational sanction for existence, in short,—Fomá Gordyéeff goes down to madness and death.

It is not a pretty book, but it is a masterful interrogation of life—not of life universal, but of life particular, the social life of today. It is not nice; neither is the social life of today nice. One lays the book down sick at heart—sick for life with all its “lyings and its lusts.” But it is a healthy book. So fearful is its portrayal of social disease, so ruthless its stripping the painted charms from vice, that its tendency can not but be strongly for good. It is a goad, a gadfly, to prick sleeping human consciences awake and drive them into the battle of battles, the battle for humanity.

But no story is told, nothing is finished, some one will object. Surely, when Sáša leaped overboard and swam to Fomá, something happened. It was pregnant with possibilities. Yet it was not finished, was not decisive. She left him to go with the son of a rich vodka-maker. And all that was best in Sófya Medýnsky was quickened when she looked upon Fomá with the look of the Mother-Woman. She might have been a great power for good in his life, she might have shed light into it and lifted him up to safety and honor and understanding. Yet she went away next day to travel in the south of Europe and he never saw her again. No story is told, nothing is finished.

Ah, but surely the story of Fomá Gordyéeff is told; his life is finished, as lives are being finished each day around you—wake up, and perchance you may hear their stories, broken, disconnected, rambling stories, but true stories of suffering human souls. Besides, it is the way of life, and the art of Górký is the art of realism. But it is a less tedious realism than that of Tolstoi or Turgenev. It lives and breathes from page to page with a swing and dash and go they rarely attain. Their mantle has fallen on his young shoulders, and he promises to wear it royally.

Even so, but so helpless, hopeless, terrible is this life of Fomá Gordyéeff that we would be filled with profound sorrow for Górký did we not know that he has come up out of the Valley of Shadow. That he hopes, we know, else would he not now be festering in a Russian prison because he is brave enough to live the hope he feels. He knows life, why and how it should be lived. And in conclusion, this one thing is manifest: Fomá Gordyéeff is no mere statement of an intellectual problem. For as he lived and interrogated living, so, in sweat and blood and travail, has Górký lived.

JACK LONDON.

Recipe for a Happy Life.

Three ounces are necessary, first of patience,

Then of repose and peace; of conscience

A pound entire is needful:

Of pastimes of all sorts, too,

Should be gathered as much as the hand can hold;

Of pleasant memory and of hope three good drachms

There must be at least. But they should moistened be
With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the heart.

Then of love's magic drops a few—

But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame

Which nought but tears can drown.

Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an ounce

To even. Yet all this may not bring happiness

Except in your orisons you lift your voice

To Him who holds the gift of health.

Written by Margaret of Navarre in 1500.
Found in a chest in the French National Library.

Biggs's Bar.

I HAVE not been to Dawson and therefore I can not say that Howard Sutherland's Klondyke Ballads are true and faithful pictures of the early mining days in the far North. But I think they are. In any event they are rattling good verses with a rhythm and swing that are pleasing to the ear, a rather broad humor that brings a hearty laugh, and a pathos and humanism that touches the heart — familiar or not as it may be with Dawson society circles.

They aim not to be interpretive of the soul of the frozen zone, nor to crystallize its inherent and everlasting qualities, but find their subject in lightly sketching the temporary condition of the hardy pioneer, his crude, rough environment, his questionable amusements, his difficulties and dangers. Ever present is the humor, may be broad and uncouth, with which a brave man may strive to soften the struggle of the day, the uncertainties of the morrow; and underneath the laugh is ever the tear, the pathos of this battle with hunger and defeat, this effort towards the success that so seldom comes.

The title poem is a very laughable jingle of the thirsty days of July when, liquid refreshment not being easily available, Joaquin Miller sought to lead his party to the goal of their dreams. In it is the following clever piece of character study: —

Now, Biggs is on Bonanza Creek, claim ninety-six below,
There may be millions in it, and there may not; none will know
Until he gets to bed-rock or till bed-rock comes to him —
For Arthur takes it easy and is strictly in the swim.

It is true, behind his cabin he has sunk a mighty shaft
(When the husky miners saw it they turned aside and laughed),
But Biggs enjoys his bacon, and smokes his pipe and sings,
Content to be enrolled among the great Bonanza Kings.

Equally good is *The Dawson City Band* and *The Klondyke Mosquito*. Several of the ballads depict the trials of the inexperienced cooks, and the following touches the time when they had nothing left on which to experiment:

IN WINTER.

Beans and bacon thrice a day,
Such is our diet;
We could live on better fare
Had we dust to buy it;
But our sacks are void of gold,
No one gives us credit;
We are in a pretty fix,
But we grin and bear it.

Fruit is coming to an end,
Ditto our flour,
Once a week we hit our mush —
Mush, the source of power.
Neither milk nor sugar now
Graces our table;
Once we had a stock of meats —
Now we read a label.

Sunday is our day for spuds,
Coffee comes on Friday;
Thursdays we partake of rice,
Tuesday *was* our pie day.
He who mentions butter now
Has to wash the dishes;
Still we hope to realize
Some day our wishes.

Accompanying *Biggs's Bar* is the second edition of *Jacinta*. Mr. Sutherland is to be congratulated upon there being a second edition; but while the wide margins and silver binding are very attractive, one rather regrets the departure from the quaintness of its first issue, termed by some one "a jolly little quaker in brown."

Upon Literary Criticism.

WHEN Mr. Gelett Burgess opened calm fire upon the pseudo-literary critic he was safe from being attacked in turn by any avowed representative of that much berated class of writers. Who could afford to feel offended when to show temper is to stand self-convicted! Indeed, even an impersonal defense is a risk; we have fallen into the way of shifting the sins of the client to the shoulders of the advocate. Today, society is divided against itself, interests clash, and power is pitted against power. Class-consciousness is so much a feature of our economic life that it is beginning to have all the force of a habit of mind. We find ourselves fighting impossible enemies, fighting just for the pain of the thing, as it were, and then we laugh. We realize that we are overdoing, and that which has tragic significance develops a comic side. There is nothing in the conditions of literature, for instance, that calls for an arraignment of author against critic and critic against author, yet we speak and write as if it were high time to organize unions and send out walking delegates!

We take up the article in the October number of *IMPRESSIONS*, not in the spirit of controversy, but rather to add that further word which it has suggested. Mr. Burgess prefers charges against the would-be literary critic; furthermore, he shrugs a polite but contemptuous shoulder at the art of criticism in general. Unfortunately, his attack upon the personnel of the reviewing world is well deserved. There is certainly too little respect felt and expressed for sincere human effort, and we doubt not that Mr. Burgess draws his illustrations from the facts of the newspaper and the periodical when he speaks of the shallow dogmatism of the ordinary review, of its lack of understanding and its offensive assurance. Aesthetically, as well as ethically, "He who walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral, dressed in his shroud," and there is as little sympathy in stupid praise as in narrow denunciation. Often, the calm and patronizing "I like this" of a *bourgeois* spirit before a possible masterpiece is more unbearable, more rank, than the impassioned outcry against it. Who are you that you should praise me?

" 'I ha' harpit ye up to the throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your secret soul in three;
I ha' harpit ye down to the hinges o' hell,
And—ye—would—make—a knight o' me! ' "

On the other hand, what right have we to expect discretion and sensitiveness from those who can maintain their posts only on condition that they abandon these qualities? Obviously and ostensibly, the pseudo-literary critic does not write because of the whispered promptings of a muse; he writes as others swing hammers and drive stakes, with his eye to very small but very definite ends. He pretends to nothing, he is frank enough and he is honest enough. He is employed by the public and he makes himself acceptable to the public. We should be grateful that he does not have to make himself over to make himself acceptable! Here is the cheerful side of the matter—it is no worse for writers to write badly than for readers to read poorly! The law of mob-mind prevails, and the public reads *David Harum* because the public's own critic advised it, and the critic advised it because the public would and must read *David Harum*. And why not? Who shall say nay to either of these potent social factors? The course of Democracy does not always run smooth, but then, it is Democracy.

But the question of the critic is a minor consideration besides that of the meaning and value of criticism. Says Mr. Burgess: "No man with brains enough to write a book has either time or inclination to criticize another's," and though the author of this formula admits exceptions, there can be no doubt that to his mind literary criticism does not belong in the high places of composition. Time was when the art of translation was held in slight honor. Today we realize that a good translator must not only have a mastery over the two languages which become his tools, but he must also understand the spirit of the book and the soul of the author, and not only must he understand, but he must be able to interpret spirit and soul to a foreign world whose approach to the work is necessarily difficult.

In order to effect this, the translator must allow his personal equation play — but with a management of the highest subtlety and control. In fine, the translator, too, creates. He is an artist under cover, and often a greater than he whose mouthpiece he becomes. The task of the translator is also the task of the critic. Criticism to literature is what bionomics is to biology,—it is the philosophic interpretation of valuable data. And there is no reason why a book should not be written on a book! Years are spent in the study of what has been produced in pictorial art, and histories of the masters and their less than masterpieces are hailed as acquisitions. A book is never less than a picture; a book is clock and compass both, and the least and weakest tells the time and tells the race whither it is tending. Bernard Shaw wrote “*Quintessence of Ibsenism*,” and we are of the opinion that had he succeeded better in setting forth the master we would have been the greater gainers by that one bit of criticism than by all of Mr. Shaw’s own plays. This, not in depreciation of the brilliant playwright, but rather as an illustration of what criticism promises. Again, the literary legitimacy of biography and autobiography is undoubted; they are pregnant with meaning for the world’s readers, swaying with all that is dramatic in personal life. May not the biography of a book be as significant and as artistic as the life-story of the book’s author? Milton decides for us! “Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. ’Tis true, no age can restore a life whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.” It all resolves itself down to a consideration of the value of literature. If literature is vital, if there is identity between the Logos and the Life, between the written story and that which tells itself out in the facts of blood and nerve and world-stuff, then is the claim of literature upon our best effort vital; then is no man too great to become its interpreter and expositor. So it is that by the side of the commercial book reviewer we find our Henleys and Howells, we find our critics, the men who neither snarl nor fawn, but who teach.

Here endeth the further word, exception to which can be found in the doctrine of Mr. Burgess only by implication.

ANNA STRUNSKY.

A Plea for Poets.

A PLEA for poets, quotha? Well may the ubiquitous reader inquire, What next? Far be it from me to disturb the urbanity of his temperament in matters appertaining to either art or estheticism, since poetry is properly a subject for both, and the true poet their noblest devotee and exponent. Yet would not such a query in itself be an evidence of the irreverence in which poets are generally held by the majority at the present day?

The inference is natural and inevitable, but not conclusive; for though the divinity that doth hedge a king is no more a figment of the brain than the divinity that doth hedge a poet, by common consent this redundant figure of speech is now held to be obsolete and inapplicable to the present tenure of both.

Yet let me couple with this plea for poets a plea to poets. For how many that now wear their singing robes so lightly and with such infinite grace will ever don the heavy mantle of immortality? How many can say,

“And I ne’er sung
But as one entering bright halls where all
Will rise and shout for him”?

Against such as do not it were almost a matter of public policy to pronounce anathema. I know of no greater method to counterbalance the dread incurred by the theory of Malthus than to apply the radical remedy of the mob in Julius Cæsar, and to kill all poets for their bad verses. It is true the decimation would be immense, and if put into immediate effect it would be left to posterity to decide whether or not this little skit of an essay should be accepted as my last will and testament. The great master himself has issued his immortal fiat,

"I had rather be a kitten and cry 'Mew,'
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

For had not his divine oracle declared,

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

But, gentle reader, use not the poets according to their deserts,—for who then should escape a whipping,—but use them after your own honor and dignity, that the merit of your bounty may be great.

Stevenson in his *Æs Triplex* refused to accept the philosophical definition of life as a *permanent possibility of sensation*.

How much less can this definition become a canon of poetry! Milton defined poetry as simple, sensuous and passionate; and yet there are many "howling dervishes of song" among us who readily confound these terms and consider that they are truly worthy of popular estimation because their work is sensational.

It is against such popular estimation that any notable plea should be entered. In France, where *finesse* of culture has attained its loftiest pinnacle of fame, the poets label themselves as do all other professional magnificoes. Fancy Dante or Milton or Shakespeare or Browning carrying a card-case as a convenience for distinguished recognition from the uninitiated!

The remedy for such humorous banalities I believe to be in a profounder acceptance of the message of the truly great poets of all time. "By their fruits ye shall know them." For if, in the sublime language of Tasso, there are not any in this world who merit the name of Creator except God and the poet, certainly the poets should approximate somewhat to divinity, and justify the lofty attributes with which they are supposed to be endowed. It was Plato who considered them inspired and possessed.

In the noble preface to his *American Anthology*, Edmund Clarence Stedman has accentuated this sublime conception of the poet.

There is a beautiful little volume issued by Dent of London which I can never pick up without feelings of profound emotion. It is entitled *The Prelude to Poetry*, and here the most lovable and the noblest of the great English poets have "writ large" the divine doctrine of their faith. Let me end with a more recent poetic statement of some of the esoteric meanings of the same:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
* * * * *
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

"With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory."

LORENZO SOSSO.

A Way to Find Peace.

And to get peace, if you do want it, make for yourself nests of pleasant thoughts. Those are nests on the sea, indeed, but safe beyond all others. Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity? Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care can not disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.

John Ruskin.

Religious Plays in Osman Edwards' "Plays and Playfellows in Japan."—Chapter II.

IN SPITE of many centuries of Buddhist admonition, I am sometimes forced to wonder whether personality—that arch-enemy of their creed—can be altogether objectionable. Surely the lofty altitudes of impersonality leave bare many a nook of memory where a tiny human violet might bloom.

This thought comes to me in rereading Osman Edwards' charming book, *Plays and Playfellows in Japan*. Today, as at that first smiling perusal in my Tokio home, I linger over the chapter "Religious Plays," while mere appreciation of what he has written melts like mist before the recollection of the man himself, and of his delightful companionship on the day we took him, for the first time, to see a performance of *No*.

Perhaps of all the forms of art still to be seen and studied in Japan, my husband and I have gained most from *No*. For three years not only did we attend every performance given by the incomparable Umèwaka troupe of which Mr. Edwards speaks, but both took lessons in the singing and posturing, and employed scholars to make for us literal translations of each drama before it was given, the program being kindly advanced to us by Umèwaka Minoru, head of the family. These performances always take place on Sundays, and occupy the entire day. They seldom occur oftener than once in three weeks. Month after month we went, sitting, as the Japanese sit, on the soft matting of the floor of our little "box," leased by the season. This was rendered more comfortable by a back against which we could lean, and many foreign rugs and cushions around us.

Slowly we began to feel the spiritual intensity of these performances, and to understand why a Japanese *No* audience is hushed and reverent, and the air charged with keen intelligence. Though aliens, I think we soon won for ourselves a place more tangible than the scanty dimensions of our little box. The high court nobles seated in state behind and above us nodded graciously as we threaded our way along the foot-wide polished corridor in front of them, and subsided into our lower stratum of humanity; and the old chorus men, already seated in a row to the right of the daylighted stage, smiled openly as the tall "Seiyo-jin" appeared.

Almost before we knew it these *No* Sundays became events in our lives, the memory of a performance enriching many days with an aftermath of meaning, and a coming one sending out a fair dawn of anticipation. When friends, new or old, came to Japan, some of the former with letters of introduction that gave us the right to a certain amount of supervision in their sightseeing, each went through a rigorous, if unsuspected, series of tests before we thought of suggesting a peep into Shekinah—otherwise *No*. Indeed, in the three years, thrice only did we need a larger box, or dare to introduce other "Seiyo-jins." The first to go with us was Osman Edwards. We met him on the delectable ground of Japanese prints. This in itself, you will think, should have been a passport; but then you have not loved and studied *No*. Already he had been to the big theater and considered Danjuro quite as great, if not greater, than any Western actor, not excluding Duse. This was a second strong point in his favor. Lafcadio Hearn, he declared, was a master of style, and a wizard of intuition. Point number three! I saw an invitation to *No* shining in my husband's eyes; but I turned to marble. Matters of supreme importance should never be decided on impulse. We let him go uninvited. On the following Sunday *No* came around, and we sat blissful and selfish in our box, though I, for one, had twinges of remorse. A few days later we met Mr. Edwards at dinner. He was in raptures over *Joruri* singing, which is to *No* what certain choruses, solos and recitatives from Wagner are to *The Ring*.

At a third meeting he asked us, quite innocently, whether we had ever heard of an old form of Japanese drama, still extant, called *No*. This brought on the crisis. Evidently he was to see *No* in some form. We recognized that, of himself, it would be impossible to gain access to the exclusive little temple-theater of the Umèwakas, and offered to share our box and translations with him.

When the day came we were in our places by nine o'clock, seated in a row in the

attitudes of Peruvian mummies, but oblivious of this fact or any other not included in the superb drama that came and went before us. We have nothing, except in portions of Wagner, that in any way approaches their intensity. Most of the tragedies are of the soul, and a beginning, formulated on earth, is carried into visible expression out to a world of spirit, where only the faith of a great priest, or the heroism of a splendid love, can follow.

The humorous pieces, Kiogen, are necessary, I presume, as a sort of transition back to the plane of ordinary being. I have noticed, however, that many lovers of *No* persistently turn their backs when the Kiogen begin. To the uninitiated they are more intelligible than the real *No*. Mr. Edwards seemed to recognize the claims of both, and has given in his chapter a clear and just impression of the program.

Yet, as I began by saying, it is our appreciative guest, rather than the writer of the book, that I must always see between the lines; and whenever I read I long for another golden day at the Umewaka's *No*, in the midst of a quiet, sober audience of lovers that reflects each passing phase of beauty, whether of words, music, motion or color, as a lake reflects the pageantry of sunset clouds.

MARY MCNEIL FENOLLOSA.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

"Choice and Occasion."

IT is a time-worn adage that in the thought and effort put forth by the individual, there is that which differs at least in degree from all others. When beginning the book life of three small boys there was no absolutely defined design other than that a carefully studied choice of reading might, if possible, shape for them at an early age a taste for the really good in literature, so that during the unambitious, self-unconscious time lying on the happy side of ten years, they might prepare a foundation for future discrimination in choice. Those "all highly and holily" holding wardenship over other young minds may find some interest in the course chosen.

It can be asserted that the appreciation or unanalyzed perception of good writing may be acquired by the very young. The intelligent boy or girl of ten years, having, of course, some love of reading to begin with, may be so trained that they will be brought to understand their own privilege of choice, and from the companionship of only the best books could it be other than probable that their ultimate good taste in selection would be shown. One having authority writes that—"The intellectual life is not so much an accomplishment as the exercise of a firmly noble choice between the larger truth and the lesser," and it has been proven possible to so develop a sense of harmony in style and composition that instinctively, in a comparatively short period, a child evidences a taste for the best, and finally will seek that only.

Baudelaire has said, "There is in the mind a kind of celestial mechanism, of which we need not be ashamed, but we ought to make the best of." Comes there a better time to strengthen a useful and beautiful structure than in its beginning? From the wise and early use of good books (these positive tools of character), there shall be seen such quickening of spirit, such rapid growth of sensibility, that one can not but reverently bow to their power.

To offer only that which would always be of value was the guiding principle in selection, and applied to the first, the mother interest of all—Nature; it led reader and eager listeners along winding paths to fair heights, where all a young mind's love of wonder, of mystery, of the incomprehensible and beautiful was gratified in full.

The life of the lesser beings of field and shore, air and sea, as faithfully portrayed in the series of *Nature Readers* by Julia McNair Wright, gives them a consideration and affection in the mind of all sympathetic readers of her careful work. They, through the knowledge given by their habits and intelligence, become individuals. These creatures of wing and shell, of fin and fur, are parents, children. They make and protect homes, are fine

fighters, and oh, wonder of wonders ! Mr. Crab, that most gallant of belligerent warriors, can grow a new leg when battle, murder, or some dire calamity causes a loss of one or more of the needful members.

The gift of observation is not common. But in part, at least, the habit of the second vision, without which so much must be lost during life, can be taught.

The day of the sensitive, nature-loving child is filled with a thousand joys and visible miracles, unknown to the unobserving companion. One notes with intense pleasure the changing colors of the sunset sky, sees strange meanings in cloud masses or fog-masked hills. The other feels one only as bright, the second gloomy, the third not at all.

A little fellow of five years was seen lying motionless upon the ground, his chin supported by his palms. Fearing some ill might be the cause of such unusual quiet, his mother went anxiously to his side, to be greeted with the joyous-toned exclamation, "Mama ! Dest see ! Isn't our dear Dod a daisy to make all dese differwent kinds of drasses in one summer !" indicating a small tuft of green growth before him, in which were some seven varieties of common grass. Surely this was appreciation of Nature's largesse, and real comprehension of the whole as the Creator's gift. The first book offered, suggested by tradition and hampering custom, was *Mother Goose*. Only from faulty memory and halting imagination had story or rhyme ever before been presented to this young audience. The dull interest, frankly shown, ending in audible yawns, was followed by the question, "Is it meant to be *funny*, mama ?" Never having cared for it in her own youth, save for the ear-pleasing lilt of the longer verses, the said mama discreetly closed the book, feeling the force of the theory of hereditary taste. The opinion of these serenely sincere critics was never a matter of doubt. Courage in expressing such seems to lessen with years.

"Is it a *real, true* story?" is always asked of that which is enjoyed. The reply being given in the negative, or appearing doubtful, "Well, could it be a real one, *ever*?" usually follows. So the reader eventually selected as most acceptable, stories from history clothed in simple words, sketches of the great ones of the earth (interpreted, "the people that make things"), for be it engine or etching, tunnel or tower, the individual accomplishing something by his own energy of mind or hand, commands the most respectful interest and a probing curiosity, satisfied only by the most complete investigation of the subject attainable. Oh, the legion of unanswered "Whys?" and "What for's?" pursuing the parents of active-minded little people !

In this experience the conclusion was drawn that the imaginative faculty was dull or lacking in this masculine group. Events proved this an error.

One day the youngest was found weeping, a sorry little figure of seven. Questioning brought out the fact that the one word "ruin" caused the woe. "It seems as if a awful man must have made such a dark word. It makes me feel *so m-o-u-r-nful*";—this with an explosive, prolonged wail.

Truly, here was imagination in full bloom, and when, a few days later, unsuggested, a "present of a poetry" was made to mama, the recipient of the precious effort felt her concern needless, and that the small brain held more than a few hidden powers of which the most loving intuition could not guess.

"There was wans a Bay
That came in a Day,
And it said I will let
The boats float on my back
So that they can see
The great rocks on my
Back, and I will be still
So they will not sink.
The next day the Bay
Was not there. And it was
Not a true Bay.
The people dreamed it,
And that was about the Bay
The — next — Day."

This was soon followed by "a present of a story." It was entitled, "The Story of a Snake."

"I was in the woods one day and I saw a long, thin shado. I began to sneke aroun' to see What it was and the first step I tooke it Begane to come nerer me But at last I saw what it was it was a Rattell Snake!!!! I had no Gun with me and I Began to stone it, and it Began to Spit poysen at me. I did not dy till an hour. The End."

In Stevensen's *A Child's Garden of Verse* the unusual youthfulness of mood and idea discovers quick answer in the young reader's fellow-feeling, for he writes as if a boy himself, while Eugene Field's sympathy and keen comprehension of the very core of a lad's interest and mental attitude towards all of life's early happenings makes him a delightful comrade and responsive confidant.

All young minds may not respond in full, as did these, to Robbie Burns' lines upon Maise and Daisy, but they will surely catch something of his tender "deference to the right of life, its meanest creatures own," while Wordsworth influences in the interpretation of every mood of Mother Earth, whether that of "Stormy Sea" or "Forest Huge" is to open every sense to fuller rigor of perception, it being * * * "the spirit of Paradise that prompts such work — a spirit strong that gives to all the self-same bent when life is wise and innocent."

Is there a child consciously deficient in some grace or ability which naturally should be his, that has not been comforted in thought by the triumphant metamorphosis of the beloved "Ugly Duckling," and so, prompted to renewed effort and healthful hope of overcoming such lacking, and by this one simple little sermon taught much of the philosophy of life?

No purposeless fairy stories of recent publication can equal the delights of the "Mythological Legends" as Hawthorne offers them to young readers, or can one desire more fascinating combinations of gods and pygmies, men and magic, than Miss Mary Burt gives in her "Stories From Plato." What feasts of fancys pread by "piping Pan and peeping Pandora!" to which is brought an appetite which can never be satisfied, growing with the growth of the reader.

In these days of many books—170 new ones each twenty-four hours, it is said—there is difficulty in adhering for sufficiently long a time to one line of thought, to one subject. The rule of the child reader finishing one book before beginning another, however, should be considered with discretion, reasoning that the young mind has many different tastes, even this early, and it is well to provide for, cultivate, all. The strange charm of exhilaration; the delightful freedom known, when, as a small girl, the writer turned at will from the homely, melancholy facts chronicled in the *Wide, Wide World* to the alluring splendors of the *Arabian Nights* or to the tender, sylvan spell of *The Princess Ilse*, that lovely story of mountain, brook, fay and forest. Surely there would have been some unwisdom in condemning a youthful imagination for too long to either the lachrymose, stocking, dyeing tragedies of the first, or to the highly colored unreality of the second; but, as always in fine pen picturings of nature, the *Princess Ilse* could have offered nothing wearying or weakening, only a final loneliness—nature, by herself, eventually seeming causeless without the human presence to even her most faithful lover.

Sketched by Christina Wright, in her "Outlines of English Literature," there are facts so presented as to quicken the idlest curiosity in the time stretching from Talieson to Shakespeare, from the Elizabethan through the Victorian age; and when love of fiction is fed by books from the pens of Kingsley, Kipling, Miss Mulock, Laura Richards and a host of others as to be honored, wherein is found not only lessons of clearest honesty, gentleness, courage, but facts and fancies, clothed in the fine raiment of simple and beautiful language, will not every faculty under such high influences show early development?

"The gods implore not, plead not, solicit not. They only offer choice and occasion."

VIRGINIA E. PENNOVER.



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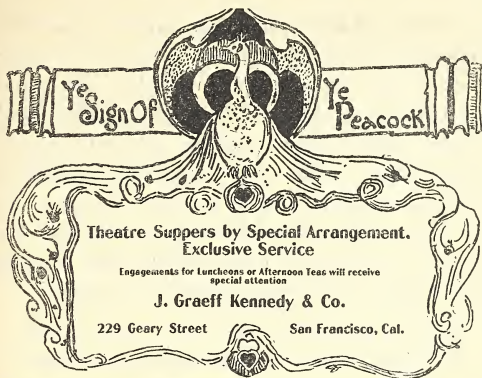
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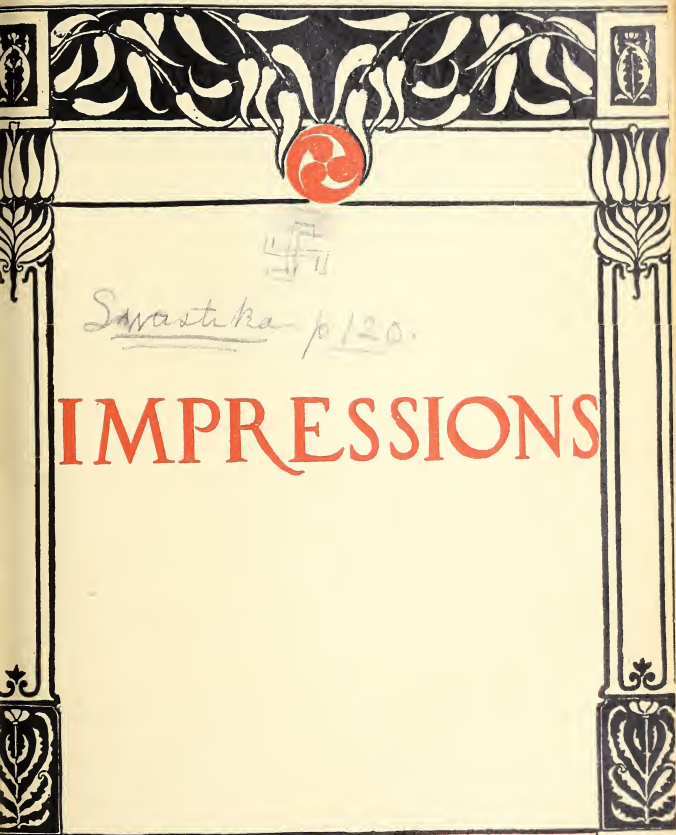
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| THE LOVE SONNETS OF A HOODLUM. By Wallace Irwin. Introduction by Gelett Burgess. S. F. Elder & Shepard. 25 cents net. | IN THE REALMS OF GOLD. By Lorenzo Sosso. S. F. Elder & Shepard. \$1.00 net. |
| THE CAVALIER. By George W. Cable. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. N. Y. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50. | TEN SINGING LESSONS. By Mathilde Marchesi. Preface by Mme. Melba: introduction by W. J. Henderson. N. Y. Harper & Bros. \$1.50 net. |

Upon Wallace Irwin's "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," with an Apology for the Slang of the Period.

"Tell me, ye muses, what hath former ages
Now left succeeding times to play upon,
And what remains unthought on by those sages
Where a new muse may try her pinion?"

SO COMPLAINED Phineas Fletcher in his "Purple Island" as long ago as 1633. Later centuries have brought to the development of lyric passion no higher form than that of the sonnet cycle. The sonnet has been likened to an exquisite crystal goblet that holds one sublimely inspired thought so perfectly that not another drop can be added without overflow. Cast in the early Italian Renaissance by Dante, Petrarch and Camoens, it was chased and ornamented during the Elizabethan period by Shakespeare, and filled with its most stimulating draughts of song and love during the Victorian era by Rossetti, Browning and Meredith. And now, in this first year of the new century, the historic cup is refilled and tossed off in a radiant toast to Erato by Wallace Irwin.

The attribute of modernity is not given to every new age. The cogs in the wheels of time slip back, at times. The classic revival may be permeated with enthusiasm, but it is a second edition of an old work — not a virile essay at expression of living thought. The later Renaissance was but half modern in its spirit; the classic period of the eighteenth century in England was half ancient in its mood. But the twentieth century breaks with a new promise of emancipation to English Literature, for a new influence has freshened the blood of conventional style that in the decadence of the End of the Century had grown dilute. This adjuvant strain is found in the enthusiasm of Slang. Slowly its rhetorical power has won foothold in the language. It has won many a verb and substantive, it has conquered idiom and diction, and now it is strong enough to assault the very syntax of our Anglo-Saxon tongue.*

Slang, the illegitimate sister of Poetry, makes with her a common cause against the utilitarian economy of Prose. They both stand for lavish luxuriance in trope and involution, for floriation and adornment of thought. It is their boast to make two words bloom where one grew before. Both garb themselves in Metaphor, and the only complaint of the captious can be that whereas Poetry follows the accepted style, Slang dresses her thought to suit herself in fantastic and bizarre caprices, that her whims are unstable and too often in bad taste.

But this odium given to Slang by superficial minds is undeserved. In other days, before the language was crystallized into the idiom and verbiage of the doctrinaire, prose, too, was untrammelled. Indeed, a cursory glance at the Elizabethan poets discloses a kinship with the rebellious fancies of our modern colloquial talk. Mr. Irwin's sonnets may be taken as an indication of this revolt, and how nearly they approach the incisive phrases of the seventeenth century may easily be shown in a few exemplars. For instance, in Sonnet XX, "You're the real tan bark!" we have a close parallel in Johnson's "*Volpone, or The Fox*":

"*Fellows of outside and mere bark!*"

And this instance is an equally good illustration also of that curious process which, in the English language, has in time created for a single word ("cleave," for instance), two exactly opposite meanings. A line from John Webster's "*Appius and Virginia*" might be cited as showing how near his diction approached modern slang:

"*My most neat and cunning orator, whose tongue is quicksilver,*"

and, for an analogy similar, though elaborate, compare lines 5-8 in Sonnet XI. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Philaster*,"

* Note, for instance, the potential mood used indicatively in the current colloquial, "Wouldn't that jar you?"

"A pernicious petticoat prince"

is as close to "Mamie's dress-suit belle of No. VII as modern costume allows, and

"No, you scarab!"

from Ben Johnson's "*Alchemist*," gives a curious clue to the derivation of the popular term "scab" found in No. VI. Webster's forcible picture in "*The White Devil*" —

"Fate is a spaniel; we can not beat it from us!"

finds a rival in Mr. Irwin's strong simile — "O Fate, thou art a lobster!" in No. IV. And, to conclude, since such similarities might be quoted without end, note this exclamation from Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Woman's Prize*," written before the name of the insect had achieved the infamy now fastened upon it by the British matron:

"These are bug's words!"

Not only does this evidently point out the origin of "Jim-jam bugs" in No. IX, and the better known modern synonym for brain, "bug-house," but it indicates the arbitrary tendency of all language to create gradations of caste in parts of speech. It is to this mysterious influence by which some words become "elegant" or "poetic," and others "coarse" or "unrefined," that we owe the contempt in which slang is held by the superficial Philistine. If, written in the Eighteenth Century, "My love's like a red, red rose" is considered a beautiful figure, why should not "My love is a 'daisy,' a 'peach,' or a 'bird,'" of the Twentieth Century be as acceptable? There is only this difference: whereas, in the time of Burns poesy was a cult, today we are a nation of poets, and every man in the street is an incipient bard!

In Mr. Irwin's sonnet cycle, however, we have slang idealized, or as perhaps one might better say, sublimated. Evolution in the *argot* of the streets works by a process of substitution. A phrase of two terms goes through a system of permutation before it is discarded or adopted into authorized metaphor. "To take the cake," for instance, a figure from the cake-walk of the negroes, becomes to "capture" or "corral" the "bun" or "biscuit." Nor is this all, for in the higher forms of slang the idea is paraphrased in the most elaborate verbiage, an involution so intricate that, without a knowledge of the intervening steps, the meaning is often almost wholly lost. Specimens of this cryptology are found in many of Mr. Irwin's sonnets, notably in No. V:

"My syncopated con-talk no avail."

We trace these synonyms through rag-time, etc., to an almost subliminal thought — an adjective resembling "verisimilitudinarius," perhaps, qualifying the "con" or confidential talk that proved useless to bring Mame back to his devotion.

In the masterly couplet closing the sestet of No. XVIII, Mr. Irwin's verbal enthusiasm reaches its highest mark in an ultra-Meredithian rendition of "I am an easy mark," an expression, by the way, which would itself have to be elaborately translated in any English edition.

Enough of the glamors of Mr. Irwin's dulcet vagaries. He will stand, perhaps, as the chief apostle of the hyper-concrete. With Mr. Ade as the head of the school, and insistent upon the didactic value of slang, Mr. Irwin presents in this cycle no mean claims to eminence in the truly lyric vein. Let us turn to a contemplation of his more modest hero.

I have attempted in vain to identify him, the "Willie" of these sonnets. The police court records of San Francisco abound in characters from which Mr. Irwin's conception of this pyrotechnically garrulous Hoodlum might have been drawn, and even his death from cigarette-smoking, prognosticated in No. XXII, does not sufficiently identify him. Whoever he was, he was a type of the latter-day lover, instinct with that self-analysis and consciousness of the dramatic value of his emotion that has reached even the lower classes.

The sequence of the sonnets clearly indicates the progress of his love affair with Mary, a heroine who has, in common with the heroines of previous sonnet cycles, Laura, Stella and Beatricia, only this, that she inspired her lover to an eloquence that might have been better spent orally upon the object of his affections. Even the author's scorn does not prevent the reader from indulging in a surreptitious sympathy with the flamboyant coquetry of his "peacherino," his "Paris Pansy." For she, too, was of the caste of the articulate; did she not

"Cough up loops of kindergarten chin?"

and could we hear Mame's side of the quarrel, no doubt our Hoodlum would be convicted by every reader. But Kid Murphy, the pusillanimous rival, was even less worthy of the superb Amazon who bore him to the altar. "See how that Murphy cake-walks in his pride!" is the *cri-du-cœur* the gentlest reader must inevitably render.

But "the Peach Crops come and go," as Mr. George Ade so eloquently observes. We must not take our hero's gloomy threats too seriously. There are other babies on the bunch, and no doubt he is, long ere this, consoled with a "neater, sweeter maiden," to whom his Muse will sing again a happier refrain. In this hope we close his dainty introspections and await his next burst of song!

GELETT BURGESS.

The Education in Slang.

I HAVE been asked to write a defense of Slang, but now that I take up my type-writer in behalf of Slang, I find, to my dismay, that I can make only a sorry defense. Waiving the possibility that I am a poor advocate at best, two alternatives remain: either Slang stands in an indefensible position, or else it is sufficiently combative to defend itself.

I confess with decorous shame that I incline to the latter view. Slang is nothing if not pugnacious. It is the natural form of expression of the vigorous but unrefined male who finds it convenient to slip his thoughts into a set of patent, adjustable phrases which he can carry about with him at ease. Of course women use Slang, also, but they use it much as they wear linen collars and mannish boots—as a compliment to the heroic sex. The average woman who attempts Slang, indeed betrays herself as floundering in an unfriendly element, and in ordinary cases, if she persists in her perilous excursions, she is obliged to call for help from some manly navigator on the seas of Twentieth Century "United States."

The American youth's education in Slang dates from his earliest infancy, and progresses by such certain and dignified degrees that, ere the student has reached his twentieth year, he is able to translate the most difficult passages in George Ade without reference to a lexicon. Some eminent authorities aver that the first word of Slang is spoken by the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," when he refers to his parent, with more humor than respect, as "Da-da." By the time the man-child has reached his sixth year and has passed from the kindergarten into the grammar school, he is fairly well versed in the simpler word. At school his achievements in Slang far outdistance his feats in reading, writing and arithmetic, and his vocabulary increases enormously. His marbles become "miggles," his top a "buzzer," his teacher is a "lobster" and his boon companions are "true Peruvians." If the child is bright, his advancement in Slang will be so rapid that by the time he has passed his high school examinations he will have learned to talk almost entirely in cipher. After matriculating at college the boy has before him the *magnum opus* of his education in Slang. Outside the classroom no self-respecting collegian ever thinks of conversing in English. The thieves' patter of the campus pervades everything, and everywhere the neophyte may turn he walks, so to speak, into a maze of Slang. Here the metal of our boy is truly put to the touch. If he masters the current Slang and originates new phrases, he is received with delight and lauded as a new hero; but if he wastes his hours on Ovid and Xenophon and neglects his Slang, he lacks the means of communicating with his fellow creatures and soon drops from sight.

Slang has become so much a specialty at our schools and colleges that I wonder why its importance is ignored by those who have the higher education at heart. I see that our universities are adding new departments in Penology, Criminology, Modern Drama and Chinese — why not Slang? "But Slang is not a nice subject!" I hear some censor argue. My dear Draco, neither are Penology, Criminology, Modern Drama and Chinese nice subjects. These subjects are taught and studied because they are large enough and general enough and require looking into and recording. Slang offers plenty of opportunity for research, and if no lexicographer takes pen to record it, the language of today will have become a dead language ten years from now. Slang is the Language of the Ephemera — today here, tomorrow gone. In the winter of this year today's Slang withers with the daisies; next year a new crop will spring up, but it will be an entirely different species. The "clam" of day-before-yesterday was the "oyster" of yesterday; the "oyster" of yesterday is the "lobster" of today. Who knows but that, by this strange reincarnation, the "lobster" of today may become the "tom-cod" or the "jelly-fish" of tomorrow?

Again, let me repeat, I have made no defense of Slang. I have placed her, like Joan of Arc, before the bar of justice to plead her own cause. Facing her in the tribunal sits the Dictionary of the English Language; to the right are her detractors, who hate her and know that they are right; to the left stands an innumerable host, which, like De Quincy's throng, "stretches away into infinity." These are her exponents, who love her and care not whether they are right or wrong. Hear how she argues:

"It is not a theory, but a condition, that confronts you," she says, cribbing shamelessly. "I am here — what are you going to do about it?"

WALLACE IRWIN.

Sonnet to the Sonnet.

WOULDN'T it jar you, wouldn't it
make you sore

To see the poet, when the goods play out,
Crawl off of poor old Pegasus and tout
His skate to two-step sonnets off galore?

Then, when the plug, a dead one, can no
more

Shake rag-time than a biscuit, right about
The poem-butcher turns with gleeful shout
And sends a batch of sonnets to the store.

The sonnet is a very easy mark,
A James P. Dandy as a carry-all
For brain-fag wrecks who want to keep it
dark

Just why their crop of thinks is running
small.

On the low down, dear Mame, my looty loo,
That's why I've cooked this batch of rhymes
for you.

WALLACE IRWIN.

To President Jordan: In Response.

VERY acceptable is the present opportunity of expressing my thanks to President Jordan for his quite unexpected and, I fear, too favorable notice of my recent volume, *The Limits of Evolution, and Other Essays illustrating the Metaphysical Theory of Personal Idealism*. I should be glad, indeed, could I feel sure of deserving half the fine things he has been so kind as to say.

I confess I am surprised at the extent of the agreement between our views which his article reveals. And yet there are several points of which I think it is needful to speak for the sake of a clearer understanding, lest the readers of IMPRESSIONS should have taken a misapprehension of what some of my views really are.

In the first place, as to the room which President Jordan now publicly and hospitably makes for philosophy as distinguished from science. His doing this is part of what causes my surprise; for hitherto his expressions, both public and private, had led me to assume that to him there was no place for philosophy, in any other sense than the universalization of the views reached by natural science. Now he apparently goes quite as far as I would go myself in asserting the limitations of natural science, whether as to its results or as to its method. Yet, while I can heartily agree with him when he says that "philosophy . . . is 'the attempt to think clearly,'" and can, with high satisfaction, recognize the largeness of mind that in the light of this saying makes room for the field which philosophy enters upon as its own, I wish still to say on my own behalf, and on that of many others who in this agree with me, that we conceive good reason requires us to go considerably farther than President Jordan feels able to go. We should hesitate at the proposition that "philosophy, *in its essence*, is 'the attempt to think clearly.'" We would doubtless say that clear thinking is *of* the essence of philosophy, but we should halt before the declaration that clear thinking is the *whole* of its essence. That, we hold, can only be fulfilled by clear thinking attaining to its goal; and this can be nothing short of the *truth*, in which clear thinking and unmixed reality become completely accordant. We would therefore wish to go beyond the statement that the value of philosophy "lies in its clearness of vision rather than in the data from which it starts or even the results which it attains." And when President Jordan adds that "the strength of science lies in its basal statements, that of philosophy in its methods," we demur again, believing that the strength of philosophy lies quite as much in its basal statements as in its methods, and that its legitimate results are quite as strong as its genuine data and its genuine methods. Accordingly, when President Jordan says, further, that "if the original data are complete and adequate, the result of clear thinking is not philosophy, but science," we at once add the comment, "Yes, assuredly; but science here is only another name for fulfilled philosophy, and is something far beyond science as the word has now come to be currently used; it is science in the classic sense of Plato and Aristotle, and differs in *kind*, not simply in degree, from science as currently understood; that is, from *natural science*." Otherwise, President Jordan would be contradicting himself when he says, as he so correctly does say, that "no scientific conclusion can represent the absolute truth." That means, of course, no conclusion of *natural science*; but the conclusions of science in the classic sense of the word *may* represent the absolute truth, and must represent it if once they are attained. That they are attainable, President Jordan evidently still much doubts; we of the older school and discipline are convinced that they *are* attainable; and we are especially glad that our distinguished colleague has now put himself on record as believing that they are at any rate worth trying for, however uncertain their attainment may be. Nay, may we not even suppose that he at least *hopes* they are attainable? For, otherwise, how could he reasonably say, as he so well does say, that "whether philosophy reaches its goal or not, its movements will give us good exercise." Surely, no exercise can be *good*, if it exercises powers that lead nowhere, or that lead to unreality instead of to reality.

Next, I hope my readers will pardon me for touching on something that is dangerously personal; but I feel that truth would suffer if I were to pass it in silence. President

Jordan is so kind as to say : " Of all the men who have striven to think clearly on the problems of the universe, none have been more persistent than Professor Howison ; " but then he adds, as if to temper his extravagance, " none have shown more unflinching faith in the results of his own logic. " I should have felt happier over this last " unflinching " declaration of my honored colleague, if he had been moved to add, as in justice to fact I think he should have added, that it is not in the logic considered simply as my own that I show this " unflinching faith. " He ought to have recognized the fact that this logic is not simply mine, but is in its substantial core the logic of an historic body of minds who are of too high an eminence to be ignored, and of too weighty a distinction to be reckoned of little account. If I have succeeded in carrying it to any further development, well and good, and I shall indeed rejoice ; but in its essence it is the logic of Plato, of Aristotle, of St. Thomas, of Leibnitz and of Kant transcending and fulfilling the prophetic logic of Descartes and Berkeley and Hume ; it is simply the logic of all of these, taken in its organic continuity and carried on in the line of its normal tendency, relieved of traits which seem to be clearly inconsistent with its essential tenor. What wonder, then, if the philosophic thinker should manifest an unflinching faith in a logic with such an ancestry as this ? Besides, is " unflinching faith in his own logic " anything but the trait that every candid thinker exhibits, and must exhibit, if he once reaches a conviction coherent enough to justify him in going with it before the bar of his fellow-men ? What business has he to ask their time and attention to what he himself is not radically convinced of ? — convinced, therefore, that *his* real mind represents *their* real mind, and that the logic which has convinced *him* will equally convince *them*, if only he can succeed in displaying it clearly ? Hence, I think that President Jordan would have done both me and the public a fairer justice still, if he had used a sentence or two to indicate (what I am sure is the fact) that I have never failed to lay before my readers the full detail of the logic which has convinced me, and have thus constantly appealed from my own judgment of its value to theirs. Every reader should understand that I am continually saying to him, " Don't you think, don't you *see*, that this is so, for this reason, and this, and this ? " And what does any man of science do, what does President Jordan himself do, that is different from that ?

I know, of course, that the man of science enjoys in this matter a certain apparent advantage over the philosopher. For he goes to the public with the confessed aim of seeking no more than an *improved uncertainty*, while the essential aim of the philosopher is the *certainities*, pure and simple. Thus, to the popular surface-thought, the philosopher must appear arrogant and presumptuous, while the man of science seems humble and cautious. But this difference has nothing to do with the *logic* of the respective cases ; and the advantage, so far as logical conviction is concerned, is only apparent, and only to the popular mind, not to the mind of expert and qualified judges.

Finally, there is, and there can be, no real quarrel between science and philosophy. President Jordan only justifies our sense of his large-minded judgment, when he implies that there is none, as he constantly does in his kind review of my book. Still, I could wish that he had made it even clearer than he has, that this is my opinion too ; that I, on my part, hold that philosophy has, and can have, no quarrel with science. He says : " The scientific facts of evolution are not discussed by Professor Howison. These, no doubt, he will take for granted. " Why, yes ; of course, *of course* ! No man in his sane wits could do otherwise. I have expressly said so in the strongest words ; on page 10 of my book the reader can see them : " Of course, there is no longer any question at all as to the reality of evolution as a *fact*, within the specific region where it has been the subject of scientific inquiry. There is no question, either, of the use and importance of the hypothesis of evolution as a *method* of science, in that same definite and tested region. On this matter it is the business of scientific experts alone to discover and to speak, and it is the privilege, as well as the duty, of philosophers, as of other people not experts in science, to listen to what the men of science report, and to accept it as soon as it comes with their settled consensus. "

On the whole, I hail with cordial sympathy the general tone of comity in thought, whether scientific or philosophic, that pervades President Jordan's review. As he closes

his paper by citing the essays in my volume by name, I am led to wonder why one of them, only one, should have been omitted from his list. For it is just that one, as it happens, which, in certain very important references, I myself care most about, and believe people in general would care most about, did they know of its existence. I mean the essay on "The Right Relation of Reason to Religion," and it was just this in which I should have expected the greatest agreement and sympathy on President Jordan's part, and on the part of others like him. In fact, it represents, as I suppose, one of the chief aims that all truly modern universities have in common, a leading aim belonging to genuine science and genuine philosophy alike, and therefore an aim in which California and Stanford would find their academic sympathy most completely expressed. This aim is the stabilizing of religion by rendering it completely reasonable, and the exaltation and inspiration of science and philosophy by the consciousness that they culminate in the religious conception of life. This, indeed, is the highest task, the real business, that our two universities have in common; and over it I would clasp hands with my reviewer, in hearty recognition of his manful service to this common object, believing, as I do, that, with whatever variation as to the point of chief emphasis, this is the cause that he, with me, has chiefly at heart — to purge religion of superstition, to render it rationally clear, to identify complete religion with complete morality and complete morality with complete religion, to fix this in the souls of students, and thus to plant *character* throughout our commonwealth, in the home, in the mart, in public office, in *all* the places of power and influence; character inspired, and made incorruptible, by this purified and convinced devotion.

Ave, Præses, gratulans et gratulaturus te saluto!

G. H. HOWISON.

"In the Realms of Gold"—by Lorenzo Sosso.

THERE is a fine spirit about Mr. Sosso's work — an earnestness, an enthusiasm for high ideals. It is personal and vital. We feel the struggle, the doubt, the hope, the faith of the writer. It is a reassertion of many noble truths that are worth reasserting. It is the expression of one who has felt the strain of life, has known its bitterness, but has not lost faith in the ultimate good. In these times of doubt and indifference, or of pure negation in verse, Mr. Sosso voices the right spirit.

On the other hand, *The Realms of Gold* are a little too remote from the realms in which we dwell. I miss the touch with nature, and in many of the lines even the touch with man. The most personal poems in the book seem to me the best, for in these we discover more that is vital in life, more of the human. As an instance of this are the lines, "Papa, Will You Read?" They are simple, almost homely in conception, but so spontaneous, so personal, so unconsciously touching, as to make a direct appeal to the heart.

It is refreshing to find verse such as this with a serious undercurrent of optimistic thought, even though it be a trifle conventional. His religious conceptions, notably in the more ambitious stanzas of "The Visions of King Solomon," are uninfluenced by the great revelations of modern science and philosophy. His thought on the question of labor is hardly adequate to the problem. It is a form of socialism which does not grapple with human nature, but merely stands for that elusive thing, the brotherhood of man, a very old idea which means much or little according to the way in which it is stated.

If Mr. Sosso would become a world voice, he must work, in company with his fellow-craftsmen, to improve both his thought and expression. He must think more outside of books, must feel more of the spirit of the times, must break loose from the conventional and come closer to reality, and with all this must improve the subtleties of his rhythm. Already he has accomplished wonders in the face of difficulties which would have crushed most of us, no doubt. He has the true poetic spirit and he has read diligently. May he have the strength and courage to continue, to labor and to wait!

CHARLES KEELER.

Marchesi's "Ten Singing Lessons."

AN attempt to epitomize, or even to characterize, Mme. Marchesi's last book, *Ten Singing Lessons*, leaves the reminiscent reader with little definite impulse. Where can one find in this singularly desultory little volume the serious import which should move one to either sympathy or antagonism?

Does the fault lie in the initial conception of the work? Is it because all that is truly vitalizing and suggestive in a singing lesson comes at the spur of the individual pupil's need, and that, therefore, a printed lesson to an abstract class must savor of a certain vague futility? Or is it because Mme. Marchesi has failed inexplicably to communicate her own racy and piquant individuality to her volume?

It is, perhaps, ungracious to carp at the literary style of a book written in a foreign tongue by a woman who speaks admirably four or five languages, and can make herself understood in two or three more. But to those who have heard in her class-room the great teacher's sparkling English, delightfully seasoned by Gallicisms daring or original, there will be quite an engulfing disappointment in the extraordinarily banal literary style of her printed talk. Of excellent general rules the book is full; yet these, though lucid, can not be said to be novel to the intelligent student; while to the neophyte all that could be called "singing lessons" would be of little use without a large additional meed of explanation and illustration.

Marchesi's vast acquaintance with musicians and composers, and her rare histrionic faculty, make her a master of anecdote. But here again a disappointment awaits the reader, for a large part of the anecdote in this book she has already better told in her earlier one — *Marchesi and Musicians*. That no new store is offered will be matter for marvel to her pupil readers, since in her class-room there seemed to be an ever-fresh fountain. She would end a new and highly dramatic narrative with, "Ah, well, girls, they say in America that I spend a great deal of time telling anecdotes to my pupils, but if you knew how many histories and dramas there are in my head! Not one of those" — waving her hand towards the framed photographs of her famous pupils which entirely cover one wall of her studio — "but has had her story of some kind!"

A teacher who has acquired Mme. Marchesi's fame, and who, in fact, frankly states that she is the only teacher in the world, is naturally something of a tyrant. An independent or an interrogative attitude is an irrationality Madame does not meet with in her French, German and Russian clientèle; and it is probable that her habitual acerbity toward America and Americans is owing to the greater self-assertiveness of her transatlantic pupils. Her explanation of that lack of warmth and temperament constantly laid by Madame to their charge will, however, be somewhat unexpected to the general observer of the American home. She says: "In ordinary households, as in aristocratic families, the natural expression of feeling is repressed; form, icy form, must be respected. From its infancy the child must not laugh too loudly — must not give itself up to grief or joy; it must, so to say, grow used to the fetters of conventionalism. A child that has undergone this experience, be it said at once, will seldom make its mark in the world of art. Yet training of this sort finds favor, not only in England, but in America, where, as all are aware, business interests, which are guarded with feverish anxiety, are held the main object of life, and art plays a secondary part."

In fine, the book does complete injustice to the natural brilliancy of this remarkable woman, who, even at the age of seventy-five, surpassed in energy and vivacity the youngest and gayest pupil in her class. With what superb buoyancy would she enter her class-room to begin her nine hours' work! With what brilliant characterization would she suggest a composer's dramatic intention! With what inimitable grace would she convey in motion the charm some pupil had failed to instill into her song! For, needless to say, Marchesi has long since ceased to sing. With what picturesque word-uses, found only by a foreigner, with what sparkling points of illustration, would she make clear to the dullest her vivid, vehement intent! And truth to tell, with what merciless and scathing caricature would she singe the over-ambitious wings of some hapless beginner! No, those who have read this inadequate little volume may not flatter themselves they have really had *Ten Singing Lessons* from the great Marchesi.

ELIZABETH W. PUTNAM.

The Cavalier.

HERE is something the matter with this book. It is not merely that it is so little the best Cable. The defect seems to be structural. What might make two or perhaps three good, short, dramatic sketches is tolled along into a loosely wrought whole, until the hero and heroine get married, when the rest of the characters line up and are fitted off up to date.

Some of it is unpalatable, some infelicitous, and some of it syrupy.

It might make a popular stage war-drama, where action is all, shooting much, and character and dialogue unimportant. Perhaps that after all is the diagnosis. Mr. Cable, heretofore always the sincere and noble artist, has been infected with the fitful fever of the easy money and easy fame drama, and has written *The Cavalier* with both ears open for stage applause.

Without the least intent as a peace producer, the story of all these brave, handsome and loving young fellows in both blue and grey, spending their time in hiding, riding and killing, is simply monstrous, and the sentimentality of the women who dance, dress, flirt and shoot does not help things to any saner basis.

The story which has no large canvas, but centers around a small group of the younger confederates, is told by a most ineffectual member of it, who interjects so much of his own silliness as to nearly fail in keeping one's interest up to the mark as to the hero, a scout, and the heroine, a scoutess.

Ned Ferry and "Charlie Tolliver" are pretty fair folks, and work out the happy way to marriage and ever after in a stoutly and severely ethical manner, which, however, might have done any practical good if a tougher old soldier, without morals or ethics, had not removed the obstacle with a gun.

The three Southern girls with their chaperone may be the real thing, but just a modicum more brains might not have spoiled their truly feminine flavor, and would unduly cheer the reader.

One can hardly imagine Mr. Cable writing a wholly poor book. This is surely nearer to it than one wishes one's early idol to come to.

If, as one may suspect without shrewdness, one will hear all too soon of its dramatization, one can still hope for a complete recovery and a return to the days of even the recent past of this writer, when there was sure to be wit, delicacy, charm, plot and character, gathered and arranged with the fine knowledge of the best that comes by favor—not by wisdom—and that we still must call genius.

Let the vivid, blustering "Cavalier" get himself on his little stage at once, strut his little day and—vale. Then let his creator turn himself again to real work and let us have as the crown of the long and splendid list of things done well another real Cable; fit to join the glorious company of Bras Coupe; fit to stand up with Dr. Sevier; to chat with Raoul; to make love to Aurore. *The Cavalier* is a poor relation, hardly deserving of a pot-luck dinner.

Having a strong and wholly ineradicable dislike for all and every illustration, the writer can only say that Mr. Christy's are as truthful as any. That is, the home-made uniforms are as spick as Harvard, and as span as Paris, the men in the pictures are all one another's blooming brothers, by stencil-plate right of resemblance, and the heroine just half out of bed with gun-shot pneumonia, wears bare arms and a sombrero.

It must be a great thing to be "an illustrator." Such a free and unhampered life! They don't even seem to need to read the dull, prosaic text!

A. MC.



The Flood of Imitative Fiction.

ONE who does not have occasion to study the announcements of publishers or to read new books in a professional way for purposes of criticism can have little idea of the growing volume of fiction that pours in an unceasing flood from the presses of England and America. Twenty years ago fiction bore a normal relation to other departments of literature—that is, any large publisher in this country or in England would not dream of printing more than 30 or 40 per cent of fiction in a season. Now all this is changed, and an estimate of the total literary output of a season would show at least 60 per cent and frequently as high as 75 per cent of fiction. And what makes the literary critic's task so formidable and so exacting is that so much of this fiction is above the average in literary execution and is really deserving of some mention. These facts make one pause, especially when it is known that all publishers are seeking novels that will make a hit, and are unanimous in rejecting collections of short stories on the ground that even the best of those volumes make too great a demand on the attention of the reader.

What is it that has caused this remarkable increase in the output of fiction? Personally, I should say that it is due to the imitative faculty that is so strong in nearly all classes of writers in this country and in England. What is more natural than for the young writer to make his first attempt in fiction when he reads in conspicuous advertisements that a story which is little more than a clever imitation of the elder Dumas has reached a sale of over 100,000 copies? Or what more plausible than that the reading of one of the successful historical romances by Winston Churchill or Mary Johnston should fire the zeal of one fond of American history to reproduce some picturesque period and to produce a novel that may be among the "best sellers"? Given a certain familiarity with an historical period and the literary ability to create characters and invent scenes and dialogue, and the romance may be produced with surprising speed. Of course, not more than one book of this kind in a hundred will have any genuine merit, but if the others are above the plane of the commonplace they are sure to be published. It matters not that the same plot is used or similar characters, for the reader of today forgets in a twelve-month the plots and scenes of most of the stories that he read for amusement. That this is not an extreme statement is proved by *To Have and to Hold*. Probably not one out of ten thousand of the readers of that charming romance of Colonial Virginia recognized that in the novel feature of the plot—the flight of a girl from England in the disguise of an assisted emigrant to supply a wife for some lonely tobacco planter—it was identical with Maude Wilder Goodwin's *The Head of a Hundred*, which had been published three or four years before. Just as the successful play or the popular comic opera of today is a succession of echoes of the best things in the old plays and the old operas, so the new novel is a variation of an old story. Thus the conclusion of *A Gentleman of France* and the end of *Under the Red Robe*, by Weyman, bear a striking resemblance to the last scene of Bulwer's *Richelieu*. Winston Churchill reminds one of Thackeray, Bret Harte frequently paraphrases Dickens, a number of our lesser romance writers imitate Bulwer or Scott, Balzac or Dumas. Stanley Weyman may be called the first of the new authors to take up the old romance of adventure and give it a modern finish. His *The House of the Wolf* was followed by *A Gentleman of France*, which had what was called fifteen years ago a great success. In these days of the department store "booming" of successful novels, its vogue would be regarded as very small. But it set the pace, as it showed that the method of the author of *The Three Guardsmen* could be made to appeal to an army of new readers who did not know Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan. Then came Dr. Conan Doyle with his really fine romances, *Micah Clarke* and *The White Company*. And he was followed by a long train of imitators, until Anthony Hope appeared with new variations of the old theme in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It would take a literary detective of unusual keenness—a real Sherlock Holmes, with a trained instinct for plots and scenes—to track down the authors who have been indebted for hero, plot and character to these writers. And the imitators themselves have been imitated until we come to such peculiar results as *When the Land Was Young*, in

which sensational incident follows incident until the ordinary course of romance resembles the wild whirl of a Catharine wheel.

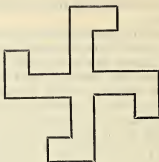
And the pity of it is that even the general reader is forced against his will into spending half or three-fourths of his time in reading these books, which are only feeble imitations of greater and better books — the classics that will not die, but will be read with the same relish two hundred years from now that they are read today. Very few people have the independence to say: "I will read only the novels that have been declared standard. I will not read a book because it is the vogue and society talks of it." Instead, the great body of readers go with the social tide and spend the few hours every week that they have for reading in devouring books that are dead and forgotten in a single year. Herein English-speaking people differ radically from the French or the German. A Frenchman or a German knows the classical literature of his country. Any reference made in a company of French people to a character of Racine, Corneille, Moliere, Balzac or Victor Hugo, any extract even from these writers, is quickly recognized. The same is true of the German who knows his Goethe and his Schiller as well as his Heine — knows these authors as few Englishmen and Americans know Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. The field of English and American literature is so broad that a lecturer in a general company is never sure that references to a certain school of writers will meet with any response from his audience, although that audience may be composed of well-educated people. And so it goes with the reading of fiction. The great authors that every one should know and know thoroughly before he is out of school or at least out of college are ignored for the cheap imitators of the day whose praises are sounded in the newspapers and in society. For intellectual culture I would rather have a boy well saturated with Scott than to have him familiar with the best fiction that has been written in the last thirty years. But you can't get the average boy or girl of today to read Scott. The books that delighted one's own childhood are condemned as dull and slow, and the more highly seasoned novels of writers who are not worthy to be put on the same shelf with the masters are devoured and praised. So everything goes to swell the great army of readers who encourage the work of the imitators in fiction.

Signs there are of reaction from this vogue of the literary imitators, and it may be hoped that they will grow stronger, until the tide shall set in strongly toward the great classics of fiction — the novels that will be read and enjoyed in the next century as they have been in the century that has just closed. Life is too short to waste on second-rate or third-rate books. Better is it to sit idle and indulge in meditation than to read books that have been written simply to achieve passing notoriety or to gain money, and that have in them no lesson of real human experience, no heart-throb of happiness or misery.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

Impressions Quarterly.

THIS little magazine has been to its editors a labor of love and an incentive to their best endeavors. It can be readily understood that such a motive should have actuated them, as to a dispassionate business sense the magazine could not be justified. They are confronted, however, with the problem of how to continue, as the pressing cares of their growing business present an ever-increasing difficulty, and "how to find time" a more illusive problem. To suspend entirely, after two years of steady growth and attainment, seems a violent solution, and a less frequent issue, while not desirable, still offers possibilities, and is, in fact, the only answer. The editors therefore announce *IMPRESSIONS QUARTERLY*, to appear on the fifteenth day of February, May, August and November. All present subscribers will be entered for the entire year of 1902, which would seem the most reasonable adjustment, and all future subscriptions will be required to date from the first number of the new volume.



The Swastika.

ALL crosses, simple or complex, are recognized as symbols, the origin and evolution of which is still a matter of study.

The Christian cross is the old Latin form found on coins and ornaments anterior to the Christian era ; then, because it was the instrument by which Christ died, it became a Christian symbol.

Of all the cross forms of prehistoric origin, the oldest, most mysterious, most widely diffused, is the Swastika. Swastika is a Sanskrit word, signifying happiness, pleasure, good luck. The symbol, however, is older than Sanskrit language, and it has other names in other countries. It was called Fylfot in Great Britain from Anglo-Saxon times, and Croix Gammeé and Croix á Crochet by the French, but Swastika now prevails in Europe. In Japan, at the present time, it is called Mauji, and in China it is pronounced Wan.

There are many theories of its relation to ancient deities and its representation of certain qualities. It stood for the Jupiter Tonans and Pluvius of the Latins and for Thor of the Scandinavians. By some it is believed to be the oldest Aryan symbol. It represents Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, Creator, Preserver and Destroyer. It was also the emblem of Zeus, Baal, the sun, the sun god, of Indra the rain god, of the sky, the sky god, and finally the Deity of all deities, the great God, the Maker and Ruler of the universe. It has also been held to symbolize light, or the god of light, of the forked lightning and of water. It has been found in the remains of the earliest Trojan cities in the hills of Hisarlik, on the Archaic funeral pottery of Greece and all through the bronze age in Europe. It has been found in American mounds and is still used by American tribes. It is found in South America and in the prehistoric remains in the Central American States. It is sculptured thousands of times on the rock walls of the Buddhist Cave Temples in India, and on the solid rock of the mountains appear the footsteps of Buddha with the Swastika carved thereon.

In China and Japan it is still a living symbol, as it is in Thibet, Korea and among the peoples about the Caucasus. All the history of its migration and evolution is a long story, the work of archeologists and ethnologists. The extensive and well-known paper by Professor Thomas Wilson, curator of the Department of Prehistoric Anthropology, United States National Museum, is a complete collation of all published matter on this subject, and contains, besides, some deductions on his part.

The Swastika is the unit of certain historic ornament and has always been ornamental. What seems to have been at all times an attribute is its character as a charm or amulet, as a sign of benediction, blessing, long life, good fortune, good luck. This character has continued into modern times. As the religious emblem of the Jain sect, the Swastika is explained in this manner : The horizontal and vertical lines crossing each other at right angles represent spirit and matter. The four bent arms symbolize four grades of existence of souls in the material universe. The Jains make the Swastika sign on entering their temples of worship. Its constant use as a religious symbol can not be established.

The Swastika was probably introduced into Japan from China by the Buddhists, and its appearance on statues of Buddha indicates spiritual significance. The aged Japanese of today wear this symbol on their clothing and all articles of personal use with something akin to a religious motive. The Thibetans place it on the breasts of their dead in a reverential spirit.

On a piece of Chinese porcelain the Wan is the main part of the Emperor's sign on a royal gift. The Japanese enclose the Maui in a circle when they place it on porcelain, and it means ten thousand virtues. On Japanese bronzes we find the arms turned to the left, with undoubtedly some shade of change of significance. It is an ornament found on the bronze sword-guards of the Japanese with intent of good augury. Its beautiful possibilities as an ornament are exemplified in the fine basketry of the Pima Indians in Arizona, and it is among these people that it is found on their old hide shields, an invocation for protection.

To the art lover the discovery of this form on a bit of porcelain or pottery, a bronze, a rug or other fabric, brings most interesting emotions. It is the expression of superstition and reverence that have been constant in humanity through all the ages. It speaks, in a universal symbol, the best wishes of an unknown being. It is not strange that our own Christian symbol put out of our lives and our civilization the knowledge of the Swastika, but the continued and widespread use of this mysterious symbol is remarkable.

ELLA C. B. FASSETT.

A Tale of the Eight Immortals.

AN AID TO THE MEMORIZING OF THE ILLUSIVE LIST OF THE EIGHT IMMORTALS OF TAOIST LORE. THE ITALICIZED WORDS INDICATE THEIR NAMES AND SYMBOLS.

Oft as the fitful moonbeams flash upon the restless waves,
Upon his *magic mule* comes he—and raves, and raves, and raves;
Yet reason good has *Chang Ko Laou* for coming thus to cry,
For lo, his daughter *Ho Seen-Koo* eloped with *Le Tee-Kwai*!

A story terrible to tell, oh, hard indeed to bear!
Resistless fate that in a mate doth child from father tear!
O men with daughters of your own 'twill grieve you much to know
This awful deed was brought about beknown to *Lan-Tsae-Ho*!

A daughter dutiful was she, the charming *Ho Seen-Koo*,
With little feet that made it meet no standing on to do.
And yet, alas, it came to pass *Han Seang-Tsae* lent his *flute*,
So with its aid, *Le Tee-Kwai* made a song to ply his suit!

Before the deed he did commence he called on *Leu Tung-Pin*,
And from him got his *sword* and belt to gird himself within;
Then from the stalwart *Tsaou Kwo-Kiu* he borrowed eke his *clapper*,
And then before the maiden's door he came in costume dapper.

A plaintive note upon the flute, a little love-song muttered,
When, lo, from out the swinging doors the dainty maiden fluttered!
"O damsel fair, I swear, I swear I love you, say I may!"
She held before her blushing face the *fan* of *Han Chung Le*.

Then dropping slow, so slow the fan ('twas one she seldom carried),
"Good Kwai," she said, "with father dead, alone could we be married."
"Forbid," said he, "it shall not be!" and on his *clappers* pounded
With mighty sound upon the ground the god's great dragon bounded.

Then on his back, alack! alack! the loving couple nestled,
While far below, "Stop ho! Stop ho!" yelled Chang by anger wrestled.
And thus it is that *Chang Ko-Laou* upon the beach doth curse;
But then be calm, O heated man, your daughter could do worse.

But not alone in curses then did he content his passion,
He lashed his mule, the maddened fool, in quite an ugly fashion!
Calm and serene in heights unseen the couple watched him cuss,
To them 'twas clear, O knowledge dear, a mule's no Pegasus!

L. CALHOUN DUFF.

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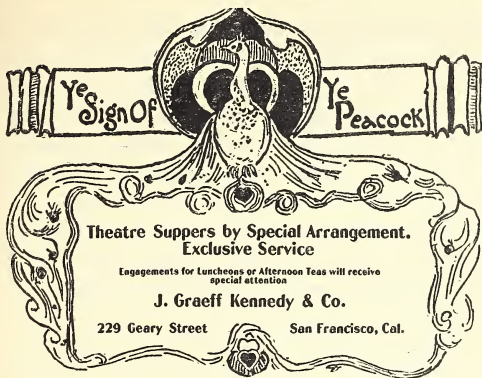
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